

Mary THE *Cooper*
D E L I V E R Y
O F

J E R U S A L E M.

A N

HEROICK POEM.

By *TORQUATO TASSO*.

In T W E N T Y B O O K S.

Translated into *Engliſh* Blank Verſe,

By *PHILIP DORNE*, Eſq;

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M D C C L X I.

DELIVERY

FRUSTRATE

HEROIC POEM.

1830.



BOOKS

WILLIAM DOUGLAS

1830



THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Eleventh.



ODFREDO before he assaults Jerusalem, by the advice of the hermit Peter, invokes the assistance of Heaven, by a solemn procession, and implores forgiveness and a blessing on his arms; after that, he prepares for the assault, and arms himself in a light coat of mail, to fulfil a vow he had formerly made in France, to fight as a private soldier for the delivery of the holy city, the day it was attacked. The Saracens prepare to defend Jerusalem to the last extremity; and the Christians begin the assault with the utmost fury, and continue it with the greatest success; till God-

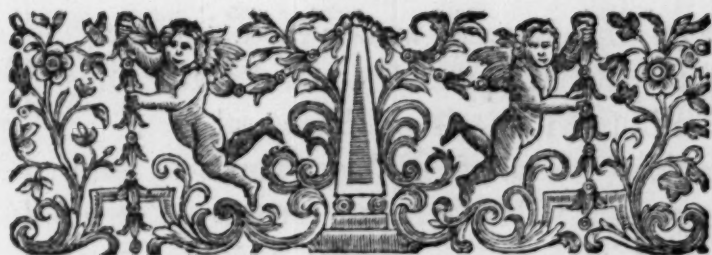
VOL. II. B freda,

ARGUMENT.

fredo, as he is advancing the first of all his soldiers to the breach, is wounded in the thigh with an arrow shot by Clorinda, and forced to retire from the engagement; which checks the ardor of the Christians, who are every where repulsed by the Saracens, except in the quarter where Tancredo commands.-- An angel at last cures Godfredo, and he returns to the battle, but is prevented by the approach of night, from prosecuting the assault; the Christians retreat, and place their bravest troops, to defend their rolling towers and other machines, which they had made use of in the assault, from any surprize of the Enemy.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



WHILE the great ruler of the
Christian hosts

Turn'd ev'ry anxious thought,
t'assault the Walls

Of sacred Solyma, and engines
huge

Provided for the war ; him with grave steps
Peter approach'd, the pious Solitary,
And drew the chief aside, and thus began,
In accents, venerable and severe.

5

Oh mighty Chief ! you stir up earthly Arms,
But yet begin not war, from whence you ought ;

B 2

Begin

Begin from heaven, invoke the aid divine 10
 With publick supplication and devout,
 The hosts of angels and immortal saints
 Implore, by whose assistance you may gain
 A glorious victory; in holy robes
 Let the just priests before thy squadrons march, 15
 And sing in humble manner, sacred hymns :
 While thou, example giv'st of piety
 To all the soldiers; follow thou the pomp
 With all thy captains, and illustrious peers.

The rigid hermit spoke; the pious chief 20
 Approv'd his counsel, and reply'd. Oh sage,
 Servant of Christ! I follow thy advice;
 And, while the princes of the Christian host
 I here assemble; do thou haste to find
 Those shepherds of the people, William good 25
 And pious Ademare; your's be the charge
 Of this, so sacred and so solemn pomp.

The following morn, the aged eremite,
 The awful bishops, and inferior priests,
 In midst of camp assembled, where they us'd 30
 On consecrated altars, to perform
 Service divine, all clad in snow white robes:
 The bishops their embroider'd vests put on
 Clasp'd fair above, their heads high mitres crown'd,
 The hermit went before, and to the wind 35
 Unfurl'd the cross, in paradise rever'd;
 Follow'd the choir, with solemn pace, and slow,
 In two long ranks divided; and their song
 With sweet response, harmonious, rose to heaven
 Utter'd

J E R U S A L E M.

5

Utter'd in lowly fort, good Ademare 40
And William, Prelates sage, together went
And clos'd the pomp. The mighty Bulloigner
Came next, as captains use, alone ; behind
The leaders two and two ; in order'd ranks
All arm'd for their defence, the hosts advance : 45
Thus in proceffion, to the fields they march
And pass the rampire, not the thund'ring drum
Or trumpet shrill, was heard, or sound of war ;
But reverend and holy were their words.

Thee, father, they invoke, thee, son, in power 50
Equal to the great father, thee, blest spirit,
Who join'ft them both in love, of God and man
Thee, virgin mother ; you, ye angels bright,
Who lead heav'n's glitt'ring hosts, and move
around

In circles trine ; and thou, much honour'd faint, 55
That wash'd in Jordan's consecrated flood,
The Saviour God in his humanity ;
Him likewise they invoke, once call'd the rock,
The strong foundation of the holy church,
Whose true successors, pious as at first, 60
Open perdition's gates, or those of grace ;
And all the other messengers of heaven's
Eternal kingdom, who divulg'd abroad
Messiah's victory over death, who bore
Testimony to the truth, and with their blood 65
And martyrdom, confirm'd their doctrines pure ;
These also, who by writing or by word
Mark'd out the way to heaven ; and holy maids

B 3

Belov'd

Belov'd of Christ, elected to a life
 Of greatest virtue ; virgins ! long immur'd 70
 In holy cells, the spouses of their God ;
 And wondrous martyrs, torments who sustain'd
 Before the eyes of nations, and of kings.

Thus hymning loud, the multitudes devout
 Extended their huge numbers, broad and wide, 75
 And to the mount of Olivet, march'd slow ;
 A mountain thro' the world for holy fame
 Renown'd, that rises to the orient
 Of Salem's walls, divided from the town
 By the green valley of Jehosaphat, 80
 So nam'd, which fills the intermediate space.

Hither, with chaunting loud, the armies went,
 That all the deep and hollow dales resound ;
 And ev'ry cavern, and rude rising hill
 Return'd their thousand echos ; it did seem 85
 Some rural choir, that in the forests dwelt
 And savage dens ; for often from the banks
 They heard, return'd in sounds most audible,
 The glorious name of Christ, Maria's name :

High on the walls, the pagan multitudes 90
 Stood gazing ; all in admiration wrapt
 At their grave order, and their humble song,
 At the strange pomp, and new and foreign rites ;
 Soon as the novelty and wonder ceas'd,
 An hideous yell the wretched miscreants rais'd, 95
 That ev'ry torrent stream, and valley large,
 And mountain, echo'd with their blasphemies :
 Nor did the Christian armies not refrain

Their

Their melody, nor cease their sacred songs,
Nor heed the clamours of the infidels, 100
More than the horrid noise of screaming cranes;
Nor, tho' unnumber'd arrows fell around
Sent from a distance, with a sudden wing,
Did ought their sacred quiet interrupt;
But each with faith assur'd, what they began, 105
Those holy rites, resolv'd to bring to end.

An altar, on the mountain's top they rear'd,
'To minister thereon the sacrament;
And on each side with hallow'd light, sublime
Two golden lamps did flame; in costly robes 110
Magnificent, in gold array'd, with fear
And silent reverence, William approach'd
The altar, and with voice distinct began
The solemn service; his own sins accus'd,
And God for mercy and for grace implor'd: 115
Humbly his words the princes nigh him heard,
The rest, far off, their eyes upon him bent;
At length, the mystery divine perform'd
Of purest sacrifice; depart, (he said)
Ye servants of the Lord, and with his hands 120
Uplifted, made the consecrated sign,
And gave his benediction to the hosts;
The pious hosts return'd the way they came.

Within the camp arriv'd, at length they break
The order of procession, towards his tent 125
Godfrey retir'd, upon their guide, the troops
In heaps attended, till he reach'd the door
Of his pavilion, backward then they roll

Like waves ; his noble peers, the chief retain'd,
 Whom sumptuously he feasted ; Raymond old 130
 Godfredo honour'd with the highest seat ;
 Then, when their thirst and hunger were appeas'd,
 To all the chiefs, the mighty chief began.

Be ye all ready to assault the town
 At morning's earliest dawn ; for oh, my friends, 135
 To morrow, is a day of toil and fight,
 This of repose and peace ; go each, and take
 His rest, go each, himself and troops prepare.

He spoke, the leaders part ; the heralds loud
 With the stern trumpets found, proclaim the will 140
 Of their great chieftain ; that prepar'd in arms
 With the new dawn, each warrior shou'd form
 Beneath his separate ensign ; some to ease
 And sweet refreshment, give their weary'd limbs ;
 And some, to busy preparation 145
 Apply their thoughts ; thus did they fare, till night
 Did close their eyes, night friend to gentle rest.

Still doubtful was the dawn, and rising morn
 Shone faintly in the east ; nor yet the plough
 Tore up the fertile lea, nor from the fold 150
 The shepherd drove his fleecy care to feed
 The springing flow'rs among ; silent the birds
 Sweet songsters, sat on the green waving woods ;
 Unheard, amidst the groves, the cheering horn
 Or clam'rous hound ; when trumpets shrill 'gan
 blow 155

To arms, to arms, heav'n echo'd back to arms.

To

To arms, to arms, with universal shout
 An hundred squadrons cry'd : the mighty chief
 Arose; nor did he seize his hawberk strong
 Nor shining greaves, but don'd a breast-plate fair 160
 Of proof untry'd, and light; glitt'ring he stood
 In expeditious arms, and scarcely drest,
 When old and cautious Raymond enter'd swift
 His high pavilion.—Soon as he beheld
 The chief thus arm'd, his purpose he divin'd, 165
 Then thus.—Where is your thick and pond'rous
 shield?

Your scaled breast-plate where? Your other arms?
 Why be you half unweapon'd? I approve not
 These weak defences; on this desp'rate day
 I see thou mean'st to run the dangerous course, 170
 Where little praise, much peril may be won;
 And doth Godfredo seek that private fame
 First to ascend the conquer'd wall? to that
 Atchievement, some less worthy knight, expose,
 Less necessary to the publick weal; 175
 Your former caution, mighty chief, once more
 Assume, and for your faithful soldiers sakes
 Be careful of your safety; thou, the soul,
 The mind, the life, art, of the Christian camp,
 Preserve it, I adjure thee, by the Lord. 180

He ceas'd, Godfredo answer'd, Well you know
 When by great Urban's hand, in Charamont
 This sword, was girded by my side, the knight
 Of Christ, I then became, and secretly
 I vow'd to the Almighty, this great day 185
 Not

Not as a captain in the war to stand,
 But as a private soldier, to exert
 Whate'er of puissance I boast in arms;
 Then, when this host against the enemies
 Stands marshal'd, in the beauteous ranks of war,
 And I have all the leader's part perform'd 191
 Which I have vow'd unto the lord of hosts;
 Then just it is, nor Raymond thou dissuade,
 That I assault the wall, that I fulfil 194
 My vow to heaven : heaven will its servant keep.

Thus he concludes, and ev'ry knight of France
 Follow'd his great example ; both the chiefs,
 His brothers, follow'd ; and each other prince
 Glitter'd in armour, such as footmen use :
 Around the western quarter of the wall 200
 The Paynim bands assemble, where the cold
 Trioni, turn in the bright Hemisphere ;
 For weakest there, by site and art, the town.

Elsewhere, the city fear'd not the assault,
 And here, the tyrant all his armies joyn'd, 205
 Of subjects born, and foreign mercenaries ;
 Nor from this hazardous exploit, excus'd
 Children, and feeble fires ; the weakest brought
 Jav'lins, and sulphur, pitch, and stones, and
 darts ;

All full of arms, of instruments, machines, 210
 The battlements that overlook'd the plain.

There, like a giant, horrible in arms
 Breast-high above the tow'rs the Soldan stood ;
 There from the waste, was huge Argantes seen
 Dreadful

Dreadful in frowns, and glitt'ring from a far; 215
Clorinda on the corner turret shone
In silver arms, illustrious Amazon!
The ratling quiver o'er her shoulders hung
With feather'd arrows stor'd, in her left hand
The forceful bow was bended, on the string 220
Headed with mortal steel, she held the shaft,
And thus prepar'd, the raging archerefs
Awaited, the advancing enemies;
You wou'd have thought her then, the Delian
maid,

When from the clouds she slew rash Niobe. 225
On foot, the hoary monarch, ran around
From gate to gate, now mounted on the tow'rs
All things, that first he ordered, he review'd,
And comforts, and confirms, each combatant,
Encourages each squadron, and provides 230
Innumerable arms, for every need

Prepar'd; the matrons grave the temples fought,
And there, their idols false and curs'd, implor'd.

Oh Macon! break in twain, the steeled lance
Of this French spoiler, with thy righteous hands,
Who doth against thy name his pow'r oppose; 236
Abate his haughtiness, beneath the wall
Pour forth his rebel blood—the matrons spoke,
Nor cou'd their words be heard, amidst the cries
Of punishments etern. While thus the town 240
Prepar'd, by prayers and arms, for their defence;
His hosts, Godfredo marshal'd on the plain;
On to the charge he led, with care and art,

The

The fury of the deep battalions ;
And there, against the wall, which he resolv'd 245
T'assault, in twain he parts his puissance ;
In middle, the balistæ he dispos'd,
And all the horrid instruments of war,
From whence, with force like thunder, on the
tow'rs

Enormous spears, and pondrous stones, were cast;
His men at arms, to guard the infantry, 251
Behind were form'd; the lighter squadrons rode
Around the plain, and fortify'd the wings;
'Then, of the mortal fight, he gave the sign;
And such, the multitude of archers were 255
And slingers, such a flight of darts were sent
From engines huge, that on the walls they thinn'd
Th' innumerable defenders; some on earth
Fell dead, and some retir'd, upon the tow'rs
In broken order, stood the Paynim bands. 260

Th' impetuous Franks, rush'd furious to the trench,

Shield join'd to shield, that form'd an horrid roof
Above their heads; while others, shot aloft,
Vollies of shafts, from engines terrible, 264
And rocks, that fell in monstrous hail around;
They reach the trench, and fill the ditches large,
And strive, to equal with the plain, the fosse.

Nor were the ditches of a marshy slime,
No water wou'd the thirsty sands contain : 269
The Christians fill the moat, tho' deep and wide,
With

With stones, fascines, and trees, and bags of
earth ;

Daring Adrastus, cover'd with his targe
First to the combat strode, and 'gainst the wall
Rais'd a scalado, nor the dreadful storm
Of arrows, darts and stones, or fire, repell'd 275
The giant's progress ; the undaunted Switz
Now half the way had mounted, and sustain'd
A thousand weapons, yet advanc'd ; at length
A rock enormous came, with sudden force
As from a mortar sent, it crackt his helm, 280
Thund'ring he fell to earth ; Argantes huge,
Furious Circassian, hurl'd th' enormous mass :
Nor mortal was the blow, yet on the earth
He lay astonish'd, an unmoved weight ;
Argantes, terribly and proud, exclaim'd ; 285
Fallen is the first, and let the next advance ;
Why dare ye not come fairly to th' assault
Ye crouching warriors ? I your rage not shun
Nor hide my head ? these caverns strange, in vain
Shall shelter you, like sheep within the fold 290
Ye shall expire, an ignominious death.

Boasting he spoke ; regardless of his taunts,
Beneath the steeled roof, the hidden hosts
Rush'd to the charge, targets to targets joyn'd,
A strong defence, sustain'd the storm of darts 295
And monstrous weights, that tumbled from the
tow'rs ;

At length, the mighty ram approach'd the walls,
Monstrous machines, immeasurable beams !

With

With hard and iron head ; the bolted gates
And lofty battlements, did dread its stroke. 300

Mean time an hundred hands at once let fall
A mighty fragment, from on high ; it came
Upon the steely tortoise, ruinous,
Thund'ring with all a mountain's weight and force ;
And broke the roof of shields, united strong, 305
And crush'd the batter'd helmet to the head ;
Blood arms and brains and mangled limbs, around
The ruins, in an hideous mixture, lay.

Nor longer, the assailants fierce, beneath
Their horrid shelter fought, but their bold fronts
To open war expos'd, glorious in light 311
Their valour shone, and hidden danger scorn'd ;
Scalado's huge they raise, and rush to war,
Or sap the deep foundations of the walls ;
Then shook the bulwarks, then the flankers rock'd
Before the headlong fury of the foe, 316
And fallen they had, with terrible uproar,
Beneath the stroke of the assaulting ram,
But from the lofty battlements, the troops 319
With war's known art defend, where-e'er the huge
Machine assaults, there sacks of wool they place,
And break the coming blow ; yielding, the force
Is lost, and weakness all it's strength subdues.

While thus, the Christian hosts, with valour
strange,
Fair Solyma assaulted, and maintain'd 325
Their furious charge : Clorinda terrible,
Oft drew her mighty bow, and oft a shaft

Set

Set on the forceful string, and twang'd the nerve :
 Nor from the sounding arch, an arrow went,
 But that the feather, deep in blood was dy'd, 330
 Which wing'd its swiftness ; and its purple stain
 From no Plebeian took ; ignoble lives
 That haughty archerefs beheld with scorn.

The chief that first she wounded, was the son
 Belov'd, of England's king ; scarce had he rais'd 335
 His head, above the trench and roof of shields,
 Before the thrilling weapon struck the youth,
 Piercing his steeled gauntlet, and his hand ;
 Disabled thus, from battle he retir'd
 Indignant, groaning with regret and pain. 340
 Amboisa's count, upon the trenches bank
 Perish'd, and on a ladder great Clotare ;
 This thro' the breast far as the back was pierc'd,
 And that from side to side ; then as his hand
 Uprais'd the dreadful ram, under his arm 345
 The rapid arrow pierc'd the Fleming's guide,
 He stopt, and drew the reed from out the flesh,
 And the broad bloody head remain'd behind.

As on a bank, th' incautious Ademare,
 Withdrawn at distance, view'd the savage strife ;
 The fatal cane arriv'd, and pierc'd his front, 351
 He rais'd his arm, to search the stinging wound,
 When lo ! another arrow sudden came,
 And nail'd his hand unto his bleeding head ;
 The pious pastor fell, his holy blood 355
 Forth issu'd, by a beauteous virgin shed.

Not distant from th'assaulted battlements,

Was

Was Palamede, who ev'ry peril scorn'd ;
 While upwards still he mounts with fearless step,
 The seventh swift arrow, which that raging maid
 Shot from the walls, on his right eye descends, 361
 Passes the socket, and divides the nerves,
 And in the neck appears the bloody point,
 He fell beneath the tower, that late he scal'd.

Thus shot the warlike maid ; Godfrey mean time
 With hard assault, the faint defenders press'd, 366
 For to one gate, his wondrous engines huge,
 He pointed ; there his wooden tow'r he brought,
 Where lies his camp ; as lofty as the walls 369
 The vast machine appears : that hostile tow'r
 Pregnant with men and arms ! on wheels it roll'd,
 And thunder'd as it came, this moving fort
 Approach'd, and shot innumerable shafts
 And lances, at the foe ; as gallies strong
 With gallies warring on the main, it fought 375
 To grapple with the walls ; the Paynim troops
 Oppose, and now the front, and now the sides,
 Of the dire mass, assail, and now, with spears
 And stones they strike the tow'r, and now the
 wheels.

So thick the stones and arrows flew around 380
 The heaven was darken'd ; in mid air, the clouds
 Of adverse darts, encounter'd, and were turn'd
 Backward against their friends ; as thick as leaves
 When tempests shake the trees, and frosts severe
 Nip the moist sap ; or apples, which the winds

Tear

Tear immaturely from the boughs ; so thick 386
The Saracens, fell from the battlements.

For on their side the greatest ruin lights,
They had no shelter from the steely show'r ;
Those that remain'd, in wild dismay recoil'd 390
And consternation strange ; such dread, such fear
That thundering engine, on their souls imprest.
But still the Nicene tyrant stood, and still
The bravest kept their station ; while the bulk
Of fierce Argantes, hasted to oppose 395
This huge machine, and shook a pond'rous beam
In his strong hand ; with that he push'd the tow'r,
And drives it back the length of all the tree
With force prodigious ; from her height descends
The hardy virgin, by his side, she takes 400
Her dangerous station, and his peril shares.

Mean time the Franks cut all the ropes that
hold

The wool-packs which defend the walls, they sink
Into the trench, and naked leave the walls
To the assaulting war : the tow'r above 405
Thunders, with unresisted strength, the ram
Assails below ; the battlements disclose
Their secret gaps, and open as they shake ;
And now, the Christian chieftain brought his band
Beneath the tremulous and shatter'd wall ; 410
Aloft he bears th' impenetrable targe,
In desperate perils us'd ; and fights secure.

From thence he marks, the Nicene emperor
Down to the gaping breach descend, and there

Amidst the ruins like a bulwark stand 415
 Despising danger ; the Circassian huge
 With strong Clorinda, guards the wall above ;
 He saw, and felt his noble heart inflam'd
 With ten-fold ardor ; back he turn'd, and thus
 Sigiere bespoke, who bare his greatest shield 420
 And mighty bow Give me that faithful targe.
 It is impenetrable ; and I mean
 To force my passage o'er these ruin'd rocks,
 And enter first the long defended breach ;
 The time demands, that I should manifest 425
 My puissance, by some great daring deed.

Scarce had the warrior spoke, and chang'd his
 shield,

When on swift wing a sudden arrow came
 And struck him on the leg, the tend'rest part,
 Where the strong sinews knit ; the fatal shaft 430
 Thine hand, fair Amazon ! did send ; let fame
 Renown the deed ; thy glory 'twas alone.
 That day you sav'd the Pagan multitudes
 From slavery and death : the praise be thine.

But the unconquer'd chief, as if he felt 435
 No pain from the sharp wound, his high attempt
 Ceas'd not, but mounts the breach, and with loud
 cries

Calls on his following warriors ; till at length
 His wound grows stiff, nor can his leg sustain
 His weight, prevented is his great design ; 440
 The more he strives, the more his pains encrease,
 Reluctant, he forsakes th' unfinish'd war.

Amidst

Amidst the cloud of combat, with his hand
 He calls to Guelpho, and in haste began :
 Warrior ! I must retire, do thou sustain 445
 My place, and be thou leader in my stead,
 And of my absence now the want supply ;
 I go, and I return ; the hero parts,
 Leaps on a rapid steed, and from the fight
 Rode off, but rode not, as he wish'd, unseen ; 450
 Parted with him the fortune and the strength
 Of all the Christian armies, midst their foes
 Courage encreas'd ; in hope the Paynims rose,
 Rage in their hearts, and vigor in their hands ;
 Then ceas'd the ardor of the Christian hosts, 455
 Their triumphs fail'd, their valour dy'd away ;
 Less thirsty were their waving swords of blood,
 And faint and languishing their trumpet's blast.

High on the walls, the troops that lately fled
 In dis-array, advance, and brave the war ; 460
 Urg'd by their country's love, the tim'rous dames
 Urg'd by th' example of the warlike maid,
 Rush to the fight ; tuck up their sweeping trains,
 With hair dishevel'd, and repulse the foe ;
 No sign of dread, unnumber'd darts they cast, 465
 And for their walls belov'd expose their lives.
 But that which thro' the armies of the Franks
 Scatter'd dismay, and to the Paynim hosts
 Gave hope of conquest, was the sudden fall
 Of Guelpho, mighty chieftain ! from the tow'rs 470
 He tumbles, in the view of all the host ;
 A pond'rous stone, sent from a distance, stops

His terrible advance, and with like blow
 Fell old Raymondo, from the battlements.
 On great Eustatio in the bleeding trench 475
 The Paynim armies press, upon the Franks
 They rush'd so terribly, that dreadful time,
 When fortune crown'd their arms, that whom
 they hit

Deeply they wound, or else of life deprive,
 Vain is the glit'ring helm and seven-fold targe; 480
 At their success in war, Argantes proud
 Waxes more fell, and haughtily exclaims:

This is not Antioch, nor that shameful night
 Friendly to Christian frauds: behold! the sun,
 Perfidious bands, yet shines; and this assault 485
 In otherwise is made, by other means;
 Now not a spark of glory and of praise,
 But what is quenched in your coward hearts,
 Nay even the love of spoil; why cease ye now
 The combat? wherefore take ye not this fort? 490
 Women of France, and warlike Franks no more.

In words so fierce, th' incens'd Saracen
 Vented his fiery wrath, that he esteem'd
 That large and mighty city, which he kept
 Defender of the wall, too small a field 495
 To prove his courage; with his pond'rous spear
 He took his station in the dreadful breach
 Raging for blood, then terribly address'd
 The Nicene emperor, that near him fought.

Now, Soliman, behold the place and time 500
 To manifest our valour; and decide

The

The glorious strife between us ; wherefore stay ?
 Or dost thou fear ? now let the bravest knight
 Leap forth amidst the foes. He spoke, and both
 Leap'd forth amidst the foes, precipitate 505
 One glory hurry'd on, and one disdain ;
 For Soliman the haughty challenge scorn'd
 Ere it had past his lips ; the Christian bands
 Furious and unexpected they invade
 In bloody rivalry ; such was their rage 510
 For slaughter, shields and helms, and men and arms,
 Ladders and broken instruments of war,
 The furious pair on ev'ry side o'erturn ;
 It seem'd a mount of horror and of death,
 A mingled ruin, like a bulwark huge 515
 It rose, to Solyma a new defence.

The hosts that strove, all ardent to ascend
 The tow'rs, by fame excited, and the hopes
 Of mural crowns, retire, and strive no more
 To force the town, but small resistance make ; 520
 Confus'd they shrink, and to the dreaded rage
 Of the fierce Paynims, their machines of war
 Abandon in dismay ; the champions break
 The engines huge, and render them unfit
 For future service ; then enflam'd with rage, 525
 Now here, now there, run slaughtering round the
 field,

And call for fire, and 'gainst the moving tow'rs
 Two burning and enormous pines they bring,
 So from the palace of hell's emperor
 The sister furies issue, to consume

530
The

The earth, the execrable ministers
Of their infernal father's rage, and shake
Their sparkling torches, and their snaky locks.

Tancred, mean-time, unconquer'd warrior,
Who cheer'd his Latin soldiers to assault 535
Jerusalem, beheld the wond'rous deeds
Of these two knights; beheld the burning pines,
And mark'd the champions cover'd o'er with blood;
He ceas'd his exhortations and with rage
Hasted their progress to oppose, and stop 540
The fury of the Paynims; horrid signs
Of valour, then he gave, and they, who late
Slaughtering pursu'd in bloody flight retir'd.

Thus in uncertain ballance hung the war,
While in his distant tent, the pious chief 545
Wounded remain'd; there virtuous Sigiere stood,
And anxious Baldovin, on either side;
And his sad friends, a weeping crowd, attend.
He strove in haste to draw the barbed shaft,
And broke the reed, and left the point behind; 550
Then, bade them take the readiest, swiftest way
To cure that luckless hurt, and largely lance
And search the wound. Send me again (he cries)
To war, before the sun in ocean's waves
Sinks, and forbids the fight. The hero spoke, 555
Lean'd on his pond'rous lance, and to the steel
Held out his leg; the sage Erotimus
Born on the banks of Po, the wond'rous cure
With transport undertook; each use he knew
And potency of herbs, and noble springs, 560
Their

Their virtues strange ; by the harmonious nine
 Favour'd, a laurel'd bard ! yet more he chose
 The silent art of heav'nly pharmacy ;
 He cou'd restore to health the wounded wretch,
 Already by the arms of death embrac'd, 565
 And make their names immortal in his verse.

Prop'd on his spear, the great Godfredo stood
 With pain unmov'd, yet griev'd to see his friends
 Lamenting round ; the medicinal sage,
 With robes succinct, and sleeves above his arms 570
 Tuckt high, advanc'd ; and now with potent herbs,
 Now with his hand, the arrows steely head
 Strove to extract ; with biting instruments
 He shook, he pull'd the point, but nought avail'd ;
 His art and toil were fruitless ; fortune mock'd 575
 His skill and his design ; the wounded chief
 He tortures with excess of misery,
 That dead he seems. At length the heav'nly
 spirit,

His guardian angel, by his torments mov'd,
 Unworthy torments ! upon Ida's hill 580
 Divine dictamnum gather'd, rough the herb
 And bearded, purple was the flow'r ; its force
 And virtue, in its budding leaves were plac'd.
 Kind nature first, upon the craggy clift,
 This herb, unto the mountain goat, betray'd ; 585
 Who, when the sudden shaft hath pierc'd her flesh,
 Shakes from her wounded sides the winged reed.
 This in a moment, from a distance, brought
 The angel pure ; and there unseen, infus'd

The juice, into the medicinal bath ; 590
 Then from the Lydian fountain, sacred drops
 He brought, and mingled panaces divine.

And now the sage phyfician bath'd the wound,
 And of itfelf forth flew the fteely point ;
 The bleeding ftaunch'd, the torture fled, and
 ftrength 595

Return'd. Erotimus furpriz'd, exclaim'd.
 No human art nor skill this deed perform'd,
 A greater pow'r hath fav'd you ; from the fkies
 Some angel, upon unfeen wings defcending
 Thy furgeon was ; figns of celeftial grace 600
 Are manifelt. Take then your glorious arms,
 Wherefore delay ? return, and fhine in war.

Greedy of combat the great leader heard,
 And bound his leg in purple and in gold ;
 Shook the unmeafurable lance, and brac'd 605
 Upon his arm, th' impenetrable targe ;
 The plummy helmet nodded o'er his head.

Then rushing from the camp, againft the foe
 His courfe directed ; him, a thoufand knights
 Attended to th' affault ; with clouds of duft 610
 The heav'n was overfpread, the ftedefaft earth
 Did tremble, underneath the ruftling hofts ;
 Far off his foes beheld his dreadful looks,
 A fudden tremor shook their bones, and bound
 Their blood in ice ; thrice to the heav'n his voice 615
 Godfredo rais'd, the Chriftians over-toil'd,
 Their fov'reign heard ; and the loud cry enflam'd
 The languid war, and in each breaft, new ftrength
 And

And courage new, infus'd ; furious they rush
On to the dire assault. The Pagan knights 620
Weary'd with combat, to the breach retir'd,
And obstinately there, the entrance kept,
Against Tancredo and his Latin bands.

Thither with dreadful threat'nings and disdain
Rush'd, sheath'd in arms, the leader of the Franks ;
And first, against the huge Circassian 626
Hurl'd his enormous spear, direct it came,
And roar'd like thunder ; with an equal force
From mural engine jav'lin never came ;
The knotty beam, impetuous past the air : 630
Argantes fearless, his huge shield oppos'd ;
The dreadful weapon thro' his target pierc'd,
Nor cou'd his cuirass hard sustain the blow,
It rove his sounding arms ; the purple blood 634
Out-stream'd ; the fierce Circassian from the wound
Tore out the lance, nor felt the pain it gave ;
Then hurl'd it back at Godfrey, and exclaim'd :

Lo there, I send thee back the ringing spear :
The weapon flew, with unresisting force,
As if it wou'd revenge the wound it gave ; 640
Nor struck the Christian chief, who turn'd aside
His head, and shunn'd the blow ; deep in his
throat,

The faithful Sigiere, the strong lance receiv'd ;
He fell, nor aught it griev'd him to be slain,
Since in the stead of his lov'd lord he dy'd. 645

Even then the Soldan struck, with monstrous
main,

The

The noble leader of the Norman band,
 He stagger'd with the blow, and reeling round
 Sunk to the earth ; nor Godfrey cou'd restrain
 His fury longer, in the air he waves 650
 Aloft his dreadful faulchion, and ascends
 The breach, that smok'd with blood ; there hand
 to hand
 Stands the whole war, and scatters ruin round.

And then, great wonders had the chief perform'd,
 Mortal the combat, and the battle rough ; 655
 But darkness rose, and cover'd all the earth
 Under the horror of her cloudy wings ;
 And gladly interpos'd her peaceful shades
 Between the rage of miserable men ;
 Godfrey retir'd, the Christian hosts retreat, 660
 And ended thus that doubtful bloody day.

But ere the pious warrior left the field,
 He thence, the wounded and the weak, convey'd
 To safety, nor his instruments of war
 Left to his foes a spoil ; then to protect 665
 The tow'r return'd ; the tow'r ! the terror late
 Of infidels, did now appear, as crackt
 And shiver'd, by some late amazing storm ;
 From dangers terrible it had escap'd,
 And almost now was safe ; when, as a ship 670
 With sails all torn, that thro' the raging waves
 Had lately past of the vext ocean,
 And in the sight of the long wish'd-for port
 Strikes upon hidden sands, or treach'rous rocks,
 And

And perishes ; or, as a steed, whose feet 675
Rough ways had safely trod, on the smooth turf
Stumbles ; and falls, his wish'd-for inn before.

Such chance befel the tow'r, for on that part,
Where the fierce pagans all their batt'ry turn'd
Of beams and rocks ; two crazed wheels down
broke ; 680

Stopt the huge engine, and hung ruinous,
Nor further cou'd proceed ; the troops supply
Enormous props, and guard it, till the band
Of carpenters, the damage shou'd repair.

Godfredo then commands, that ere the morn
Its breaches shou'd be suddenly repair'd ; 686
And plac'd, at ev'ry pass, the bravest guards
The engine to protect ; the Paynim watch
That kept the city walls, hear all their words
Distinct, the clink of hammers and of arms, 690
And the loud rumour of their instruments ;
Around the tow'r a thousand torches flam'd,
And ev'ry thing the Christians did, reveal'd.



THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Twelfth.



LORINDA proposes to Argantes, the attempting to burn the rolling tower of the Christians by night, and having received the King's permission, arms herself in black armour. While she is preparing for the enterprize, Arfetes, her eunuch, strives to dissuade her from the undertaking, and informs her, that she was born of Christian parents, and daughter to the King of Ethiopia ; the picture of Perseus and Andromeda being in the Queen's apartment, and she from frequent gazing on the picture, having brought forth

ARGUMENT.

forth a white child, was obliged to send the infant secretly away, to avoid encreasing the king's jealousy : she entrusts her daughter to the care of Arfetes, with a charge to bring her up in the Christian faith : he flies with the infant, who is suckled by a tygress, but being a Pagan himself, breeds her up in that belief, and is now warn'd in a dream of her approaching end. This relation having failed, to prevent Clorinda from the undertaking, she and Argantes in disguise, set fire to the tower ; but the virgin in the confusion of the retreat, is shut out of the town, and pursued by Tancred to a forest, where they engage together in combat ; Clorinda is slain by her lover, but ere she dies, desires to receive baptism, and is by Tancred, who then discovers her, baptized. The sorrows and despair of that prince are beautifully described ; he builds her a stately tomb ; the news arriving in Jerusalem, Argantes swears to revenge her death on the Christian hero.

THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



WAS night, nor yet the hosts
fatigu'd with war,
Enjoy'd the comforts of repose and
sleep ;
For while the workmen their high
tow'r repair'd,

The careful French kept heedful watch : mean-time
The Paynims, reinforc'd their tottering walls, 5
Their ruin'd bulwarks strengthen'd, or renew'd
Their broken ramparts, and with common care
Their wounded knights attended ; that perform'd
Part of their toil had end, the rest was left

To

To other days, and mid-night still and dark 10
Invited them to sleep ; yet rested not
Clorinda, ardent heroine ! for her soul
Was all intent on glory and on war,
To toil and fame familiar ; with the maid
Argantes went ; when the fair championess 15
Thus commun'd with herself. This glorious day
The strong Argantes and the Nicene King
Strange deeds have done, and great renown ac-
quir'd ;

They by themselves attack'd the Christian hosts,
They by themselves the Christian engines scorn'd ; 20
I, which is all the glory I can boast,
Safe on a tow'r with distant weapons fought ;
With terrible success my arrows went,
'Tis true ; that can a feeble woman's hand
Perform, no more. And better 'twere in hills 25
And forests that I spent in sport my shafts
Upon wild beasts, than for a tim'rous dame
With hardy knights, to vie in warlike deed,
And mix with men in arms ; why take I not
Once more my virgin robes ? ah ! far unfit 30
To guide the foaming courser thro' the war.

Thus to herself she spoke, and thus she thought ;
Then fixt on high attempts, the maid address'd
The terrible Circassian ! Glorious knight,
Unusual wishes in my bosom rise, 35
With glory big and danger ; or a god
Inspires my breast, or mortals make a god
Of their own will ; while 'midst our enemies

I mark

I mark, the fainting blaze of paly flames,
 With sword and fire I'll issue from the town 40
 And burn their dreaded tow'r. Oh! Mahomet,
 Prosper the undertaking ; that perform'd
 I'm satisfy'd, the rest I'll leave to heav'n ;
 And if it so should chance, that to this town
 I never should return, unto thy care 45
 Mine cunuch I commend, whom still I've lov'd
 Ev'n as my father, and my faithful maids
 Protect, and to fair Egypt see convey'd
 The woful damsels, and the aged man ;
 Assist them, mighty chief, their helpless sex 50
 And feeble age, do thy protection claim.

Argantes stood amaz'd, and in his breast
 Felt glory's sacred spur, that urg'd him on
 To deeds of noble daring ; then return'd :
 Wilt thou then go, fair heroine, and leave 55
 Argantes 'midst th' ignoble crowd behind,
 Neglected and despis'd ? shall I behold
 The tow'r involv'd in smoke, and raging flame,
 In safety from the walls ? not so ; I late
 Have been thy comfort amidst blood and arms, 60
 And now will share thy glory or thy death :
 Death with contempt my fearless heart beholds ;
 For glory well is bought by loss of life.

Therefore, (reply'd the maid) friendship etern
 With thee I have contracted, and esteem 65
 Thy proffer'd aid ; I, but a woman weak,
 No heavy loss ensueth by my death
 To this besieged city ; but shou'd'st thou

(Which heav'n avert) the great Argantes fall,
Who will be left to save Jerusale'm? 70

The knight return'd. This false excuse is vain,
Fix'd is my resolution ; thee to war
I follow, where thou ledest ; if refus'd
I go before thee to the rough attempt.

This said, they haste, where aged Aladine 75
Amidst his counsellors and leaders sat,
To whom Clorinda : mighty Emperor,
Attend, approve, and grant what we propose ;
The great Argantes, nor his boast is vain,
Will burn with sudden flames yon dreaded tow'r, 80
Clorinda his associate ; we but stay
Until the deadeft hour of night, our foes
In heaviest sleep hath buried. To the sky
His hands the king uplifted, and exclaim'd,
While tears of sudden transport bath'd his cheeks: 85

Oh Mahomet ! be thou for ever prais'd,
Who yet preserves this land, and wilt preserve ;
Nor shall this tott'ring empire be o'erturn'd,
While such unconquerable hearts defend
My kingdom ; for this deed, this glorious deed, 90
What praise, what equal guerdon, shall I give
Such virtue and desert ? let fame thro' earth,
With her immortal voice, your glory sound,
This be the great reward, receive beside
Half of my kingdom, for the great emprise. 95

The hoary monarch spoke, and in his arms
Gently embrac'd them both, the Nicene king
His noble envy cou'd no more restrain,

But

But stern began : nor does this sword in vain
 Gird my strong loins, nor to the bravest here 100
 Is Solyman inferior ; me accept
 Associate, warlike dame. She soon return'd :
 Whom leave we then of prowess here behind ?
 She ceas'd, and ready was Argantes fierce,
 With proud refuse his proffer'd aid to scorn : 105
 Him Aladine prevents, with looks serene
 Addressing thus the Soldan. Oh renown'd
 In arms ! as still hath been your use, e'en now
 So bear yourself, in desp'rate dangers bold,
 With labour unfatigu'd, and great in war : 110
 If you go forth, deeds of illustrious praise,
 And worthy, Solyman, will be perform'd :
 Yet far unfit it seems, at once to leave
 The town, forsaken of its bravest chiefs ;
 Nor wou'd I yet consent, this valiant pair 115
 Shou'd issue forth, for worthier far I deem
 Their noble lives, if this attempt appear'd
 Of less importance, or a weaker arm
 Cou'd execute the hazardous emprise ;
 But for the bravest of the Christian troops 120
 Defend this tow'r, nor can a slender band
 Achieve the deed, and much unfit the time
 To send a greater force, therefore this pair
 Who this adventure nobly have propos'd,
 And often have thro' greater dangers past, 125
 Shall go with happy omens, go alone ;
 Alone, than thousands of more worth in war.
 Thou, as it best beseems so great a king,

With armed squadrons at the gate attend ;
That when they have perform'd this noble deed, 130
And from the conflagration back retire
Prest by pursuing foes, thou may'st advance
To aid them and defend. The monarch spoke,
Silent remain'd the Turk, and discontent ;
When Ismen thus : Yet stay, ye hardy pair, 135
Who undertake this perilous attempt,
'Till I a fire of wond'rous mixture form,
That may this hostile engine quite consume ;
Haply the troops that guard it, over-watch'd
May be with sleep o'erpow'r'd. Thus they conclude,
Then wait fit season for this great attempt. 141

Clorinda now off-rent her silver arms,
Her plumed helmet, and her blazing shield ;
Black were the arms she took, and void of plume,
Of brightness void ; the deed was ominous : 145
For, thus disguis'd, amidst her enemies
She hop'd to pass unseen, aided by night ;
To whom her eunuch came, Arfetes old,
Whose care had watch'd her from her infancy ;
With her, thro' ev'ry hazardous attempt, 150
With her, thro' land and sea, the senior went :
Soon as he saw her lay aside her arms,
Her silver arms, his love at once foresaw
Some danger nigh, and mourn'd ; by his old locks
Grown grey within her service, on his knees, 155
By the remembrance of his care and love,
The woful man besought her to resign
That fond attempt ; but she deny'd his pray'rs :

At

J E R U S A L E M.

37

At last he cries ; since thy relentless heart
Is harden'd to thy ruin, nor my aid 160

Nor faithful tears avail, nor thou regard'st
My sorrows nor entreaty ; I will here
The whole unfold, and thou shalt be inform'd
Of thy condition, and thy birth obscure ;
Then after, either mine advice pursue 165
Or thine own will : she listen'd, he began,

Senapus rul'd, and yet perchance doth rule
Great Ethiopia, and her deserts waste,
With fortunate command ; the Christian law
Both he, and all his people black have kept, 170
And long observ'd ; I Mahomet ador'd,
And was, as eunuch, o'er the damsels plac'd
Of Ethiopia's Queen ; black was her form,
Yet sweet and beautiful this African.

The fire of love her ardent lord inflam'd, 175
The frost of jealousy his bosom chill'd,
And fond suspicion, by degrees, possess'd
His troubled soul, suspicion foe to love
And blest content ! far from resort of man
He shut her up, nor wou'd permit the eye 180
Of Heav'n, the glorious sun, to view her charms ;
She wise and lowly, made her husband's will
Howe'er unkind, her pleasure and her peace.

With stories old, and strange devoted forms, 184
The chamber where she dwelt, was painted round ;
There, white as snow her limbs, with blushing
cheeks

A Virgin stood, and near a dragon stern,

D 3

There,

There, a fierce champion with his poignant lance
Assaults the monster, wallowing in his blood
The gored beast lies dead ; the gentle queen 190
Before this image lay, and mourn'd and pray'd ;
Pregnant at last a daughter fair she bore,
White was her infant form, and thou art she ;
Thy colour strange with terror fill'd her soul,
At the new prodigy amaz'd, she stood : 195
Yet lest the king, and his rash jealousy
Shou'd take thereat new rage, she soon resolv'd
To hide thee from his sight, lest thy white hue
Shou'd add to his suspicions, and be thought
An argument of her unfaithfulness ; 200
While in thy stead she purpos'd to shew
A negro child, late born ; then to my care,
Because the tow'r, in which she was inclos'd,
To me alone was open, and her maids,
And to my faith and service she cou'd trust, 205
She gave thee, oh ! Clorinda ! unbaptiz'd ;
Nor cou'd I afterwards perform the rite,
The rite so much unus'd in Paynim lands.
Weeping, she trusted thee into my care,
To bring thee up, in countries far remote : 210
Who can relate her sorrows and complaints,
The wild distraction of her last embrace ?
Tears streamed down her cheeks, and sudden sighs
Did interrupt her words, at length, she rais'd
Her weeping eyes, and said. Oh God, who seest 215
Into mine heart, and know'st my secret thoughts,
If pure and undefiled is my soul,

If undefiled is my nuptial bed,
 Not from myself I pray ; unnumber'd sins
 I have committed ; in thy sight am vile 220
 And abject ; but preserve the innocent,
 Whose mother is reduc'd to such distress
 As to refuse it nourishment ; great God !
 Grant it to live as its lost parent chaste,
 But let it's fortune never prove like mine : 225
 And thou, celestial warrior, who sav'd
 The sacred virgin from the serpent old,
 If on thine holy altars I have plac'd
 Pure offerings, of gold and frankincense,
 And odorous myrrh, on this unhappy child 230
 Look down propitious, and her innocence
 With gracious eyes behold ! The matron spoke,
 Her grief-o'erwhelmed heart was still ; she groan'd,
 And swooning sunk upon her tear-wet bed.

Weeping I took thee in a little chest 235
 Cover'd with herbs and leaves, and brought thee
 forth

So secretly, that unto none, I gave
 Cause of suspicion ; to the wilderness
 My steps I first directed, where the gloom
 Of horrid shades inclos'd me ; there I met 240
 A tygress, who with red and angry eyes
 Growling advanc'd, and hideous was her form ;
 Up to a tree I sprung, and on the grafs
 Left thee, so sudden and so strong my fear ;
 With furious course, the frightful savage sprung, 245
 And gaz'd with curious looks upon thy face ;

Then gentle grew, and smooth'd her wrinkled front
 With placid action mild; approaching near
 She lick'd thee with her tongue, and play'd around;
 Thou smil'd'st upon her, and her fearful mouth 250
 Unterrify'd within thine infant hands
 Did'st take; the tygress stretch'd her hairy teat
 To nourish thee, and thou did'st suck the beast:
 Confus'd, and fearful, in amaze I stood
 And wonder'd at this horrid prodigy: 255

Soon as the savage saw thee fill'd with milk,
 She parts, and to her gloomy haunts retires.

Then I descended, took thee up in haste,
 And swift pursu'd my journey; till at length
 Within a little village I sojourn'd, 260
 And gave thee secretly, in charge to one
 Who nurs'd thine infancy: thus did I pass
 In sports with thee the time, 'till the bright sun
 Had measur'd sixteen months to human kind,
 And thou began'st with utterance indistinct 265
 To speak, and with uncertain steps to go.

At length I reach'd the summit of my life,
 And to old age my years ran swiftly down:
 When rich by presents, which your mother gave,
 For merits past, and service then to come, 270
 I long'd to quit this wand'ring kind of life,
 And to my native soil at last return;
 In my own country with my friends to live,
 And pass the joyless winter's nights at home.
 To Egypt therefore, where I first saw light, 275
 I went, and brought thee with me, 'till I reach'd
 A sud-

A sudden torrent ; savage thieves behind
Pursu'd me, and the foaming flood before
Deny'd me to advance : what cou'd I do ?
Thee to forsake I never cou'd consent ; 280
Yet gladly wou'd I 'scape these outlaws rude.
Into the stream I leapt, one hand aloft
Sustain'd thee, with the other thro' the waves
I forc'd my vent'rous way : swift was the flood,
A whirlpool in the middle of the stream 285
Devouring rag'd, into the deep abyss
The waters hurry me along, and there
I quit my precious burthen, but the waves,
Tho' wild, did pity thee : a gentle wind
Calm'd the rough surge, and on the friendly shore
Laid thee in safety ; panting and fatigu'd 291
I join'd thee, scarcely from destruction sav'd.

I took thee up with transport, and when night
Had in oblivion deep entomb'd the world,
Sleeping, I saw a warrior, bright in arms, 295
That threat'ning o'er mine head the naked steel
Shook terrible, and said, with proud command ;
Now execute the charge her mother gave,
Baptize this infant, for she is belov'd
By Heaven, and I her guardian, will defend 300
Her innocence. I to the tygress gave
Compassion, mildness to the headlong stream ;
Oh ! wretched man, if thou wilt not believe
This dream, and own the mandate from above.
He spoke, and vanish'd ; I in haste arose 305
And journey'd on my way, when blushing morn
First

First rose, illustrious in the sky : but dreams
 I fancy'd false, and true the Paynim faith,
 Nor to baptize thee did I ever care.

Therefore a Paynim have I brought thee up, 310
 Regardless of thy mother's pray'rs, nor told
 Thy wond'rous birth ; you grew, in arms renown'd,
 And nature and your feeble sex excell'd :
 Glory and empire have you greatly gain'd ;
 But all the rest of thine illustrious life 315
 Thou know'st, and how alike in peace and war
 Thee have I watch'd, a father and a slave :
 'Twas yesterday, while yet the orient morn
 Shone with uncertain light, o'erwhelm'd I lay
 In deep and death-like slumber, when again 320
 The same strange vision, 'fore mine eyes appear'd,
 With stormy, wrathful looks, and accents stern :
 Villain (he said) the fatal time is come,
 When she thou lov'st must change her mortal life
 For immortality ; thine be the loss 325
 The sorrow thine. He spoke, and in the air
 Vanish'd from sight. Hear then, O maid belov'd !
 What dire misfortune and strange accident
 Heav'n threatens, heav'n that is perhaps displeas'd
 Because I bred thee up in Paynim lore, 330
 Repugnant to the faith thy parents own'd :
 Perhaps their faith is true ; but for my sake
 These sable arms, this dire attempt resign.
 He spoke, and wept, she pensive stood, and fear'd,
 For a like vision terrify'd her heart. 335

At

At length, with chearful smile, she thus reply'd.
I will this faith observe, for true it seems,
Which thou hast taught me from mine infancy,
What to believe I will not hesitate,
Nor from vain fears (unworthy noble minds) 340
Resign mine arms, and purpos'd enterprize ;
No, not if death his fiercest frowns assum'd
Wherewith he scareth man. Thus spoke the maid :
And now the stated time approach'd, to try
That dreadful hazard; suddenly she parts 345
And joins Argantes, who with her wou'd share
Glory or death : Ifmen with artful words
New ardor adds, and eager violence
To their precipitate valour, and to each
A ball of sulphur and bitumen gave, 350
Within an hollow bough inclosing fire ;
Then forth they went, and over hill and dale
Hasted with sudden pace, unseen, unmark'd :
Soon as the hostile engine they approach'd,
New resolution fir'd their daring souls ; 355
Rage fill'd their hearts, and all their form enlarg'd,
While terribly they thirst for blood and fire.

The watch descry'd them, and demands the
word,
They pass in silence, and the watch at once
Rear'd the alarm, with hideous cry ; no more 360
Conceal'd, the hardy couple rush in haste,
To execute their valourous enterprize ;
As from a roaring cannon, comes at once
The ball, the flash, the thunder ; so they charge,
Slaughter,

Slaughter, and in an instant break the foe: 365
An hundred arms they past, an hundred blows,
And executed their designment bold;
Each on the engine casts the fiery ball,
With horrid bite it fastens on the tow'r,
And rages 'midst the timber; words are weak 370
To say, how terribly it burn'd, and rose
Up to the sky; and how the turbid smoke
A furious whirlwind cover'd all the air;
The tow'r appear'd a globe of solid fire,
That roll'd in mould'ring clouds; the blust'ring
winds 375

Gave vigour to the fire, and gather'd close
The sparfed flames; the Franks with terror fill'd
Beheld the dreadful light, and ran in hafte
To arms; down fell to earth the huge machine,
So fear'd in war; thus a fhort hour deftroys 380
The toil of days! At length two Chriftian troops
With fpeedieft hafte advance, where high in air
The fudden blaze arofe; to them with threats
Argantes: with your blood I'll quench thefe flames;
Then, with Clorinda, fternly flow retir'd, 385
And reach'd the fummit of the bank; behind
Fafter than freams, which falling fhov'rs en-
crease,

Augment their angry and pursuing foes.

Forth from the golden gate advanc'd to war
The furious Soldan, and his fearless troop, 390
Ready to aid the vent'rous warriors
In their attempt, when fortune brought them back
Successful ;

Successful ; o'er the barriers the fierce pair
 Leap'd suddenly, the rushing hosts pursue
 Like angry waves ; but them the Nicene King 395
 Drove back with ruin wide, and shut the gate,
 Clorinda sole excluding : 'midst the foes
 Alone the hapless championess remain'd ;
 For in that hour, all ardent for revenge,
 Against strong Arimont she bent her strength 400
 Who struck her erst ; she slew him, and the stern
 Argantes mark'd not the illustrious dame,
 Nor saw her parting ; arms, the noise of fight,
 And the thick darkness of the heav'n, that time
 Robb'd the fierce warrior of his care and love. 405

Soon in her foeman's blood she quench'd the
 rage

Of her distemper'd mind, and prudent thought
 Return'd ; she saw the city gates were shut,
 And she alone amidst her enemies,
 Inevitable then her death she deem'd ; 410
 Yet (for none mark'd her) she resolv'd to save
 Herself, in manner strange, and feign'd her one
 Of the fierce Christians mingling with the troops
 Unknown of all : then as the prowling wolf,
 Guilty of some misdeed in secret flies 415
 To a vast forest ; so with secret flight
 Favour'd by darkness, from the Christian bands
 The dame dis sever'd. Tancred her alone
 Observ'd, who lately on that part arriv'd,
 When Arimont she kill'd ; he saw, he mark'd, 420
 And suddenly pursu'd, bent to defy

His

His foe to mortal combat, for he deem'd
She was some warrior renown'd in arms.

Over the woody steeps she bent her course,
To seek admittance at another gate ; 425
Behind, impetuously, the knight pursu'd,
And e're he overtook, his ratling arms
Surpriz'd her ear ; she turned, and exclaim'd ;
What dost thou bring with such fierce eagerness ?
He answer'd, war and death. And war and death
I not refuse (return'd she) if thou seek'st 435
The combat. From his steed Tancredo sprung,
Because on foot he mark'd his enemy ;
Each full of fury drew their dreadful swords,
Fir'd with disdain, and burning all with rage, 435
Then join'd the horrid combat ; like two bulls
Whom jealousy and hate provok'd to war.

Worthy of royal lists, and brightest day,
Of everlasting fame, their fatal strife ;
Night, in oblivion with thy veil obscure, 440
Thou did'st conceal their actions ! yet consent,
Dark goddess ! that I bring them forth to light,
And make their deeds to future ages known :
Let their fame live, and great be the renown
And glorious the remembrance. From his foe 445
Shrunk neither combatant, nor 'vantage fought
Nor traversed the ground ; nor were their blows
Feigned nor false ; the darkness and the night
Robb'd them of art, their swords together clash
With horrid noise ; in opposition dire 450
Unmov'd they stand, and give incessant blows,

And

And not a stroke, and not a thrust is vain.

Scorn bred revenge, revenge a cruel scorn ;
 With ev'ry blow new cause of fury came :
 At last they join'd so close, they cou'd no more 455
 Wield their huge swords, and then they us'd the
 hilts ;

Raging and savage each on th' other rush'd,
 Together dash'd their helms, and bruised shields ;
 Thrice in his giant arms, Tancredo strong
 Seiz'd the fierce maid, and thrice the championess
 Broke from his hold ; no lover's soft embrace 461
 Was that, but of a cruel enemy :

Again they seiz'd their swords, and dy'd their points
 Deep in each other's blood, heaping on wounds,
 And fainting with fatigue ; weary and weak 465
 At length, they both retire, and pause for breath.

With angry eyes each other they beheld,
 And bleeding rested, with their swords on earth ;
 When the last star of night, with fading beam
 Languish'd at morn's approach, that from the east
 Arose in fire ; then Tancred saw the blood 471
 Of his fierce enemy abundant flow,
 He saw, rejoicing, and grew proud : false joy !
 Oh vanity of heart ! that ev'ry breath
 Of fortune can elate ! why joy'st thou, wretch ? 475
 What fatal triumph, what unhappy boast
 Is this, in which thou glory'st ? thy sad eyes
 If thou surviv'st, for ev'ry drop of blood
 Shall shed a sea of tears. Silent a while
 Each bloody combatant each other view'd : 480

Tancred

Tancred at length the horrid silence broke
 With daring parole; resolv'd to know the name
 Of his fierce enemy. Evil the chance
 And hard our fortune, who in darkness hid
 Thus combat, where our prowess is deny'd 485
 The glory that it merits: yet if words
 'Midst arms can yet have place, tell me thy name,
 Redoubted warrior, and thine high estate,
 That I may know, or victor or subdu'd,
 From whom I have receiv'd, renown or death. 490

Sternly the maid reply'd; you ask in vain,
 Unmov'd by pray'r, and uncompell'd by force;
 Yet know, that I am one of that great pair,
 Who have destroy'd, with mighty flames, the tow'r.
 At her proud boast, Tancredo swell'd with scorn; 495
 Ill hast thou said, and in an evil time
 To thee that silence is, an haughty vaunt!
 Uncivil wretch, thy arrogance and words
 Have fill'd mine heart with fury and revenge.

Ire in their chafed breasts the fight renew'd, 500
 Fierce was the combat, tho' their strength was weak;
 All art was banish'd, and all force was lost,
 And fury in their stead maintain'd the strife.
 Dy'd were their swords in blood, and ev'ry stroke
 Pierc'd thro' their riv'n arms; and if they liv'd, 505
 It was because they both disdain'd to die.

The huge Ægean thus, when Aquilone
 And Notus, furious storms, with troub'lous blasts
 That lately roll'd the tumbling waves, at length
 Sink to an horrid calm, yet of the winds 510
 Some

Some signs remain, and the big foaming surge
 Is agitated with prodigious noise ;
 So, tho' their strength was gone thro' loss of blood,
 Yet their first fierceness lasts ; they pant, yet give
 Wound upon wound, and answer blow with
 blow. 515

At length the fatal hour approach'd, the time
 When fair Clorinda must no longer live :
 Deep in her breast the warrior plung'd his sword,
 The thirsty weapon drank the gushing blood :
 The curious robe, imboast with swelling
 gold, 520
 That veil'd her bosom, the large faulchion rent ;
 Her heart is empty'd of her gore. She sinks,
 She faints, and feels the cold approach of death.
 The conqueror pursues the fatal stroke,
 And spurns the wounded virgin to the earth. 525
 She falling, with faint voice, and words of woe
 Utter'd her last complaints ; her dying pray'rs,
 Which a new spirit breath'd into her soul,
 Spirit of faith, of charity, and hope ;
 Virtue inspir'd by heav'n ! and tho' her life 530
 To God rebellious was, she dy'd his child.

Friend, thou hast conquer'd me, and I for-
 give,
 Save not from torment, which I well can bear
 This mortal body ; but oh ! save my soul ;
 I ask for baptism, and to wash away 535
 My sins with waters pure. She spoke, the knight
 Relented, at these sad and languid sounds,

So mournful and so sweet, that to his heart
 Did pierce, and all his scorn and fury dy'd,
 While sudden flow'd th' involuntary tear. 540

Not distant from the place, with murmur loud
 Down from the mountain-side, a sparkling rill
 Tumbled with cooling waves: thither he ran,
 And fill'd his helm, and suddenly return'd
 Mourning that pious office to perform. 545

With trembling hands her beaver he unty'd,
 Anxious to see her face, as yet unknown.
 He saw and knew, and motionless remain'd,
 Wanting all words, oh much unhappy fight!
 Oh woful knowledge! yet he did not die, 550
 But summon'd all his strength, and gave his
 heart

Into his virtue's care; deep in his soul
 Hiding the mighty sorrow, he requites
 The life, with water, that his cruel steel
 Depriv'd her of: and while the sacred form 555
 Of words he utters, she in transport smil'd,
 And glad at death, with exultation cry'd,
 Farewel, heav'n opens, and I die in peace.

O'er her white countenance was paleness
 strow'd,

As with sweet lilies, vi'lets blue are mix'd. 560
 To heav'n she rais'd her looks, heav'n and the
 sun

With pity, downward bent on her their eyes;
 Her cold and naked hand she gave the youth,
 Instead of words, a sign of peace and love;

Thus

J E R U S A L E M.

51

Thus did the gentle spirit pass away 565

And thus she slept. Th' unhappy warrior

Soon as he saw her tender soul was gone,

His resolution fail'd ; to grief, he yields

Dominion over him, to discontent,

Ungovernable anguish ; in his heart 570

Life seem immur'd, and death in ev'ry sense

And ev'ry look appear'd ; ev'n like the dead

The living languish'd, and as lost did seem,

In paleness, silence, form, and streaming blood :

While his fond spirit, that did proudly scorn 575

So weak a stay, and labour'd to be free,

Had follow'd her fair soul to heav'n, that just

Had upwards spread its wings, had not a band

Of Franks, in happy time approach'd, that sought

Fresh water there, or something else per-

chance ; 580

And found the princess slain, and the fond knight

Scarcely alive, and dead for her he kill'd.

Their leader, by his armour knew far off

The Christian prince, he hasted full of grief ;

And for the piteous fight, and strange mis-

chance 585

Shed many a tear ; nor wou'd he leave the corps

Expos'd, the miserable food of wolves,

Tho' she a Pagan seem'd ; but in their arms

The soldiers both up-bore, and weeping brought

The bodies, to the Christian hero's tent ; 590

Nor yet the motion, nor his friends complaints,

The wounded warrior heard, deeply at length

He groan'd, a token that his feeble soul
 Had not yet ta'en her flight ; the other lay
 Immoveable and still, whose sprite had fled 595
 From its fair shrine. Thus were the bodies
 brought

And plac'd, in diff'rent rooms of the same tent.

His careful servants, anxiously perform'd
 Each various office, to their wounded lord.
 At last his languid eyes unclos'd, and saw 600
 The light of heav'n, and felt their hands, and
 heard

Their whispers ; but how thither he was brought
 Long time he mused, with astonish'd mind :
 Senseless he gaz'd around ; at length he knew
 His servants, and the place ; then woful thus 605
 Utter'd his plaints. And do I still survive !
 And do I breathe, and see the hateful light
 Of this accursed day, that witness bears
 Of my foul crime, and still upbraids the deed !
 Oh ! coward hand, why tim'rous now and
 weak, 610

Thou instrument of death, yet had'st the strength
 My better life to strike ? Infamous arm !
 Why shou'd'st thou fear to cut the fatal thread
 Of this blood-guilty being ? pierce my breast,
 And into pieces cleave my cruel heart : 615
 But thou too well art us'd to cruelty,
 And think'st it were compassion to give death
 To such immense despair ; then will I live
 A sad example unto future times,

A wo-

A woful monster of unhappy love : 620
 Wretched indeed, whose worthy punishment
 For such impiety, is shameful life.
 Still must I live in anguish and distress,
 And furies must my guilty soul distract;
 Still dread the solitary shades obscure, 625
 That must in hideous form, that cruel deed
 Place ever 'fore mine eyes : nor from the sun
 Can I conceal these horrors ; madness, death,
 Wait on my days. I tremble at myself,
 Fly from myself, and am the self I fly, 630
 And carry mine own hell within my breast.
 But where, alas ! where are those sweet remains
 Of the most beauteous lady in the world,
 The chafest maid ! my fury against her
 And fatal madness, yet seem unappeas'd ; 635
 Some savage hath devour'd the gentle dame.
 Ah ! noble prey for monsters to devour !
 Ah sweet, too sweet, and far too precious food !
 Unhappy nymph ! whom darkness and the woods
 Betray'd to me, and afterwards to beasts ! 640
 Where ere you be, if still you be, I go
 To gather up these reliques so belov'd :
 But if some savage, rushing from the hills,
 Hath made her limbs its food, let that fell
 615 beast
 Swallow me up, and in its horrid paunch 645
 Entomb me quick ; an happy sepulchre !
 Then shall I have an honourable grave
 Where she is bury'd. Thus the wretched knight

Lamented ; his attendants told at last
Where they had plac'd the corse for whom he
mourn'd ; 650

A beam of comfort, thro' his clouded looks
Shone forth, like light'ning from the darkest
sky,

Dispelling instantaneously the gloom ;
Swift from the bed he rais'd his feeble limbs
And heavy body, drawing with huge pain 655
His legs, with staggering pace, he thither reel'd.

He came, and in her beauteous bosom view'd
The work of his own hands, the fatal blow ;
Like to a midnight sky, serene and dark,
No brightness in her faded face remain'd : 660
He trembled, so that he had sunk to earth,
Had not his 'squires been near, with friendly
aid ;

Then thus exclaim'd : Oh face in death still
sweet !

Thou can'st not soften now my cruel fate ;
Dry are mine eyes, but in the place of tears 665
Let my blood flow. The warrior said no more,
But as his desperate desire of death
Inforc'd him, furiously he 'gan to tear
His locks, and palid face ; down from his cheeks
Out gush'd the sanguine flood ; he had been
slain 670

But that his grief bereft him quite of sense,
And so preserv'd his life ; cast on his bed

His

His 'squires recall'd his fleeting soul, once more
To execute her hateful offices.

Nor silent was report of such distress, 675
And Tancred's hard mischance ; but told at large
The sad event ; and thither ran in haste
With all his lords of valour and of worth
Godfredo, pious Chieftain ! but in vain,
Their words of comfort, and their tend'rest
care, 680

To sooth his obstinate and bitter woe.

So in a tender part, a mortal wound
Rankles the more 'tis touch'd, with fest'ring pain ;
As did their words, to misery supreme
In his afflicted heart, more anguish bring. 685

But Peter, pious, venerable man,
Who, like a shepherd good, of his weak sheep
Took care, his vanity with grave advice
Reprov'd, and thus began. Ill judging knight !
On Tancred ! Tancred, how far different 690
Is this, from the beginning of your life :

What makes thee deaf ? what blindness strange
hath struck

Thy mental eyes so fatal ? This distress
Is sent a warning from all gracious heav'n ;
Thou seest not God, nor can'st his holy will 695
Hear nor believe : he chides thee, and recalls
Thine errant steps, by timely chastisement
Into the way thou'st left. To glorious deeds
And fit achievements for the knights of Christ

He wou'd invite thee back, but thou hast left 700
 That course, and art become (unworthy change!)
 Thrall to an Heathen dame; thy painful grief,
 Happy adversity! is made the rod
 To scourge thy sins; thou art the minister
 Of thine own safety, which thou yet refusest: 705
 Thou do'st refuse, ungrateful to high heav'n,
 The proffer'd grace, and against God rebel:
 Wretch that thou art, oh! whither dost thou go,
 Urg'd by a frantic, unrestrained grief?
 Over eternity's amazing gulph 710
 Thou hang'st, urg'd headlong to the vast abyss,
 And yet thou wilt not see: restrain this woe
 That else will bring thee to a double death.

The hermit spoke, and Tancred fear'd to die;
 Those words of consolation reach'd his heart, 715
 Less'ning the fury of his inward woe:
 Yet oft his grief found way, in bitter sighs,
 Nor ceas'd his voice to utter his complaints:
 Now to himself now to his murder'd love
 Wildly he spoke; who heard perhaps from
 heav'n. 720
 From Phœbus rising, till his ev'ning fall,
 The wretched knight invok'd the virgin's shade;
 As the sweet nightingale, wood musick's queen,
 If chance some churl, by stealth, hath ta'en
 away
 Her young ones, yet unplumed from the nest; 725
 Alone and sad, with tuneful plaint she sings
 The long, long hours of night, in sweetest strains
 Mourn-

Mourning the dire mischance and fatal hour.
At length, when morning came, his sorrows
ceas'd,

And gentle slumber stole upon his woe. 730

Amidst his dream, in starry robes array'd,
He saw the image of his murder'd love,
Fairer than when alive ; nor yet the blaze
Of heav'nly splendor from his knowledge took
Her shade, so lov'd ; with pitying looks, she
seem'd, 735

And sweet deportment, to behold his grief ;
Then spoke : behold how fair, how glad thy
love ;

Cease then, my faithful friend, oh cease these
tears :

Thine all the merit that I thus am blest ;
Thou from the errors of this guilty world 740
Hast freed me ; thou, before the throne of
God,

Amidst immortal faints, and angel forms,
Hast made me worthy to appear : from thence
I view thee with the eyes of love, and hope
A seat's prepar'd for thee among the blest : 745
There in the light of heav'n, eternal day,
Each shall with joy admire the other's charms :
Unless thou enviest thyself to taste
Heav'n's bliss, and this despair thy sense delude ;
Live, know I love thee, freely that I own, 750
As much as angels mortal men regard.

She

She spoke ; an hundred beams of holy zeal
 Shot from her eyes, that rapture, blessing man :
 Amidst which rays she clos'd herself from sight,
 And comfort strange in his sad soul intus'd : 755
 Thus comforted he wak'd, and to the aid
 Of skilful medicine resign'd his cure :
 Mean while the body of his murder'd love,
 Which once Clorinda's holy soul inform'd,
 As best he cou'd, with pomp he saw inhum'd : 760
 Not of rich marble was her sepulchre
 Proudly engrav'd, by Dedalæan hand,
 But built of polish'd stone, with her fair form
 Engrav'd, as best the season wou'd permit :
 There in long order lamps incessant blaz'd, 765
 And mournful pomp accompany'd her corps :
 Her arms were hung upon a leafless pine,
 Sad trophy to her fame ! and the next morn
 Th' enamour'd knight, drew forth his feeble
 limbs

To visit, with due care and reverence, 770
 The bury'd ashes of his mistress sweet.

And now he reach'd the tomb, which heav'n
 decreed

The woful prison of his tender soul ;
 Pale, cold, sad, speechless, and depriv'd of sense,
 Upon the marble, did he fix his sight ; 775
 At length, a stream of tears burst from his eyes,
 And thus he spoke ; and speaking, faintly sigh'd :
 Oh highly honour'd marble ! most belov'd !
 Thou hast my flames within, without my tears :
 Not

Not of the dead, but living, thou the feat, 780
And love's fair fortress ; still within mine heart
I feel th' accusom'd flame, less sweet, alas !
But not more cold ; receive these heavy sighs,
These kisses take, bath'd in the saddest tears,
And give them to the reliques of my love, 785
Which thou, oh tomb ! in thy cold bosom
keep'st :

Give them ; for if her fainted sp'rite looks down
On those lov'd remains, where once it dwelt,
Thy pity and my love cannot offend ;
Anger and wrath is not in angels breasts ; 790
She will forgive my fault, and in that hope
Mine heart doth only live, amidst such woe :
This hand is guilty, innocent this heart,
That living lov'd her, and for love wou'd die :
Yes I will die : oh happy, happy day, 795
Whene'er it chanceth ! yet more happy far,
If, as I wander round this weeping pile,
My bones might rest within the hollow grave :
Then shall our friendly sprites together dwell
In heav'n, our ashes in the self-same vault 800
Together be inhum'd ; so death wou'd join
At last, whom life did sever ; oh ! blest fate !
For such I hope will be Tancredo's end.

Mean time, a rumour indistinct was spread
Within the town, of this sad accident, 805
And still encreas'd ; in ev'ry part the news
Was soon divulged, and was known for true ;
Mingled with loud laments and female cries,

Not

Not less, than if the city's self had fall'n
 In horrid ruin, and the victor foes 810
 And flames, in ev'ry house, and temple rag'd.

But ev'ry eye, was on Arsetes bent,
 His sighs were deep, and madness in his looks:
 Nor did his horrid grief dissolve in tears,
 Harden'd by the extremity of love; 815
 His silver venerable locks he spread
 With sightless dust, and smote his aged breast
 And palid face; him while the crowd beheld,
 The fierce Circassian full of fury cry'd:

It was my warm request, when first I heard 820
 That this brave maid, amidst the Christian hosts
 Excluded was, immediate to have rush'd
 Forth from the gate, and shar'd the doubtful
 chance:

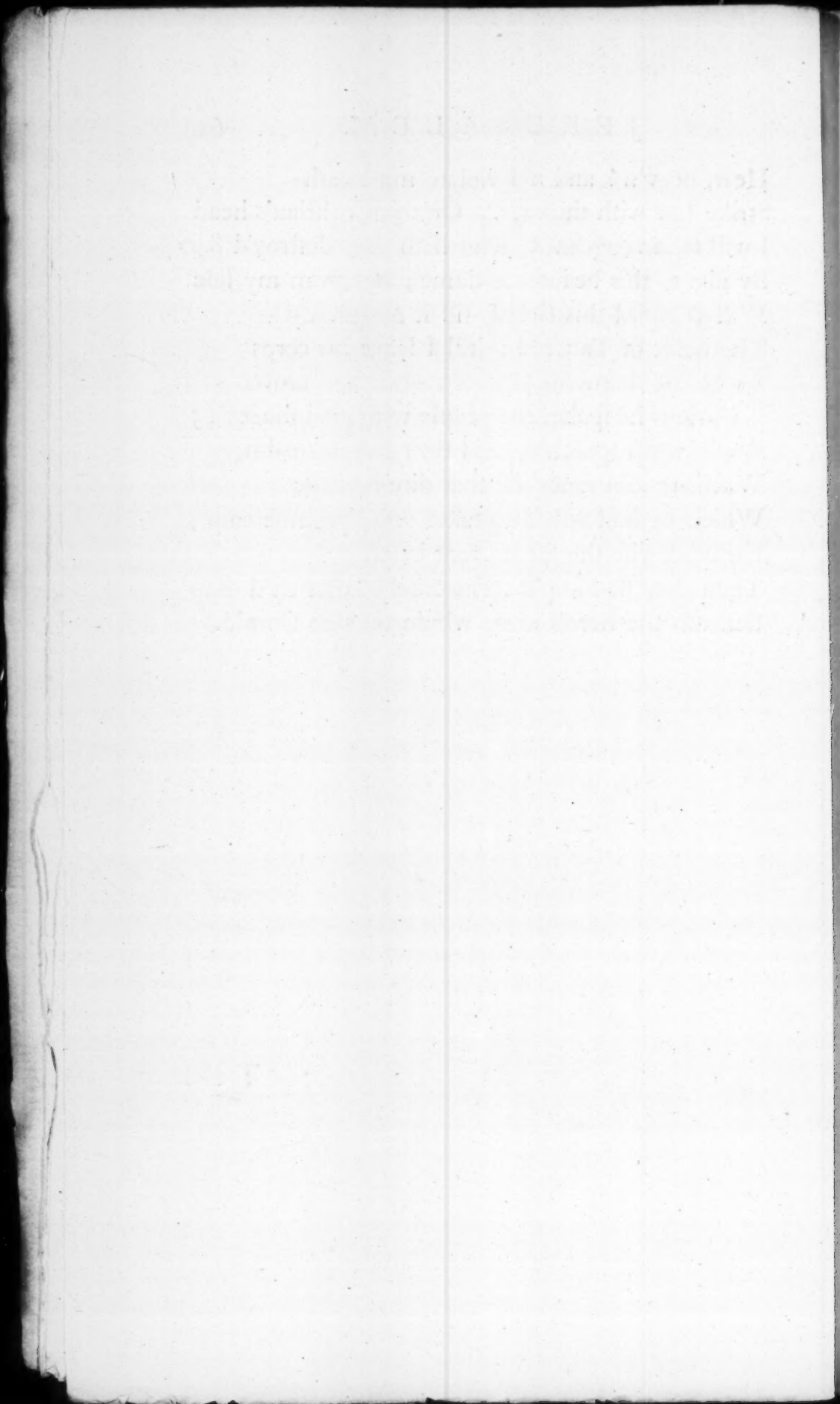
Why did I not? what pray'rs did I not use
 To move the fearful monarch, to uncloset 825
 The portals of the town? but he deny'd,
 And sov'reign pow'r did over-rule my suit:
 Ah! had I gone, to sacred Solyma
 I had restor'd her honour'd championess,
 From danger freed; or in the bloody fight 830
 Then, where her blood was shed, in her defence
 Had perish'd nobly. Cou'd I more have done?
 Alas! the counsels both of gods and men
 Opposed my designs, and she has dy'd
 A fatal death: then let me now revenge, 835
 ('Tis all that's left me) whom I cou'd not save:
 Hearken, oh Sion! to Argantes' vow;

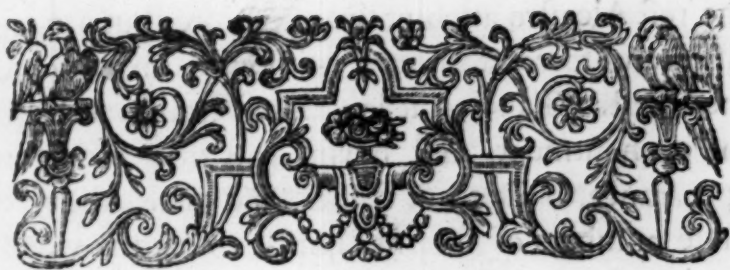
Hear

Hear, heav'n ! and if I violate mine oath
Strike me with thunder. On this Christian's head
I will take vengeance, who hath thus destroy'd 840
By night, this beauteous dame ; nor from my side
Will I ungird this sword, till it has pierc'd
The heart of Tancred : 'till I leave his corps
To be the shameful prey of wolves and crows.

Furious he spoke, the people with glad shout 845
Applaud his speeches, and their sorrows calm,
With the vain fancy of that dire revenge
Which he had vow'd to take. Oh ! promise vain ;
Far otherwise the great event befell
Than they had hop'd : the cruel boaster dy'd 850
Beneath the hero's arm, whom thus he scorn'd.

THE





THE
A R G U M E N T.
CANTO the Thirteenth.



HE magician Ismeno, to prevent the Christians getting timber to construct new machines, with which they might assault Jerusalem, goes to the forest, and after using most strange and horrible enchantments, gives the wood in charge to the fiends, who take possession of every tree ; this done, he returns to the Sultan of Jerusalem, and acquaints him, that a prodigious drought will soon distress the Christian armies. Mean time, Godfredo having sent his carpenters to the forest, they return back in the greatest consternation, scared by the horrible sights and noises which they had seen and heard, from the wood ; the most undaunted heroes among the Christians, and among the

ARGUMENT.

the rest Alcastro attempt the adventure, but are terrified and forced to return, without daring to enter the forest. Tancred at length undertakes to break the enchantment, and having past thro' a city, to appearance, built all of flames, and guarded by infinite numbers of infernal spirits, enters the wood; but is prevented from cutting down the trees, by a voice like that of Clorinda, who complains of his cruelty, and informs him, that the soul of some Christian or Saracen, is confin'd within the bark of every tree. The hero forsakes the enterprize, and informs Godfredo of the nature of the enchantment, and the supposed impossibility of the undertaking. While Godfredo remains in suspense, the hermit Peter prophesies the destruction of the forest, and of Jerusalem itself, by Rinaldo. The poet afterwards describes in the finest manner, the drought that ensued, as also the distress and murmuring of the Christian troops, many of whom quit the undertaking. The almighty at length takes pity on the sufferings of his servants, and opens all the windows of heaven. The rain descends, which saves the Christians from absolute destruction. This passage is inexpressibly solemn and sublime.

THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
Jerusalem.



SOON as the terrible machine on
earth

Lay ruinous, and into ashes sunk,
That threat'ned late fair Sion's
lofty tow'rs,

Ismeno, horrid mage ! found new

device

To guard the walls of sacred Solyma, 5
And stop th' advancing Franks : and now he
fought

VOL. II.

F

Of

Of timber to deprive his enemies,
That thus strange tow'rs they might construct no
more,

To shake the strength of proud Jerusalem.

Not distant from the Christian camp arose, 10
Amidst the wide and solitary vales
A forest vast, crowded with ancient trees,
Whose horrid arms did cast a deadly shade :
There, when the sun in mid-day glory shines,
Uncertain, faded, dismal is the light : 15
Such as appears within the clouded heav'n,
When ev'ning day, with gath'ring darkness
strives ;

But when the sun retires, in ocean's waves
Quenching his fiery orb, then clouds, and night,
Horror, and ten-fold shade, obscure the place, 20
Resembling hell, and cover mortal eyes
With blindness deep, and with sad terror shake
The guilty soul : thither no shepherd brings
His tender sheep, no herdsman drives his beeves,
To pasture in the gloom ; no trav'ler there 25
Or pilgrim enters, but at distance turns
His steps away, so awful seems the wood :
There witches, at the lonely noon of night
Assemble, with their hellish paramours ;
In clouds they come, and dragons dreadful
forms 30

Assume, or frightful goats, with cloven feet
Printing the malle ; a council infamous !
They with allurements sweet, draw sinful man

From

From love of what is right : with hellish pomp
They solemnize their wicked festivals, 35
And hideous marriages. The Paynims thus
Believ'd, nor one of the inhabitants
Dar'd, from th' enchanted forest, cut a bough :
This, to construct their engines for the siege,
The Christians violate ; and thither went, 40
Ismeno, horrid mage ! with tresses hoar,
When black night reign'd, and silence like to
death

Cover'd the world ; at that tremendous time
His characters he drew, and circles vain :
Within the magic ring, one foot he set 45
Naked, and mutter'd charms of potency strange ;
Thrice to the east he turn'd his baleful eyes,
And westward thrice where sets the sacred sun,
Thrice wav'd that pow'rful wand, that calls the
ghosts

Back to their bodies, rising from their tombs 50
In dreadful apparition, thrice the ground
He struck with unshod feet, and utter'd thus
His curses dire, with accents terrible.

Hear, hear, ye sprites that from the golden stars
Down to the gulph of hell precipitate 55
Were, by the stroke of roaring thunder, driv'n :
And ye, who rove inhabitants of air,
And tempests raise, and storms : hear, all ye fiends
In Tartarus, who torture damned ghosts,
The ministers of everlasting pains : 60
Ye dwellers of Avernus, you I call :

And thou, great monarch of th' infernal realms,
 Receive in charge this forest ; ev'ry tree
 I give you number'd, as the souls of men
 Are cloath'd with flesh, and in their bodies
 dwell, 65

So ev'ry plant a spirit shall inclose :
 With terror fill the Franks, when they attempt
 To fell these cedars old, and make them fly
 In horrid consternation. Thus he spoke,
 And then repeated those infernal sounds 70
 Which none can utter, but a wretch accurst.

At those dire incantations, the fair stars
 That grac'd the arch immense of night serene
 Quenched their fires, the silver moon disturb'd,
 Enwrap'd her horns in clouds, and shone no
 more. 75

The foul enchanter still his spells renew'd,
 Chiding the tardy sprites ; why come ye not ?
 And wherefore thus delay ? perhaps ye wait
 For spells of stranger secret potency :
 I have not yet forgot, thro' long disuse, 80
 What forceful terms to this fierce art belong.
 My tongue that is defil'd and thick with blood
 Shall utter, that so dreaded awful name,
 Which heard, great Dis obeys, and from his
 throne

The king of hell must hasten to obey : 85
 Oh great ! oh fearful !—more he would have spoke,
 But that he saw the horrid fiends appear :
 They came, innumerable, infinite ;

The

The sprites, who rove inhabitants of air ;
 The sprites, who in the darksome womb of
 earth 90

Condemned lie : but sad and slow they came
 Displeas'd, because they were forbid from war ;
 Yet they obey'd, and took the wood in charge,
 And dwelt in ev'ry trunk, and ev'ry leaf.

The foul magician, when his curst design 95
 Was quite compleat, back to the king return'd
 With joy, and thus addrest him. Oh renown'd,
 Now ev'ry doubt dismiss, with confidence
 Strengthen your heart ; henceforth in safety stands
 Your royal throne ; nor can your Christian foe, 100
 As he suppos'd, renew his vast machines.

He spoke, and told at large the wond'rous deed
 By magic art perform'd, and then rejoin'd :
 Another accident will shortly chance
 That will no less avail ; know, Emperour, 105
 Within few days, Mars shall with Sol unite
 Their fiery beams in Leo, heav'nly sign !
 And then the scorching heat extreme, shall parch
 The air, nor rain nor cooling dews descend ;
 Such the appearance of the heav'n, that heat 110
 Unprosperous, and violent, shall reign :
 The warmth will be with us as terrible
 As in the burning sands of Africa ;
 Yet not so grievous in Jerusalem,
 Where fountains cool, and kind and verdant
 shades 115

Grateful arise, as on the Christian camp.

Our enemies, amidst the scorched plains,
Will not the violence of heat endure :
Heav'n will subdue them first, and Egypt's host
Come suddenly, to finish their o'erthrow : 120
Thou shalt sit still and conquer, prove no more
The doubtful hazard of uncertain fight :
And if the fierce Circassian, that disdains
All cause of rest, as shameful, thee provoke
To battle, as before ; do thou resist 125
His headlong importunity, and calm
The rage of that fierce hero : shortly heav'n,
Thy friend, will give thee peace, and midst thy
foes

Battle and trouble send. The tyrant heard,
And by these words confirm'd the pow'r and
strength 130
Of Godfrey, held in scorn. Mean time the walls
They 'gan renew, which late th' impetuous ram
Had overthrown ; with foresight provident,
Each breach, and tott'ring bulwark, they repair,
And all the crowd of citizens and slaves 135
Join in the work, and urge the fervid toil.

Mean time, the pious Bulloigner, deferr'd
The desperate assault, till he had built
A tow'r yet more enormous, and had form'd
New instruments for war ; therefore he sent 140
The workmen to the forest, there to hew
Enormous trees, and raise the vast machines.
'They went, but scarce th' enchanted wood beheld,
When consternation strange arrests their course.

As

As filly infants dare not view the place 145
Where they are told, strange sprites and monsters
dwell ;

But struck with terror, 'midst the gloom of night,
Fancy dire visions and sad prodigies :
So fear'd they, and retir'd ; yet ignorant
Of what their terror caus'd, except their fear 150
Figur'd new monsters to their troubled sense,
Chimæras, Sphinxes, terrible and fierce.

In wild dismay the multitude return'd,
And told, with words confus'd, uncertain tales ;
That all who heard them, scorn'd the vague re-
port, 155
And heid them monst'rous lies : thither the
prince

A chos'n squadron of the bravest knights
Sent out, to guard the workmen, and incite
Them to perform their mighty lord's commands.
They now approach'd the forest, where in-
clos'd 160

The wicked sprites, amidst the horrid shade
Inhabited ; scarce on th' enchanted wood
They cast their eyes, but terror froze their hearts ;
Yet onward still they went, hiding base fear
Under a semblance bold, and now advanc'd 165
Not distant far, from that infernal grove.

When from the horrid wood, a sudden sound
Broke forth, that rent the hills, and made the
earth

Shake with the thund'ring noise ; such is the sound

Of southern tempests, such the murmur dire 170
 Of the rough surges 'gainst the craggy shore.
 There lions growl, and scaly serpents hiss,
 There night wolves howl, and rugged bears do
 groan,

And trumapets shrill, and thunders there are heard;
 There all these sounds one frightful sound ex-
 press'd. 175

Signs of amazement, on their cheeks were seen,
 Blanched with fear; their reason quite was lost;
 Their discipline forgot; nor did they know
 Whether to stay, or further to advance.
 Against this sudden dread that smote their souls, 180
 Weak was the shield their resolution gave:
 At last they fled, and one at length excus'd
 Their flight unto the pious Bulloigner.

Not one of us there is, who dares to cut
 One branch of yonder forest: horrid fiends 185
 Guard it; and Pluto in that fatal wood
 Keeps his infernal court. He hath an heart
 Harder than adamant, who can behold
 Such sights untterrify'd; and wanteth sense,
 Who can unmoved stand the hideous roar, 190
 And hiss and thunder that appall'd our ears.

This said, Alcastro listen'd to his words;
 Alcastro leader of the Switzers grim;
 A warrior, void of prudence, and of fear,
 Who scorn'd the force of Man, and dread of
 death: 195

Nor did the desert wilds contain a beast,

Or

Or hideous monster, in their sunless caves,
 Cou'd terrify his soul ; the thunders stroke,
 Whirlwinds, and tempests horrible he brav'd ;
 And all that strange or fearful was on earth : 200
 He shook his head, and thus with scornful smile.

Whither, he dares not go, Alcastro dares :
 That wood have I the hardiness to fell,
 And lay those proud trees level with the dust :
 Those horrid apparitions I contemn ; 205
 The shriek of birds, the roaring of the boughs,
 And thro' those fearful forests will I pass,
 Tho' to the deepest hell the path descends.

Thus glorying, of Godfredo he demands
 Permission to depart, and forward went 210
 Unterrify'd, and mark'd the forest thick
 With vast obscuring boughs ; the wond'rous noise
 He heard, nor his audacious feet restrain'd,
 But in himself secure, the peril scorn'd.
 And now the forest's utmost marge he reach'd, 215
 His ent'rance there, a wond'rous fire oppos'd :
 The flame encreas'd, and form'd a lofty wall,
 Turbid with horrid smoke, that all the wood
 Environed, and ev'ry tree and bough
 Guarded in hideous safety ; and the flames 220
 That rose above the rest, proud castles seem'd,
 And tow'rs, with warlike engines fill'd, that kept
 The wond'rous fortrefs. On the battlements,
 What hideous monsters, all in arms appear'd,
 Of loathed form ! that bent their frowning
 looks 225

Upon

Upon the knight, and threat'ned horrid death
 From engin'ry immense. At last he fled,
 Tho' tardy was his flight ; so lions chac'd,
 Retire before their hunters : yet he fled
 In consternation untill then unknown ; 230
 Nor did he know long time that he had fear'd,
 'Till now far off ; then all amaz'd he stood
 Scornfully stern, and the sharp tooth of shame,
 And deep repentance, gnaw'd his haughty heart :
 Burning with dire disgrace, silent with rage, 235
 Astonished he turn'd his steps aside ;
 Nor dares the trisful warrior raise his looks ;
 His looks of late so lofty and so proud.

Now by Godfredo summon'd, oft he found
 Cause of excuse, to keep his secret tent : 240
 At length he came, but slow, and held his peace,
 Then, like a person sunk in slumber, spoke :
 From this unusual shame the chief concludes
 His flight and disappointment. Then began :
 What chance is this ! and what these wonders
 strange ! 245

Illusion all, or nature's prodigies !
 If resolution any knight inspires
 To try the hazard of this dreadful wood,
 Free let him go, and prove the great emprise,
 And bring sure tidings of this dire event. 250
 He spoke, and for the three succeeding days,
 The bravest champions of the Christian host
 The charmed grove attempted ; yet they brought
 Nothing but flight, and consternation back.

This

This hap'd, while woeful Tancred solemniz'd 255
The funeral of his beloved dame.

The bloom of youth had vanish'd from his cheeks,
And weak his limbs, to bear the load of arms :
Nathless, when glory call'd to high attempts ;
No labour wou'd he shun, no danger fear : 260
His daring heart and courage resolute
To his weak body, wond'rous vigour gave.

To this exploit forth went the vent'rous knight,
Fearless, yet heedful, silent to attempt
The unknown peril ; unappall'd he mark'd 265
The terrors of the forest, the loud claps
Of thunder, and the earthquake's dreadful heave ;
Some little doubt within his breast arose,
Then quickly was no more ; when lo ! between
The charmed forest, and advancing knight, 270
A fiery city, high as heaven upstood :
Back stepp'd the warrior renown'd, and paus'd ;
Then thus. What now avail these dreaded arms,
If in this horrid flame, or monster's throat,
Headlong I cast myself ? The love of life 275
Shou'd not detain me, in an honest cause,
Or for my country's welfare, to attempt
Each hazardous emprise ; but this exploit
I hold of no such weight, as to demand
A Christian champion to expose his life : 280
Yet it I shrink how will the Paynims boast ?
If I retire, what hope remains to fell
This charmed forest ; tho' our mighty chief
Will oft attempt it. What if this great deed
Some

Some other knight perform ? perhaps these flames
 That rise in dire obstruction, may be found 286
 Less in effect, than seeming, and present
 Unreal dangers : I will dare the worst,
 Come what come may. He spoke, and 'midst the
 flames,

Oh! wond'rous boldness, leapt : nor did he find 290
 Heat in his arms, nor feel the scorching flame :
 Yet wist he not, whether the fire he past,
 Was real or visionary ; for at once
 The hideous 'semblance vanish'd, horrid clouds
 Succeeding, that within their dreadful womb 295
 Brought night, and rain and tempest : in short space
 The night, and rain, and tempest disappear'd.

Amaz'd, but undismay'd, Tancredo stood,
 And mark'd the flying storm, then onward went
 Fearless, thro' that forbidden grove, and saw 300
 Each horrid secret of the place profane,
 And wonderful appearance. In his way
 No sprite or fiend appear'd, to interrupt
 His progress, save the crowded trees did oft
 Impede his sight, and oft perplex his steps. 305

At length a spacious green he mark'd, that
 seem'd

A verdant amphitheatre ; the plain
 Like calmest waters smooth : no tree was there
 But one proud cypress, that display'd abroad,
 Clad in the pride of summer, its huge arms, 310
 Upon whose bark, with wonder he survey'd,
 Strange characters engrav'd, like those erst us'd

In

In old mysterious Egypt : 'midst the rest
 Unknown, these words in Syriac he beheld,
 Which well he understood. Audacious knight ! 315
 Whose daring feet these forests violate,
 The palace of great death, cease to disturb
 The souls that here find rest : oh trouble not
 The spirits of thy friends ; as thou art brave
 Oh be not cruel, and forgive the ghosts 320
 Robb'd of the light of heav'n. With spirits dead
 Why shou'd men war ?—The writing thus declar'd.
 And while he mus'd upon the secret sense
 Of these strange words, he heard the whistling
 wind

Ceaseless, amidst the brakes and branches, blow,
 And frame a melancholy harmony, 326
 Like human sighs and woe, that in his heart
 Breath'd sadness, and compassion and distress.

He drew his sword at length, with all his force
 Striking the tree, when, horrible to tell ! 330
 Out of the rift, forth gush'd a stream of blood,
 That purpled all the plain : he all amaz'd
 Started, yet once again, with fury struck,
 Resolv'd to prove th' event ; and then he heard,
 As from some hollow grave, a mournful voice 335
 That groan'd. Enough, enough, (distinct it said)
 Oh Tancred ! spare thy blows ; the spirit late
 Forth from the body of a gentle maid,
 Thou cruelly hast driven : and wilt thou still
 Torment me, in this woful cypress trunk 340
 Immur'd by cruel destiny ; unkind !

Is't

Is't not enough to kill thine adversaries,
 But thou wilt violate their sepulchres.
 I was Clorinda ; now, imprison'd here,
 Within this plant I dwell, yet not alone ; 345
 For ev'ry Christian, ev'ry Pagan knight,
 Who dy'd in war, beneath fair Sion's walls,
 Are here, by incantations strange detain'd
 In bodies new, or graves, so that each tree
 Hath life, and sense ; and if you cut one bough, 350
 Thou art the worst of savage murderers.

As the sick man, that in his sleep beholds
 Some dragon, or chimæra girt with flames ;
 Tho' he suspects it is an idle dream,
 No real monster, yet he strives to fly : 355
 So dire, so fearful, is that wond'rous form.
 Thus fear'd th' enamour'd knight, and yet believ'd
 All were illusions vain, by witchcraft wrought ;
 And cold and trembling wax'd his frozen heart,
 By passions wild tormented, and his sword 360
 Fell from his dreaded grasp, himself well nigh
 Depriv'd of sense ; wounded, he thought he saw
 The dame so lov'd, and that she wept, and
 mourn'd,

Nor cou'd endure to see her streaming blood ;
 Nor hear her languid and her painful groans. 365

Thus his undaunted heart, that oft had scorn'd
 Danger and death ; whom no strange shape dis-
 may'd,

Now faint and tender, thro' excess of love,
 Deluded was with visionary forms

And

And lamentations vain ; a sudden wind 370
 Raised aloft his sword, and thro' the wood
 Bare it away. The conquer'd prince retir'd,
 And back as he pursu'd his lonely way,
 Again he found his sword ; yet firmly fixt
 Not to return, or new adventures try 375
 In that enchanted forest : now he reach'd
 The great Godfredo's tent, when all his thoughts
 Became compos'd, and all his spirits wak'd ;
 Then thus began. Oh chief ! a witness true
 I am, of accidents incredible ; 380
 What they have told thee of infernal flames,
 And fearful thunders, I have found by proof :
 A sudden fire, in that enchanted wood,
 Strange to behold, from empty air arose,
 Built like a battled wall, whereon, with darts 385
 And dreadful weapons arm'd, whole bands ap-
 pear'd

Of monsters foul, mishapt ; a dire defence !
 Yet thro' them all I pass, unhurt by fire ;
 Nor did I feel a blow : that instant, rain
 And hideous darkness fell ; to that the day 390
 Succeeded, and the sky became serene.

What need I more, each tree hath life, hath sense,
 Hath speech, and human soul : I heard their words
 Amidst the charmed grove, and in mine heart
 That mournful voice still sounds : at ev'ry
 stroke 395

Blood gushes from the rind, as if the boughs

Were

Were flesh : no, no, not I ; nor any else,
Can cut one branch, one leaf can tear away.

He spoke : discordant thoughts in Godfrey's
breast

A wild contention rais'd : oft he resolv'd 400
In person, to attempt these witchcrafts strange,
And bring their charms to end ; for such he
deem'd

Those prodigies ; or elsewhere to provide
Timber far off, with easier toil obtain'd :
But from the solemn musing of his thoughts 405
The Eremite him call'd, and thus began.

These doubts, oh chief, resign : it is decreed
Another must this charmed grove despoil :

The fatal ship, in desolated sands

Her prow hath fix'd, and furl'd her golden
sails. 410

Breaking his worthless bonds, th' expected knight
Hath loos'd from shore : the fated time draws near
When our proud enemies shall be destroy'd,
And sacred Sion yield. The Er'mite spoke,
And bright his visage shone, with beams di-
vine, 415

And more than mortal was his voice's sound.

To other cares at length the Christian chief
Turn'd ev'ry thought, which all repose deny'd :
In burning Cancer now the fiery sun,
With violent heat the neighbouring country scorch'd ;
The soldiers faint, unable to endure 421
Fatigue of arms, or bear the sultry time ;

Faded

Faded at once was ev'ry star benign,
 And cruel planets signorise in heav'n,
 Whose baleful influence, scatter'd dang'rous
 flames 425

Malignant thro' the world : the noxious heat
 Increas'd, and spread around, with mortal rage.
 A night more fatal to a fatal day
 Succeeds ; and worse than both, th' ensuing
 morn.

When Phœbus rose, his burning orb was dy'd 430
 In deepest purple, and with sanguine beams
 Scatter'd strange light : his body indistinct,
 A sad presage of that unhappy time !
 And bloody drops at even he seem'd to shed,
 Foretelling future heat, when next he rose 435
 From the ocean. Thus their present ills increas'd,
 With horrid apprehension of to come.

While thus, on earth he bent his scorching
 rays

With mortal fervor, the sweet flowrets dy'd ;
 The leaves grew pale upon the wither'd boughs ; 440
 Languish'd the springing herbs, in horrid rifts
 Earth opens, and the river's streams decay :
 The barren clouds with purple light'nings flame ;
 And ev'ry aspect threat'ned in the sky
 A conflagration dire. The heav'n appear'd 445
 A raging furnace, that sometimes reveal'd
 The shooting fires, and now in clouds of smoke
 Dark'ned the gazer's eyes : within his caves
 The gentle zephyr slept, the air was still ;

The wreck, nor came, nor went; and o'er the
fields 450

The south wind, from the sands of Africa
Spread horrid fervor; violent and strong
His interrupted blasts, blew terrible
Upon the Christian host: yet not the more
Of comfort brought the night in her thick
shades, 455

With burning heat impress'd, her sable robe,
With comets, and with inauspicious stars,
Shone terrible and bright; nor to refresh
The miserable earth, the niggard moon
Let fall her May dews cold: in herbs and flow'rs,
And plants and trees, the vital moisture fail'd. 461
Sleep to his quiet cave retir'd, exil'd
From those disturbed nights, and oft in vain
The restless soldiers, languishing, besought
Succour from heav'n; and oft for thirst they
mourn'd; 465

The worst of ills! for Judah's wicked king
With mortal, direst poison, ev'ry stream
Had tainted; ev'ry fountain, ev'ry lake:
Poison more deadly than the baleful flood
Of Acheron or Styx. Small Siloe's stream, 470
That on the army of the Franks bestow'd
His chrystal waters pure, with glowing wave
The pebbles in the channel naked left,
And scarcely glided o'er the scorched sands:
Nor Po, when deepest rolls the mighty flood, 475
The fainting soldiers fancy, cou'd suffice,

To

To quench their thirst ; nor Ganges, Indian stream,
Nor seven-mouth'd Nile, that terribly o'erflows
Rich Egypt's verdant fields : he that had seen,
The gliding rivers erst, that gently roll'd 480
With silver waves, their flow'ry channel down ;
Or falling waters, that precipitate
Fell from the tops of mountains high and white,
Wat'ring the verdant fields, and herbs, and trees :
Those he desir'd in vain, and ev'n the thought, 485
With torments new augmented his distress.
In fancy oft he drank the rivers cool,
Which added to the violence of thirst.

Those warriors robust, of giant strength,
Whom neither tedious march, thro' countries
wild, 490
Nor weight of arms, that loaded their strong
limbs,
Nor adverse hosts, nor death itself, dismay'd :
Now sad and feeble, with excess of heat,
Cast their fatigued bodies on the ground
An useless weight, and in each vein there liv'd 495
A secret fire, that gradually dissolv'd
Their burning flesh. Languish'd the gen'rous
horse

So fierce of late, and loathing cast away
The wither'd grass, that was before his food,
Stumbling at ev'ry step ; now low declin'd 500
His crest, that was so proud, and quite forgot
The mem'ry of his former victories ;
Nor did the love of glory fire his breast ;

The spoils of conquer'd foes, his late rewards,
 Neglected now. Languish'd the faithful dog, 505
 And of his master, and the once lov'd tent,
 Forgot the wonted care : panting he lay
 All burning, and the cool air sought in vain,
 T' allay his inward heat ; for nought avail'd
 The pow'r of respiration nature gave ; 510
 And none, or little coolness they acquire,
 If foul and sultry is the air they breathe.

Thus languished the earth, and faint and weak
 The woful armies of the Christians lay,
 And desperate of conquest now became 515
 The faithful hosts, and fear'd the worst of ills :
 Thro' all the camp in words like these were heard
 Their universal murm'ring, and complaints.

What more can Godfrey hope ? here must
 we lie

'Till all the Christians perish : with what strength 520
 Thinks he, to scale these mighty battlements ?
 With what subdue our foes ? and whence expect
 New engines for the siege ? doth he alone
 Not mark the wrath of heav'n, which our designs
 Hath blasted, that our angry God averse 525
 Forbids our proud attempts, a thousand signs
 And prodigies declare. The scorching sun
 Sends forth such fervor, that the sandy wastes
 Of Æthiopia, or the realms of Ind,
 Need not more cooling : doth our chief esteem 530
 It little that we perish ? are we thought
 So vile a multitude, and here condemn'd

Like

Like abjects to destruction, so his rule
 And proud imperial sceptre be maintain'd?
 Is it so great a bliss to be a king, 535
 That the ambitious tyrant, with the lives
 Of all his subjects, shou'd his sceptre buy?
 Oh madness of ambition! see! behold
 That man, entitled pious, and renown'd
 For wond'rous prudence and humanity, 540
 Forgetful of our safety, so he holds
 Still undiminished his guilty power.
 When Jordan's flood and all his streams are dry
 To us; ev'n from his spring the limpid wave
 Must be for him procur'd, that he might sit 545
 Rejoicing at the feast, and banquet rich,
 And mingle waters cool, with Cretan wines.

The French thus murmur'd: but the Grecian
 chief

Latinus, who was weary of the war,
 It's dangers and its toils, with haste exclaim'd; 550
 Why perish here, subdu'd and overthrown;
 Not in rough battle? on th' audacious Franks
 Let the blind folly of their leader fall.
 Why shou'd my troops be lost? he spoke, nor
 fought

Leave to depart, but amidst night obscure 555
 With all his squadron silently retir'd;
 And his example, soon as rising day
 Had manifested, many a band prepares
 To imitate. Clotarius his great troop,
 And Ademare's, and all, whose leaders late 560

Were laid in dust, by their chief's death discharg'd
Of all their vow'd obedience, free from oaths,
Service to none they owe, and now conclude
On flight, and shrunk by thousands from the host.

This good Godfredo heard, Godfredo saw; 565
Yet cruel chastisement, and horrid death,
Dire remedy for such offence, he loath'd;
And with that faith omnipotent, that dry'd
The red sea's hideous surge, and from their base
Cou'd move the stedfast hills, fervent he pray'd; 570
To heav'n's eternal king, to open wide
The fountains of his grace, and ease this drought:
His hands, his eyes, his words, with fervent zeal
Towards God's throne, the pious warrior rais'd.

Father, and Lord, if in the desert's waste, 575
Thou had'st compassion on the Israelites,
And from the craggy rock, which Moses struck,
Thy faithful servant, caus'dst the grateful stream
Of gushing springs to flow. Oh! once again
To merit far inferior, Lord, renew 580
Thy mercy, with like favour: they were then,
As we, thy soldiers, now. These pious pray'rs
Sent forth, from humble heart, with speed the sky
Ascended wing'd, and 'fore Jehovah's throne
Themselves presented: The eternal fire 585
Receiv'd them, and upon the faithful Christian
host

Bent down his eyes all gracious, saw their pain,
Their wants, and their distress: he saw, and spoke.
'Till

'Till now, mine host belov'd, peril and toil,
 Adversity and trouble hath endur'd : 590
 Hell and the world have been their enemies,
 Their arts and arms oppos'd ; at length succeed
 A fairer, brighter series of events :
 Prosperous I rain from heav'n : the youthful knight
 Unconquerable, shall return, and gain 595
 A glorious conquest o'er th' Egyptian hosts.

Jehovah spoke, and bow'd his awful head :
 The vast heav'n shook, the fixed stars were mov'd,
 And ever wand'ring planets, at the nod
 Of their creator ; in deep reverence 600
 Trembled the air, thro' all its watry realms
 Old ocean roar'd : the earth with all its hills
 And deep abysses quak'd ; from north to east
 Strange light'ning flash'd, and thro' the vault of
 heav'n

The thunder roll'd distinct ; the flame and
 noise 605

Th' attentive soldiers heard, and with glad shouts
 Hail'd the sure signs of long expected rain.

Lo ! sudden clouds appear ; not from the earth
 Exhal'd, by Phœbus sultry rays, they rose ;
 But open'd were the windows of vast heav'n 610
 Whence clouds in heaps forth rush'd, and mighty
 floods ;

The world was overspread with sudden shade
 That seem'd like ev'ning dark : from breaking
 skies

Down fell the dashing rain, and o'er their banks

The streams and fountains swell'd at once, and
 roar'd. 615

Thus in the summer season, when the clouds
 Condensing in the sky, on the parch'd earth
 Send down refreshing rains, a flight of ducks
 Loquacious, on the river's side, await 619
 The coming show'r with joy, and spreading broad
 Their pinions, catch the heavy drops that fall
 On their smooth plumes ; and where the sudden
 streams

Swell to a gather'd lake, with murmur loud
 They dive, and toss the sparkling waves around.

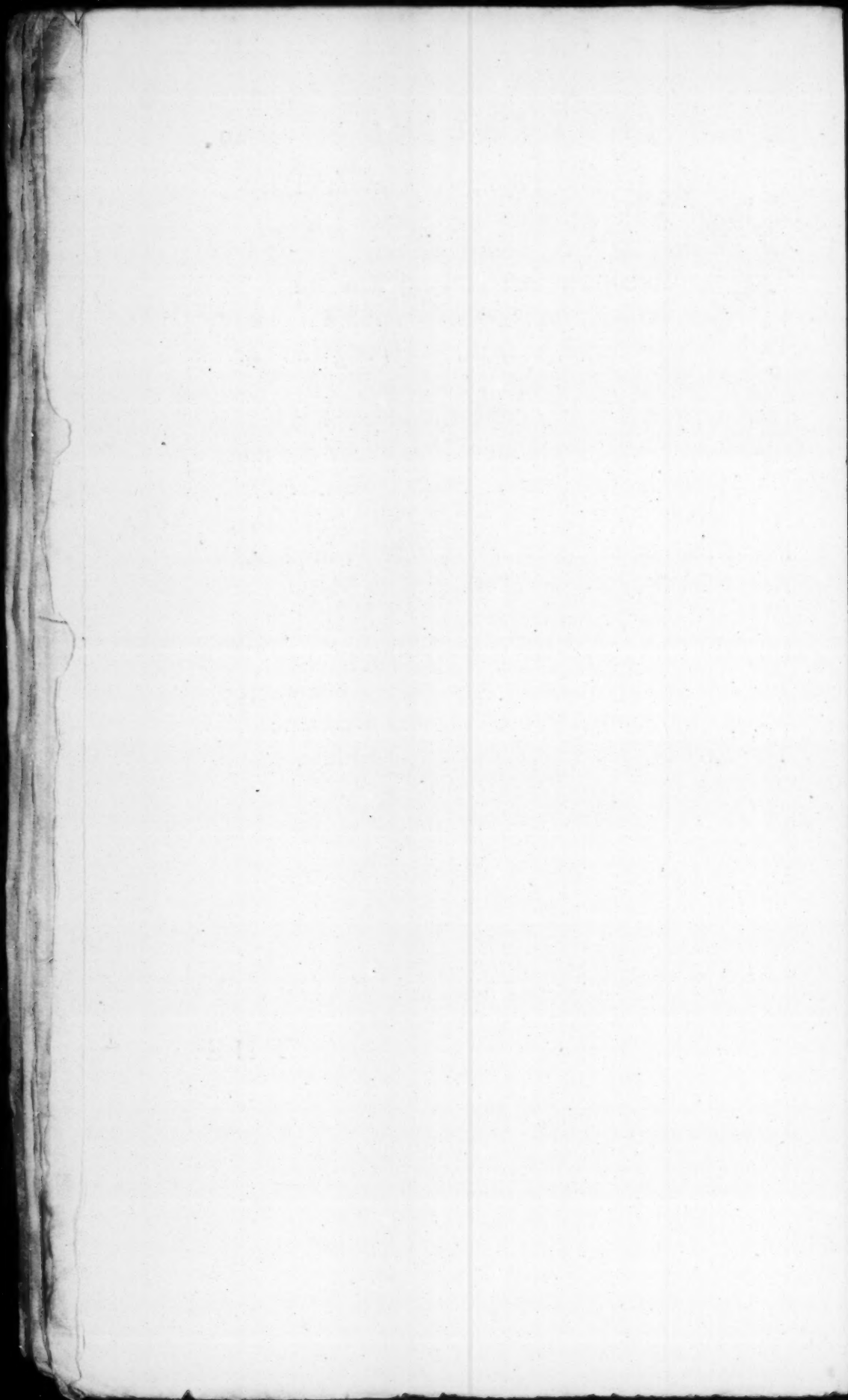
Thus with vast shouts, the Christian multi-
 tudes 625

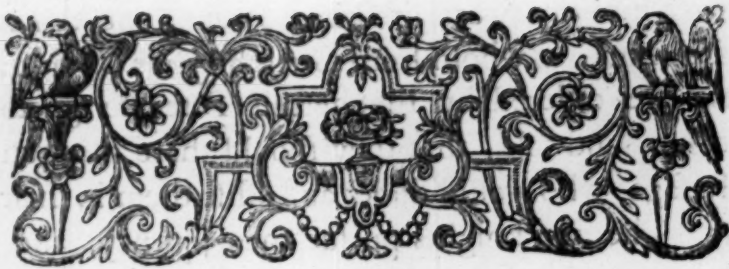
Salute the grateful rain which heav'n had sent
 Upon the thirsty lands : one in his robes
 Receives the falling show'r ; another takes
 The bright and plumed helmet from his head
 To drink, and in the fresh stream dives his hands ;
 Some wet their burning temples, some their face 631
 Bathe in the pleasing moisture ; others bring
 Vessels of size immense, to catch the rain :
 Nor man alone thereof rejoicing drinks,
 To ease his fervor, and his strength restore : 635
 But earth itself, feeble and sick, whose limbs
 Open'd in many a rift, the falling show'r
 Receiv'd ; which to her inmost veins down sunk,
 And necessary moisture largely gave
 To ev'ry tree, to ev'ry herb, and flow'r. 640

Earth

Earth then resembled him, whose youthful blood,
At length hath overcome the violence
Of a destroying fever, and shook off
The dire distemper, that so long had fed
Upon his feeble limbs : but now restor'd 645
To health, he seems as fresh, as young and fair
As ever ; and forgetting all his pain
Late suffer'd, he once more his pleasant robes
And flow'ry crowns assumes. Now ceas'd the rain,
The glorious sun flam'd forth, with fruitful,
kind, 650
And temp'rate ray, with vig'rous pow'r implete,
As are his beams when April ends in May.
Oh happy zeal that trusts in heav'nly aid !
Oh holy faith, that thus can drive away
The world's afflictions ; whose great potency 655
Seasons and times can change, and overcome
The force of fortune, of the stars, and fate.

THE





THE
A R G U M E N T.
CANTO the Fourteenth.

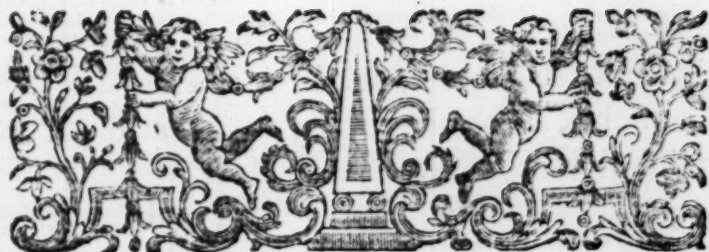


THE Christian armies being sunk in a deep slumber, th' Almighty sends a vision to Godfredo; which represents, before the eyes of that hero, all the beauties of paradise. The spirit of Hugo at last appears, and informs him, that destiny had decreed the return of Rinaldo, and the delivery of Jerusalem by his valour; adding, that the Eremite Peter wou'd direct his messengers to the place where they might hear tidings of that prince. Godfredo awakes, and having assembled the council, lord Guelpho sues for Rinaldo's pardon, and readily obtains permission for his return. The Dane, who had it in charge to deliver

ARGUMENT.

deliver him the sword of Prince Sweno, undertakes to seek him ; to whom Lord Guelpho joins Ubaldo : these are ordered by the hermit Peter to go to Ascalon, and told, that they should there meet an holy sage, who would direct and assist them in their way. The two knights pursue their journey, and, arriving at Ascalon, meet the enchanter walking upon the waves of a furious torrent : he conducts them to his palace beneath the river, where they see all the secrets of the earth, and the sources of all the great rivers in the world. There the sage informs them of his conversion to christianity by the hermit ; and afterwards relates, how Armida became enamour'd of Rinaldo, whom she had convey'd in his sleep to one of the fortunate islands, and built an enchanted palace, where she lived in dalliance with that prince. He also acquaints them, with the many dangers and enchantments that were to be surmounted, before they cou'd deliver Rinaldo, and at last conducts them into a cave to rest.

T H E



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



OW, from the tender and the
cooling lap
Of her great mother, rose the night
obscure,
Bringing the gentle airs, and shed
on earth

From pregnant clouds the pure and precious dew,
And on the verdure of the forests green,

5
The

The springing meadows, and the odorous flow'rs,
 Shook grateful balm ; the sweet-breath'd Zephyrus
 Spreading his downy wings, to mortals brought
 Quiet and golden rest ; while ev'ry care
 And trouble, of broad-waking day, was dipt 10
 In mild oblivion's lake : yet vigilant
 The pow'r Almighty, king of earth and heav'n,
 Watch'd in eternal light, and from above
 On the great leader of the French bent down
 His eyes all gracious ; to whom a silent dream 15
 From heaven descending swift, the purpose told
 Of sacred destiny. Far in the East,
 And next the golden portal, whence the sun
 Issues in glory, stands a crystal gate :
 And ere that Phœbus his broad doors displays, 20
 The beam of springing morn doth this uncloze :
 Hence come the dreams, by which the deity,
 Reveals his will benevolent to man :
 Hence a strange vision, to the pious chief
 Yet slumb'ring, spread his bright and golden
 wings. 25

Never did vision yet to sleeping man
 Appear in shapes so wand'ring and so bright,
 As this ; which represented ev'ry scene
 And secret of the heav'n, or glorious stars :
 All that was wond'rous in the dream appear'd 30
 As in a mirror ; to a crystal sky
 He seem'd translated, beauteous and serene,
 Beset with golden fires ; and there he saw
 Wond'ring, the various circles of the heav'n,

Their

Their motion, splendors, wond'rous harmony: 35
When lo ! with shining rays and silver flame
Surrounded, an immortal knight advanc'd,
And with a sound, in sweetness that excell'd
All human speech, began. Oh ! Christian chief,
Know'st thou not me, thine ever-faithful friend ? 40
Know'st thou not Hugo ? Godfrey swift reply'd :

That heav'nly splendor which adorns thy looks,
Bright as the sun, from my amazed sense
All knowledge hath estrang'd ; and slow returns
The recollection. Thus he spoke, and thrice 45
Stretch'd forth his arms t'embrace his friend belov'd,
And thrice in vain embrac'd ; the spirit fled,
Light as an empty dream or vagrant wind.

Lord Hugo smil'd, then thus. Not as thou
think'st

I cloath'd am in flesh, my spirit pure 50
And naked being you alone survey,
A citizen of these celestial fields :
This place is heav'n, the temple of the lord :
These are the habitations of his saints
And holy warriors ; here a place is kept 55
For pious Godfrey. Swift the prince return'd :
When therefore shall I break these mortal bonds
And here remain in peace ? The sprite reply'd :
Ere many years are past, thou shalt enjoy 59
Triumphant glory, midst the blest'd in heaven ;
But first great wars and battles must thou wage ;
Much blood be shed, and many toils endur'd :
First from the Paynim yoke, thou must set free

Fair

Fair Solyma, the city of the saints,
 Wherein a christian empire thou must found ; 65
 And after thee, great Baldovin shall reign.
 Yet to encrease thy love and ardent wish
 For heav'n, behold those splendid palaces
 And orbs of living fire, which th' heavenly mind
 Rules and informs ; the angel choirs behold, 70
 And listen to their everlasting songs ;
 Then cast thine eyes upon that globe below
 And wonder. That is earth. How vile it seems !
 How small the worth of that, which can reward
 Virtue below ! how narrow is the orb 75
 That bounds our glory, and contains our pride !
 Earth, like an island in the deep is plac'd,
 Which sometimes ocean, sometimes sea is call'd :
 Yet nought therein responds a name so great,
 A lake contemptible, or trifling pool. 80

The spirit spoke, rev'rend th' other cast
 His eyes on earth, and half in scorn he smil'd ;
 The earth, the sea, and ev'ry stream, he saw
 Distinct, in vision to his eyes reveal'd ;
 And wonder'd at the folly of mankind, 85
 That set their hearts on such light vanities,
 Fleeting as smoke, unstable as the shade ;
 That strove for servile empire, and dumb fame,
 Nor heeded heav'n, that woo'd them to be blest :
 Wherefore he answer'd ; since the lord is pleas'd 90
 Not yet to free me from this cage of earth :
 Oh teach me, lest the errors of the world
 Lead me astray, teach me the road to heav'n.

Hugo

Hugo reply'd, within the blessed path
 Thy feet are plac'd, and turn not thou aside ; 95
 This only I advise, that you recall
 From distant exile great Bertoldo's son :
 For, as high providence hath chosen thee
 To rule the faithful host, so 'tis decreed
 That he must execute thy vast designs ; 100
 Yield him the second place ; the first is thine :
 Thou art this army's head, and he the hand :
 None other hero can his place supply
 In arms, but great Godfredo ; and thy rank
 Superior that forbids. 'Tis he must fell 105
 Th' enchanted forest, and dissolve the charms ;
 From him these bands, that now too feeble seem
 To undertake the daring enterprize,
 And fainting lie, and scatter'd o'er the camp,
 Shall greater strength assume for new attempts : 110
 These high built tow'rs, and all the eastern hosts
 Shall then be conquer'd. Here the spirit ceas'd,
 The Bulloigner reply'd. That knight's return
 Wou'd give me highest joy : oh fainted shade,
 Who know'st the secret thoughts of man, be-
 hold 115
 If I say truth, or love him ; yet relate
 What messengers shall seek him, what their speech,
 And what must be their errand ? Must my words
 Entreat him, or command ? and how preserve
 My dignity, and his ? Godfredo spoke. 120

Then Hugo thus began. Th' eternal king
 That with so many graces thee hath bless'd,

Wills, that amidst the armies thou dost rule,
 Thou honour'd be, and fear'd ; nor must thou speak
 Left the request shou'd hurt thine high com-
 mand ; 125

But at another's suit, thou must forgive
 The chief, renown'd in arms. God shall inspire
 Lord Guelpho, to intreat thee to forgive
 The rash and fatal error of his youth,
 The fault of hasty wrath : Thus shall the chief 130
 Return with honour to the camp, tho' far
 From glory now, and wrapt in fond desire,
 He idles out his youthful days in love,
 Lost in the pleasing madness : yet fear not,
 Swiftly he shall return, and opportune 135
 When most you need his aid. The pious sage,
 And solitary, to whose sapient heart
 High heaven its secrets opens, shall direct
 Your messengers, where tidings they may learn
 Of him you seek, the manner, and the art 140
 To give the hero freedom. Thus will heav'n
 Beneath your holy standards soon reduce
 Your wand'ring soldiers, and deluded friends.
 Now mark with joy my words : know that the
 blood

Of great Rinaldo shall be mixt with thine, 145
 Whence barons bold, and worthies, shall descend,
 Performing high exploits. The vision spoke,
 And vanish'd, like to smoke, the sport of winds,
 Or mists, dispell'd by Titan's burning ray.

Sleep

Sleep with him fled : the pious chief awoke, 150
Wonder and joy contending in his breast.

The duke look'd up, and saw the azure sky
With argent beams of silver morning spread ;
Then swift arose, and don'd his blazing arms :
When soon his lords to the pavilion proud 155
Advanc'd, and there in council grave they sat
Upon their great designs ; for there resolv'd
Was ev'ry council deep, and high attempt.

There princely Guelpho, in whose pious breast
Heav'n had infus'd the thought, with pleasing
words 160

Godfredo thus address'd. Oh ! clement prince,
Forgiving tho' unask'd ; humbly I come,
And ask thy pardon for a recent fault :
Yet is th' offence so great, that much I fear
My suit too hasty is, perchance unfit, 165
Tho' of the good Godfredo, I request
Forgiveness for Rinaldo, great in arms ;
Nor is the suitor's self thy greatest friends
Behind, in pow'r, or friendship : thoughts like
these

Give me to hope, that I shall soon obtain 170
This grace, to me and all acceptable :
Let him return, let him amend his fault,
And in thy service shed his dearest blood :
If not Rinaldo, else who dares attempt
To cut this charmed wood ? who dares oppose 175
Danger and death, with bold and constant heart,
Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces rend,

H. 2

These

These Ramparts high o'erleap ? therefore, great
chief,

Restore their hope and bulwark, to the host ;
To me, my nephew ; to thyself, restore 280
So valorous a warrior, strong to act
What thou command'st ; nor let him now consume
His days in vile repose, but to great deeds
And noble acts recall him : let his worth
In arms again be known, as when he fought 185
Beneath the sacred standard, and success
Follow'd the outspread cross. Oh let his fame
And praise, once more their glories spread around :
Be thou, once more, his leader and his friend.

Thus he intreated, and the rest approv'd 190
His words with murmurs low : the pious chief,
As if their ardent suit had turn'd his thought
On subjects unexpected, thus reply'd :
How can I not but grant whate'er you ask ?
Let rigour go, for that is just and right, 195
Which you, with voice unanimous, request :
Rinaldo shall return ; let him restrain
Henceforth his hasty wrath ; let his great deeds
Answer your gen'rous wish, and my desire.
Guelpho, 'tis thine to call the hero back ; 200
See that with speed he comes, and thou appoint
Swift messengers to find the daring youth.

He ceas'd, and soon the Danish knight reply'd :
Behold I go, a willing messenger ;
The long and doubtful journey I attempt, 205
To give the hero this renowned sword.

This

This man, was bold of courage, strong of hand,
 And Guelpho glad his daring proffer took ;
 Then thus : thou shalt the great Rinaldo seek,
 And with thee, wise Ubaldo shall be joyn'd, 210
 A bold and cautious knight. He in his youth,
 Had various manners seen, and various lands,
 And all the countries past, from the cold pole
 To Meroe's burning climes ; and well he knew
 Their languages, their customs, and their rites : 215
 For this lord Guelpho, when his youth was past
 Him entertain'd, his bold compeers among,
 And held him ever dear : to these was giv'n
 The honourable care to find the knight
 And bring him back : lord Guelpho them com-
 mands 220

In haughty Antioch, Boemondo's reign,
 To seek Bertoldo's son, for publick fame
 Believ'd that there he dwelt. Mean time advanc'd
 The pious Eremite, and thus began,
 For tydings false he knew the chiefs misled. 225

Illustrious knights, if rumour's empty sound
 You follow, and each fond report you hear,
 You follow but a rash and trothless guide
 That leads vain men astray ; attend my words :
 Nigh to the stormy shore of Ascalon, 230
 Where a swift torrent falls with hideous noise
 Into the foaming deep ; there may you meet
 An aged sire, our friend ; all that he saith
 Observe, and all he bids you do, perform :

Of this great voyage, which you must under-
take, 235

Much by his skill, and much by mine advice
Hath he foreknown, and gladly will receive
You both, for wond'rous learn'd he is and good.

Instructed thus, the messengers no more
Delay, elected to this great emprise; 240
But humbly paid obedience to his words,
For all he said, was holy and inspir'd.

Then took they leave, and hastily pursu'd
Their journey, of delay impatient;
And soon arriv'd at distant Ascalon, 245
Along whose rocks the furious surges break;
And there they heard, how 'gainst the rugged cliffs
All white with bitter foam, the roaring sea
With noise like thunder dash'd; and now they
reach

A tumb'ling rivulet, which late fall'n rain 250
Had proud and puissant made, nor cou'd the banks
Contain the glut of waters; thro' the fields
The torrent roll'd along, with hast'ning waves.

While thoughtful here they stopt, an aged fire
Of venerable aspect they beheld, 255
Benign and grave; a beechen garland crown'd
His temples, gather'd new, and long his robes
Of linen white: in his right hand a rod,
And dry-shod on the tumb'ling waves he walk'd
Against the stream: as when the winter's cold 260
Congeals the Northern rivers, German dames
And shepherd's daughters fair, are oft beheld,
Upon

Upon the icy surface of the Rhene,
With smooth and length'ning slides to shoot along :
So on the boist'rous and unfrozen flood 265
Did pass the wizard old, and now arriv'd
Where the two knights in admiration stood
And wond'ring gaz'd : th' inchanter thus began.

Oh ! friends, a journey wearisome and hard
Ye have begun, and much ye want a guide. 270
Far off is, whom you seek, Rinaldo brave,
Within a treach'rous and desert land :
How great, alas ! how wond'rous great, the toil !
What various oceans must be pass'd ! what shores
Your search must view, before Bertoldo's son 275
Is found ; the confines of our world beyond :
Come, then, and enter first my lonely cave
And secret habitation ; wond'rous things
Of strangest potency you there shall see,
Fit for you first to know. The wizard said, 280
And bade the stream retire : the stream retir'd
With reflux noise, and on each side arose ;
Two chrystal mountains seem'd the swelling waves
Bounding the dreadful vale. He took their hands
And lead them headlong down beneath the
flood 285
Thro' vast and hollow deeps : such light they had
As when, thro' shadows dim of thickest trees,
The feeble moon doth shoot uncertain gleams
Of shadowy splendor : there the spacious caves,
Pregnant with silver waters, they beheld, 290
That rise thro' many veins to moisten earth,

Trembling in silver rills or vagrant streams,
Or wells or spreading lakes. Thence the great
source

From whence the Po ascends, and all the waves
Of Ganges, and Hydaspes, Indian floods ! 295
The big Euphrates, and the Ister rough ;
The frozen Tanais, and the fruitful Nile,
Whose head till then no mortal ever knew :
But under these, a wond'rous river flows,
That living sulphur yields, and argent oar, 300
Which by the bright beams of the sun refin'd
Is chang'd to silver stones, and golden sands :
And all the margin of the wealthy flood
Was fair beset with pearl, and precious stone,
Like twinkling stars a milder light they cast, 305
And made the darkness a more pleasing day.
There sparkled, in his azure splendor cloath'd,
The heavenly sapphire, and the jacinth rich
Sky tinctur'd grain ; the carbuncle there shed
Strange brightness : there the diamond glister'd
bright 310
With wond'rous rays, and the green em'rald
smil'd.

Amaz'd the warriors past, nor utter'd word,
Struck with astonishment ; at length began
Ubaldo thus. Oh tell me, potent fire,
What mighty skill hath all these marvels done, 315
And whither are we brought ? what place is this ?
For well I know not, if I dream or wake,
Such wonder hath o'erwhelm'd me. Here he ceas'd.
The

The sage reply'd, within the hollow womb
 Of fertile earth, you are, the nurse of things! 320
 And but you guided are by me, no man
 Her secret entrails cou'd invade : ere long
 Ye shall behold my palace, where it shines
 With strange and glorious light : once was I born
 A Pagan ; now by water, hath the Lord 325
 Giv'n me new life, regenerate thro' grace ;
 Nor by the aid of fiends, nor sprites accurst,
 These marvels have I wrought. The Lord forbid
 That I use wicked charm, or hurtful spell,
 Ruling th' infernal world ; but all the force 330
 And hidden virtue of each herb and spring,
 I know ; all nature's secrets understand
 Of mighty potency, and all the pow'r
 And motions of the stars. For in these caves
 I dwell not, bury'd from the sight of heav'n, 335
 But oft to shady Lebanon resort,
 Or Carmel's hill, and there a while sojourn
 Delighted, and the planetary orbs
 Of Mars and Venus, study : there behold
 The motions of the heav'n, and mark th' af-
 pect 340
 Of fix'd or wand'ring stars ; whether they shine
 Benign or threat'ning : underneath my feet
 I see the clouds, now thin and now condens'd,
 Now bright with Iris bow : I mark the realms
 In which the frost and ratling hail are born ; 345
 Where tempests gender, and the thunder roars,
 Whose red bolt strikes the earth : the flaming orbs
 Of

Of comets and their courses well I knew,
 And understood the blazing firmament.
 Such knowledge had enflam'd my heart with pride :
 So learn'd I thought myself, that I suppos'd 351
 I might know all things, that great nature's Lord
 Had form'd : but when the pious Eremite
 Baptiz'd me, with the sacred stream he wash'd
 From my foul heart the horrid sin away. 355
 Then I perceiv'd my blindness ; then I saw
 How dark, when aided not with grace divine,
 Is human understanding ; blind as owls,
 The birds of darkness, 'midst the glare of day
 Are mortals, to the beams of sacred truth. 360
 Then at myself and foolishness I smil'd
 Which had mine heart puff'd up ; yet still those
 charms

I practis'd as before ; such the advice
 Of th' holy hermit ; thus I am become
 A better man, his words have chang'd my thoughts,
 And rule mine understanding and my will : 366
 In him I rest ; what he commands, perform,
 And own him for my guide. This noble work
 Unto a glorious end he means to bring :
 Therefore my care it is, that the great chief, 370
 Son of Bertoldo, to the camp return
 From his far distant prison. This command
 Hath he impos'd, and erst to me foretold
 Your advent strange, at this momentous time,
 As thus he spoke, down to a vault he led 375
 The champions, where his habitation was,

A ca-

A cavern high and wide, that many rooms
 Spacious contain'd ; all that the wealthy earth
 Of precious bred and hid from mortal eyes,
 Shines there ; and fair adorn'd with beauties strange
 Of nature, not of art : an hundred grooms 381
 There minister'd, and swift attendance gave
 To the new guests. Upon a table stood
 Magnificent, of silver, chrystal, gold,
 Vessels immense, with precious wines implete, 385
 And costliest food. When thus the wizard spoke.

Now fits the time, illustrious warriors,
 That I should tell what you desire to know :
 Here therefore I begin. The sleights and guile
 Of fair and false Armide ye partly know, 390
 How to your camp she came, and how she drew
 The greatest lords away, herself their guide :
 Ye know, the sly enchantress chang'd them all
 Into foul monsters, afterwards confin'd
 Them deep, in horrid dungeons, and at length 395
 Sent them to Gaza guarded, and in chains,
 Whom young Rinaldo met, and greatly freed.
 What since hath chanc'd, I will at large declare
 To you unknown, a story wond'rous strange.

When first the false enchantress found her prey 400
 Torn from her, with such toil and care acquir'd,
 For grief her hands she wrung, and full of woe
 And fury thus exclaim'd. Yet shall the knight
 Never his conquest boast, never rejoice
 That he hath freed my prisoners ; in their place 405
 He shall become my slave, and bear their woes

And

And torments : they his absence shall in vain
Lament, and feel the universal loss
Of him, their greatest hero. Thus she spoke,
And soon contriv'd a false and wicked guile, 410
Then hasted where Bertoldo's valiant son
Had overcome, and slain her men in fight.

There had the great Rinaldo laid aside
His bruised arms, and don'd the harness strong
Of some dead Paynim lord ; perchance he deem'd
Less noted safely thus to pass unknown. 416
His arms th' enchantress took, and in them wrapt
An headless corse, and on a river's side
Expos'd it, where a Christian band wou'd come ;
For she a thousand secret spies sent forth 420
To mark the enemy, and from the camp
Bring news, who parted thence, and who return'd ;
Besides the sprites conjur'd by potent spell,
Waited to execute her dread commands :
Therefore she laid the body in that place 425
That further'd best her artful treacheries ;
And near the corpse, a false and subtle page
She left, attir'd in shepherd's homely weeds,
And taught him deep deceit, what words and looks
To counterfeit ; she will'd, and he perform'd. 430
With him your soldiers spoke, and 'midst the troops
He scatter'd false suspicions, that brought forth
Intestine discord, strife and civil broil :
And as she wish'd it happ'd ; the Christian chiefs
Believ'd Rinaldo slain, till truth spread forth 435
Her silver wings, and clear'd their gloomy doubts.
These

These false devices fair Armida us'd ;
 This was her first deceit ; what other wiles
 She practis'd next, and how pursu'd the knight,
 Seeking his ruin, I at large will tell. 440

The fly enchantress still pursu'd the youth,
 'Till on Orontes flow'ry banks he stay'd :
 There, where the stream did part again to meet,
 And in the midst a beauteous island form'd ;
 A pillar fair was plac'd beside the flood, 445
 And a small boat lay surging near the bank.
 On the white marble long Rinaldo gaz'd,
 And read distinct these characters in gold :

Thou, whom design hath brought, or accident
 With happy steps, to sweet Orontes shore ; 450
 Know, that the world hath nought so wonderful,
 From east to distant west, as this strange isle ;
 Then pass and see. At once th' incautious youth
 Prepares to pass, and for the little bark
 Too narrow was : he left his 'squires behind, 455
 And enter'd by himself ; at length he lands,
 And turns his wand'ring eyes on ev'ry side,
 Yet nought but verdant groves, and mossy rocks,
 Sweet caves, and cooling streams, and herbs and
 flow'rs,

Beheld ; that all the characters he read 460
 He fancy'd mockery : but that green isle
 At all degrees was pleasing, and entic'd
 Therewith, he sat him down, his closed helm
 Unloosing, to enjoy the gentle breath
 Of cool and temp'rate air. At length he heard 465
 A rumb-

A rumbling found amidst the beating stream,
 And thither cast his eyes, and saw the waves
 Together rush and war ; at length arose
 With golden tresses, from the broken flood
 The count'nance of a lovely dame, and then 470
 Her neck, and swelling breasts, and all her form
 Appear'd, except those parts that shame conceal'd.
 So from the floor of a grand theatre
 A nymph or goddess, rising slow, appears ;
 Tho' this, no syren, but a magic sprite, 475
 Yet by her beauty seem'd it, she had been
 One of those sisters false, which haunted near
 The Tyrrhene shores, and kept the insidious sea :
 So lovely was her face, her voice so sweet,
 And thus she sung, and pleas'd th' list'ning sky. 480

Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May
 Attire, in flow'ring green of lusty age,
 For glory vain, and virtue's guileful light,
 Do not involve your tender limbs in toil,
 Who followeth pleasure's charms alone is wise ; 485
 He who enjoys the blissful fruits of youth ;
 So nature saith ; why therefore, erring men,
 Rebel ye ? or her words, why not obey ?
 Oh fools, that scorn the happy gifts of youth,
 Precious but short : glory's an idle sound, 490
 A visionary form, priz'd by the world
 Above all reason ! Honour and renown,
 Whose syren voice proud mortals oft deceives,
 And is so fair at first, is but a dream,
 An echo, and the shadow of a cloud, 495

Which

Which ev'ry wind can make or drive away.
 Let then your happy souls possess in joy
 The iv'ry castles of your bodies fair :
 Give to oblivion ev'ry anxious thought,
 Nor add to the misfortunes of the world 500
 By fatal apprehensions ; heed no more
 The thunders and the lightnings of the heav'n,
 The comet's glare, and threatning elements :
 This wisdom is ; for this is happiness,
 And nature's kind commands. Thus sweetly sung
 The spirit false, and soon involv'd in sleep 506
 Rinaldo sunk, heaviness step by step
 Stole on him, and each sense at length possess'd ;
 Nor from that slumber, image true of death, 509
 Cou'd the loud thunder's clamour make him start :
 Then from her ambush came th' enchantress false,
 To take a sure, a terrible revenge.

Yet when she cast on him her eyes, and saw
 How lovely and how sweet the hero breath'd,
 How his fair eyes, tho' closed, seem'd to smile ; 515
 How piercing then, if open ! soon she stay'd
 In admiration lost, then sat her down ;
 And as she sat and look'd, her hasty wrath
 Fled fast away : upon his face she gaz'd,
 So look'd the fond Narcissus in the spring ; 520
 And with her radiant veil, she sometimes wip'd
 From his red cheeks, the silver sweat away,
 And gather'd with a trembling fan, the air
 To cool the ardor of the sultry time.
 Thus, strange to be believ'd, the sleeping charms

Of

Of the young hero struck the scornful dame,
And melted all her frozen heart to love ;
The youth she hated late, she now ador'd.

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet
Which proudly bloom'd in that delightful plain, 530
Joyned with wond'rous art, and fair compos'd
Soft bands Armida form'd, of surest hold,
And bound his feet, his arms, and iv'ry neck.
An happy pris'ner, in his bonds he lay !
Then in her magic car, by dragons drawn, 535
She plac'd the sleeping knight ; and thence she flew,
Nor turn'd she to Damascus' mighty realms,
Nor to her charmed castle, on the lake
Asphaltes built ; but jealous of her dear
Her precious charge, and blushing for her love, 540
To the vast ocean she directs her flight,
Where vessel, seldom did, or never fail,
E'en from Europa's shore, in vent'rous voyage :
And there she chose a desolated isle,
An isle, that with her fellows bears the name 545
Of Fortunate. A mountain there immense
Th' enamour'd queen ascends ; desert it was
With shadows brown obscur'd, and forests old :
Then by her incantations, all the sides
She heap'd with ceaseless snow, and piercing frost, 550
With all the rage of winter : but the top
With verdure sweet, she cloath'd ; a charming scene !
And near a lake, a sumptuous palace rais'd.

There in perpetual, soft, and flow'ring spring
She lives at ease, with her beloved youth. 555
Him

Him from this prison strange, oh mighty chiefs,
Your valour must deliver, and o'ercome
The watchful jealous guards that round defend
The rugged mountain and the palace proud :
Nor shall you want a guide that can direct 560
Your arms unto this mighty enterprize.

Beside this parted river shall ye meet
A dame, in visage young, tho' old in years ;
Twin'd are her curled locks about her front :
Of various colours are her flowing robes : 565
She shall conduct you thro' the spacious sea,
Swift as the tempest, or the eagle's flight,
Swift as the lightning's flash, a pilot sure
As ever past the main ! around the feet
Of this vast hill, where the enchantress dwells, 570
Enormous serpents hiss, and hideous boars
Their frightful bristles terribly erect :
There howl huge bears, and rage the lions wild ;
But yet a charmed rod, their rage and wrath
Can easily allay. Upon the top 575
Of that high hill, the greatest danger lies.

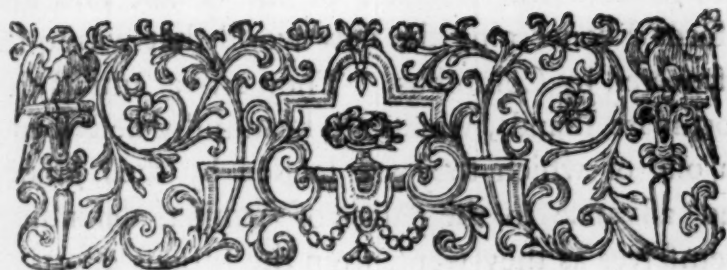
There wellet from the rock a silver spring
Sparkling and clear, whose waters pure entice
The thirsty guest to drink ; yet such the power
Lies in the liquor cold, such poison strange, 580
The smallest taste of that transparent wave
Inebriates ev'ry sense, and all the soul
Transports with sudden joy : the man begins
Unusual merriment, nor ceases once
From that vast laughter, 'till he breathes his last. 585

Far from these deadly streams with loathing turn
 Your thirsty lips, nor let the faithless maids
 You next shall meet, upon the verdant bank
 Entice you, with their syren songs; tho' sweet
 And wanton is their voice, tho' fair their form, 590
 Smiling in joy, and glowing with delight:
 Scorn thou their beauties and alluring words,
 And enter fair Armida's paradise.

The walls within, and sumptuous palaces,
 Turn with inextricable labyrinths; 595
 The shape distinct whereof, on vellum drawn
 I give you, ev'ry error to avoid,
 That may mislead your wand'ring steps; in midst
 A garden fair extends, of wond'rous form,
 That with each fallacy of love abounds. 600
 There in the verdure of the arbors green
 With great Rinaldo lies the fair Armide:
 But when she rises from the knight so lov'd,
 And turns elsewhere her steps, then take this shield
 Of purest adamant, and 'fore his eyes 605
 Place the clear mirror, that he may behold
 Therein his alter'd 'semblance, female looks,
 And wanton garments; that disdain and shame
 May urge him to forsake that servile love.

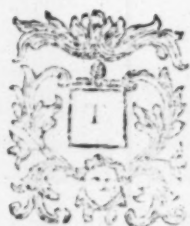
Now resteth nought that needful is to tell, 610
 But that you go secure, enter unseen
 Th' inextricable maze, and close recess
 Of that enchanted palace; for in vain
 Shall art and magic spells, with-hold your steps;
 Nor shall Armida, such the pow'r unknown 615
 That

That leads you on, your advent aught foresee :
Nor less secure from that enchanted place
Shall ye return. But now the silent time
Calls us to rest ; retire, for ye must rise
With the first dawning of the golden day. 620
He ceas'd, and led them thro' a narrow pass
Where they sojourn'd the night, and full of joy
He left the Christian chiefs, and full of thought
Then to repose the pious sage retir'd.



THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Fifteenth.

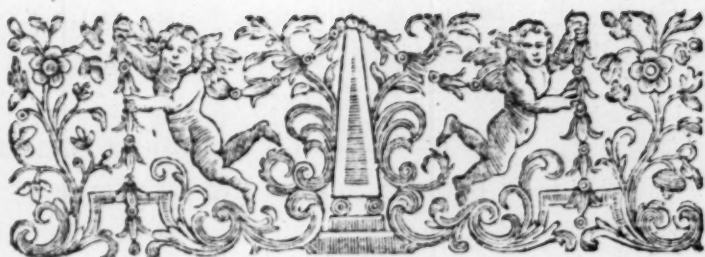


HE pious enchanter having instructed the two knights Ubaldo and Carlos, they ascend from the bottom of the river, and are carried to the sea-shore, where they find a miraculous vessel, and enchanted virgin, ready to receive them: they embark, and sailing by the coast of Gaza, see the prodigious fleet and army of the Caliph, which he had prepared to raise the siege of Jerusalem. Their voyage is described ;

ARGUMENT.

they behold the wonders of the ocean, and are inform'd concerning the new world that was to be discovered by Columbus. They arrive amidst the Fortunate Islands, which are beautifully described; on one of which they are landed by their guide, and advance to the palace of Armida, defending themselves as they went, from the furious efforts of wild beasts, and the more dangerous attacks of enticing syrens.

THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



HE beauteous rising morn, with
gladsome ray
Summon'd each creature that in-
habits earth,
To their appointed tasks ; when to
the knights
Came the good sage, and with him brought the
shield,

The wond'rous map and potent rod of gold ; 5
 Then thus : Arise, before the glorious day
 In his bright arms doth the round world embrace :
 Behold, the promis'd gifts and arms, I bring
 Armida's incantations to defeat.

Swift they arose, and sheath'd in shining arms 10
 Their members strong ; before the holy sage
 Stalk'd slow, they followed thro' the awful shades
 Of sad and sable night, where never beam
 Of morning cheer'd the gloom : thro' vaults
 obscure

They went, and measur'd back the steps they
 came : 15

Now at the flood arriv'd, the old man said,
 Oh friends farewell ; with happy omens go.

The flood receiv'd them in its bottom deep ;
 The waters gently rose and rear'd them up
 Above the waves, e'en as they us'd to raise 20
 A broken branch plung'd in by violence :
 And now they land upon the verdant shore,
 And look around to see their promis'd guide.
 A little bark they saw, and at the stern
 The fated damsel sat ; her flowing locks 25
 Curl'd on her front, and courteous were her eyes,
 And full of sweet tranquillity and love,
 In look an angel bright ; so in her form
 Were blended virtue and benevolence.

Her robe seem'd, sometimes red, and sometimes
 blue, 30

And took a thousand colours as she turn'd.

As

As oft as mortal eyes beheld the dame,
So oft she chang'd, and diff'rent still appear'd.

The shining feathers thus, that close surround
The am'rous dove's smooth neck never retain 35
The same gay colour long, but change their hue,
And various splendor take from the bright sun :
Of burning rubies now they seem to form
A wond'rous solitaire ; now take the rays
Of the green emerald ; now together join 40
Each colour, alter now, and fair and strange
Delight the gazer's eye. At length began
The magic dame, and said : oh happy knights !
Enter this boat, wherein, thro' raging waves
Of ocean, safe I steer, to which all storm 45
And blust'ring wind is calm, and ev'ry sea
Smooths its heaven-breaking surges. That great
sage

Hath sent me here ; your servant and your guide,
Who rules your destin'd journey. Thus she spoke,
And drove her crooked vessel on the shore. 50

The noble warriors enter, swift she weighs
The biting anchor up, and quits the strand ;
Then launches in the deep, and her broad sails
To ev'ry wind unbound ; she at the helm
Sat down, to rule the pinnace that forth drove 55
With most amazing speed, swelled the flood
Beyond his banks, so great, the largest ship
Might safely ride upon his foaming back ;
But yet so light the frigate, it might sail
Ev'n at its lowest ebb. Them swifter far 60
Than

Than usual forth the friendly breezes bore
 Swelling the canvass, o'er the tumbling waves
 The boat rode tilting; foaming white the surge
 Round the rough cable roar'd. At length they
 came

Where, in one channel vast, the enormous glut⁶⁵
 Of waters the impetuous flood contain'd,
 And pour'd into the greedy sea his streams,
 And lost his billows, and appear'd no more.

The wond'rous ship scarce touch'd the troubled
 main

But all the sea was still, vanish'd the clouds, 70
 The tempest ceas'd that on the waters cast
 Strange darkness; and a gentle breathing gale
 Levell'd the watry hills, and only curl'd
 The azure wave: heav'n smil'd from pole to pole,
 For ne'er before so clear he saw the main. 75

By Ascalon they sail'd, and towards the west
 Urged their speedy course; and now the bark
 Arriv'd in sight of Gaza. Gaza, once
 A little port, by others' ruin now
 Greatly encreas'd, a city rich and proud. 80
 As thick as sand upon the shore appear'd
 Horses and men: the passengers beheld
 Infinite tents, and horse and infantry
 Between the shore and city come and go:
 Beneath the loaded camels, and the weight 85
 Of monstrous elephants, the earth did groan,
 And in the port, innumerable ships
 With mighty anchors fasten'd, they survey'd.

Some

Some spread their sails, and some with strong oars
sweep

The waters smooth, their beaks in sunder cleave 90
The yielding billows that for anger foam.

When thus their guide began. Oh! knights be-
hold

What multitudes of troops, prepar'd for war,
Cover the land and sea; yet on this shore
The monarch scarce hath gather'd half his host: 95
These troops alone from Egypt's realms advance,
And aid from distant countries, here expect:
For from the distant Orient, to the lands
Beneath the noon-day sun, all nations bow
With tributary vassalage, before 100

The great Egyptian caliph. Thus I hope
We shall return from far, before the king
Moves his huge camp, or that redoubted chief
To whom the caliph shall intrust his power
Advances to the walls of Solyma. 105

As thus she spoke, swift as the eagles fly
The other birds among, and soar secure
To gaze, with steady sight, upon the sun,
And drink the stream of day; her vessel past
'Twixt ship and ship; nor aught she fear'd nor
car'd 110

Who shou'd her follow, and impede her course;
For far away she rush'd into the deep.

Soon before ancient Raphia they arrive;
A city, that in Syria first appears
To those, that sail to the Egyptian shore. 115
There

There Rinoceras barren sands they see,
And that proud mountain, whose high woods
o'erspread

The deep with mighty shade, against whose feet
Breaks the unstable surge with horrid noise,
Where bury'd lie the mighty Pompey's bones. 120

There Damiata next, where to the deep
Thro' seven broad mouths renown'd in story old,
And by an hundred smaller channels, pours
The mighty Nilus his immortal waves :
They past the city which the Grecian built, 125
Proud conqueror, wherein his Greeks might dwell ;
And Pharo's tow'r beyond, and famous isle,
Once distant far, now joined to the land.

Crete to the north, and Rhodes they left unseen,
And sail'd along the coast of Africa. 130

Fair cities grace the shores, the inward realms
Are full of horrid monsters, and extend
In mighty wastes of sand : swiftly they past
The regions of Marmarica, and leave
With her five towns Cyrene's fields behind, 135
And Ptolemais, whence the silent streams
Of Lethe's fable flood are said to spring.

The greater Syrtes then secure they view ;
To sailors un auspicious, and the waves
Made infamous by shipwreck : then the cape 140
Judeca, and the mouth of Magra's streams.

At length the shores of Tripoly appear,
'Gainst which the island fam'd of Malta lies,
That seems to hide itself beneath the waves :

The

The other Syrtes then, and that strange isle 145
Alzerbes, where th' inhabitants of old
On Lotos fed. Upon the crooked shore
Next Tunis they beheld, whose bay a rock
On either side defends. Tunitias's tow'r,
In beauty, wealth and pride, all towns above 150
As far as Lybia's ample bounds extend.
'Gainst her, from fair Sicilia's fertile side
Great Lilybæum bends his rugged front;
And there the damsel pointed to the knights
Where Carthage stood, the rival once of Rome. 155

A ruin now, imperial Carthage lies,
That scarce the remnants of her palaces
Surpass the weeds in height; so cities fall,
So perish kingdoms, and their pride and pomp
Are bury'd in the sands, and grass conceals 160
Their ruins. Wherefore then shou'd man repine
That he is mortal, or be proud of life
Whose breath is fleeting air? and now they reach
Byferta's walls, and on their right hand leave
The island of the Sardi: then they coast 165
The regions, where the wand'ring Numidi
Used, on mighty plains, to feed their flocks;
Then Bugia and Algiers, th' infamous nest
Of corsairs: by Oran they swiftly sail,
And coast along the Tingitanian shores, 170
The nurse of lions and of elephants,
Where now Morocco's realms and Fez extend,
In opposition to Granada's strand.

At

At length they reach, where first the ocean
flood

Broke in upon the earth, in ancient tale 175

Suppos'd the deed of Hercules ; perhaps

It whilom was a firm and solid land

Where now those billows rage, before the sea

Parted the realms of Africa and Spain ;

Abila's waters hence and Calpe's rose, 180

Such pow'r hath time to change the face of things.

Four times the sun had spread his morning ray,

Since first th' enchanted dame forsook the shore,

Nor ever sought for shelter in a port

But forward sail'd : now thro' the dang'rous
streight 185

The vessel pass'd, and now appear'd ingulph'd

By th' infinite sea : for if the sea is vast

In midst of earth, oh what was this, wherein

Earth had her feat And now they saw no more

The tow'rs of Gades, nor the neigh'ring rocks ; 190

Fled was the land, and fled was ev'ry coast,

Heav'n seem'd to bound the sea, the sea the heav'n.

Ubaldo then began. Oh wond'rous dame,

That guideth us thro' this amazing deep,

Say, hath it bound ? oh tell, if ever man 195

Before sail'd here ? or other Lands be here

Where men inhabit ? thus the dame return'd.

Great Hercules, who quell'd the monsters fierce
Of Africa and Spain, and sail'd along

Your conquer'd coasts, yet durst he not assay 200

This ocean ; but within his pillars huge

Wou'd

Wou'd have restrain'd the rash attempts of man
And their too daring dispositions.

These boundaries the great Ulysses past,
Desirous much to see, and much to know. 205
He past the pillars, and in th' open main
Unfurl'd his vent'rous sails ; yet nought his skill
Help'd him, against the tides and furious winds :
The ocean was his grave, and with him all
Memorial of his voyage was lost, no truth 210
Thereof remains. All else, whom storms have
forc'd

Thither have perish'd, or return'd no more ;
So that this mighty sea is still unknown,
Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie conceal'd ;
Not wanting of inhabitants, but rich 215
And fertile as our own ; nor wants there aught
Of blessings which the bounteous sun bestows.

Ubaldo then reply'd, oh teach me then
The laws and language of that world unknown.

She answer'd, different are their rites, their
laws, 220

Their language, and their people ; some adore
Strange beasts, and some the earth, the moon and
stars ;

Hateful and vile their food, on human flesh
Hideously fierce they feast ; and all who live
Westward of Calpe's foam discolour'd rocks, 225
In faith, profane ; in life, are rude and fell.

To her the knight reply'd, will then the God
Great author of our being, who reveal'd

His

His will to man, from those benighted realms
 For ever keep the rays of truth divine ? 230
 Those realms, the greater portion of the world.

Not so (the dame reply'd) there holy faith
 With arts and learning shall be introduc'd,
 Nor always shall those tedious ways divide
 Your world from theirs ; for lo ! the day shall
 come 235

When the industrious sailor shall contemn
 The boundaries of Hercules, and lands
 And oceans, nameless now, and mighty realms
 Shall be well known : vessels shall round the globe
 Advent'rous steer, as far as seas extend, 240
 And measure all the world : mighty emprise !
 Oh great attempt to rival thus the sun.

A native of Liguria, fir'd with love
 Of glory, first shall have the hardihood
 To undertake this wond'rous voyage, and scorn 245
 The roaring tempests threats ; nor furious seas
 Nor doubtful climes, nor perils great and strange,
 Shall formidable seem, nor longer hold
 The spirit of this gen'rous mariner
 Within Abila's freight : then shalt thou spread 250
 Oh much renown'd Columbus ! thy white sails
 To a new pole with fortunate success,
 While fame shall scarcely keep in sight thy deeds,
 Tho' thousand wings she has, and thousand eyes :
 Let her of Bacchus and Alcides sing, 255
 Of thee to future ages let her spake

Only

Only thy name, and some remembrance give
Of thy great deeds in verse and history.

The damsel spoke, and thro' the foaming waves
Between the stormy south and west they sail: 260
At once, before, they saw the setting sun,
Behind, the rising beam of springing day;
And when the beauteous morn on earth began
To scatter silver dew, far off they mark'd
An hill obscure, whose top was hid in clouds: 265
At length the melting vapours past away,
And they beheld the summit rise to heaven
Like a sharp pyramid, high, narrow, steep,
The top; the sides outspread, thence sudden flames
Burst forth with dreadful noise, as from that hill, 270
Where lies the thunder tomb'd Enceladus,
Which hurleth dreadful forth, black clouds of
smoke

By day, and terrifying flames by night.

There other isles appear and other hills
And craggs arise; the islands fortunate, 275
So nam'd in elder time, to which, they feign'd
High heav'n so bounteous of his blessings rich,
That without tillage earth produces corn,
And sweetest grapes th' uncultivated vine:
There the rich olive never fails to bloom, 280
And honey from the hollow oaks distills:
The falling brook down pours her silver stream
With gentle murmur from the mountain's side,
And dews and cooling zephyrs, and mild rains
Temper th' excessive fervor of the sun, 285

And grateful make the air. These happy climes
 The ancients fancy'd the Elysian fields,
 Where blisful dwell'd the souls of virtuous men.
 Thither the damsel steer'd. And now, she
 spoke,

Your tedious voyage is almost brought to end ; 290
 The happy isles of fortune you behold,
 Of which a great report hath reach'd your ears,
 But all uncertain ; fruitful, strange, and fair
 Extend the beauteous islands : yet you find
 Much falshood hath united been with truth. 295

She spoke, and to the isle her vessel turn'd,
 The first of ten that lies near Afric's shore ;
 When Carlos thus began. Oh wond'rous guide ;
 If it may suit with our great enterprize,
 Now let us on this happy country land, 300
 And see the wonders of the place unknown :
 To know th' inhabitants, and what their faith,
 And learn whate'er enquiring man wou'd learn ;
 That I these mighty wonders may relate
 In future years, and say, I have been here. 305

She answer'd him ; subdue this noble wish,
 High the desire, yet cannot I consent,
 Th' inviolable and severe decrees
 Of heav'n withstand thy purpose ; for the time
 Assign'd by heav'n for this discovery 310
 Not yet is come ; nor must thou to our world
 Reveal the secrets of this ocean vast.
 To you is given the grace, without the art
 Of navigation, these strange seas to pass,

Where

Where in strong prison lies your knight confin'd, 315
And bring him back unto the ancient world :

Thus far is granted ; if you more desire,
In vain you strive 'gainst fate. She spoke, and past
The isle, the second high and rough appear'd.

She shew'd, how eastward stretch'd in order
long 320

The happy islands lay, and how the waves
Forc'd in between, and foam'd with horrid rage,
And shoulder'd land from land : in seven they
saw

Savage inhabitants, and moss-built sheds,
And cultivation rude ; the rest lay wild 325
And desolate, where rav'nous monsters roam'd
O'er sands and rocks and horrid wildernesses.

In one of these they found a place retir'd,
Where the cleft shore extends his winding arms,
And forms an ample bay : a rugged rock 330
Secures the port, that doth his back and front
To the huge surge oppose, which from the main
Rolls foaming in, and breaks with horrid noise ;
While on each side, two promontories rise
Like tow'rs, and point to mariners the port 335
Beneath : the quiet wave in peace is still,
While brown with thickest woods the top ap-
pears ;

A grateful cavern in the 'mid'st extends
With gadding ivy overgrown. where sweet
A tinkling riv'let flows in coolest shade : 340
No biting anchor here the vessel needs,

No cable twisted sure ; into this place
 Silent and wild, the damsel turn'd, and there
 Her haven made, and there unfurl'd her sails.

Behold (she cries) yon palace proudly built 345
 That sits on top of yon rude rising hill ;
 In luxury, and folly, sloth and love,
 There lives the champion of the christian faith,
 Ignobly lives : soon as the orient morn
 Appears, begin this perilous emprise, 350
 And let its first beams light you on your way :
 Nor let this stop seem irksome, for all hours
 Unlucky are save the sweet morning prime ;
 Yet with the remnant of declining day
 To yonder mountain's foot you may advance. 355

Thus said, the knights of their illustrious guide
 Take leave, and leap upon the shore with joy
 After their voyage : the passage soon they found
 That to the mountain led, and slowly went,
 That neither was fatigu'd. At length they
 reach 360

The mountain, ere the sun in ocean's waves
 Had plung'd his fiery car : thence they beheld
 How the proud summit rose with fair ascent
 From broken rocks, stretch'd ruinous beneath,
 And how eternal frost and snow o'erspread 365
 The sides, and how the top was smooth and
 green ;

Like hoary locks the venerable trees
 Cover'd the mountain's head, and rocks of ice
 The tender roses and the lilies new

In safety kept : such magic power hath art 370
 To change the face of nature ! far within
 A shady space, with mighty shades conceal'd,
 The warriors stay'd their steps ; but when the
 sun

Pour'd o'er the red'ning sky the golden light
 From heav'n's eternal spring ; up, up, (they
 cry'd) : 375

Swiftly they rose, and climb'd the mountain steep
 With ardent hasty steps ; when in their way
 Forth sprung a serpent huge, but whence un-
 known,

Armed with golden scales ; his head and crest
 He lifted high, and fury swell'd his neck, 380
 Flamed his eyes, and hiding with his paunch
 All the broad path, he poison breath'd and fire ;
 Now in himself contracted he remains,
 Now stretches forth his folds, and draws himself
 To a prodigious length. Thus he advanc'd 385
 To keep his usual guard, but not the more
 The ardent warriors check'd their hasty steps.

To strike the snake, forth Carlos drew his
 sword :

Ubaldo swift exclaims. What rash emprise,
 What dang'rous undertaking, this ? by force 390
 Hope ye to conquer, and with arms like these,
 This serpent horrible ? He spoke, and shook
 The charmed rod of gold : at once the snake
 Ceased his frightful hiss, and full of fear
 Retir'd, and left the dreadful passage free. 395

A little higher up, a lion fierce
 Advanc'd, with fiery glare, and hugely roar'd ;
 His mane he reared high, and wide extends
 The dangerous cavern of his gaping jaws,
 And oft his waving tail with rage intern 400
 Smote on his back ; but soon as he beheld
 Th' enchanted wand, a fear, 'till then unknown,
 Chill'd his bold heart ; his native wrath was
 gone

And swift he fled away. The hardy pair
 Advanc'd in haste, and met a fearful host 405
 Of savage monsters, never seen before,
 Diff'rent in sound, in semblance, and in shape :
 Each wild and monstrous beast, that on the banks
 Of Nilus wanders, or the Lybian sands,
 Even to the vast Atlæan boundary, 410
 Was there, an hideous throng ! and all beside
 Ercinia breeds, or the Ircanian wood ;
 Nor yet that monstrous savage multitude
 Cou'd then sustain the presence of the knights.
 Strange miracle ! they fled at once away 415
 Howling, as soon as seen : th' intrepid pair
 Gain, without further let, the mountain's top,
 Save, that the heaped frost and drifted snow,
 Did oft impede their way : now having past
 The frozen ground, and overgone the sharp 420
 And difficult ascent, a gentle sky
 Pleasant and soft they meet, and on the top
 A verdant spacious plain ; fresh was the air
 And breathed od'rous balm ; firm was the gale
 Unchang'd,

Unchang'd, nor ever rose, nor dy'd away, 425
While never set the warm and genial sun.

Nor, as elsewhere, were cold, and piercing
heat,

And sun-shine bright and vapours interchang'd,
But with the purest splendor shone the sky,
For ever full of love, and full of spring, 430
Nursing to fields their grafs, to grafs their flow'rs,
To flow'rs their smell, their ceaseless bloom to
trees :

There by a lake a stately palace blaz'd,
And all the mountain, and the sea commands.

The warriors climb the difficult ascent 435
Rugged and steep, so weary'd and fatigu'd,
That thro' the flow'ry plains they scarcely go,
And oft they onward went, and oft they stay'd ;
When lo ! a noisy stream as crystal clear,
That seemed to entice the thirsty lips, 440
Fell from the rock ; forth issuing, from a large
And plenteous fountain, thro' the flow'rs it ran,
Divided in a thousand channels sweet ;
And all uniting in the springing grafs,
Eat a deep passage thro' the tender green : 445
Then underneath, an everlasting shade
Darksome and cold, with murmur shrill did
flow,

Yet the rich bottom so transparent shone,
That not the smallest pebble was conceal'd
Or grain of golden sand ; and on the brim 450
Of that full rivulet, the silken grafs

The sweetest seats afforded, soft and fresh.

Lo ! here the spring of laughter, (they ex-
claim)

Behold, the wond'rous stream of deadly pain ;

Here fond desire must by fair government 455

Be rul'd, and cautious must we here advance,

Our ears to these deceitful syren songs

Must quite be shut, and to those pleasures false.

They spoke and past to where the wand'ring
stream

Expands its silver waves, and forms a lake : 460

There on a table was each costly food

Erected o'er the waves, and in the clear

Of that enchanting pond, two naked dames

Did sport themselves, lasciviously, and gay,

And dash'd the waters round, and sprinkling
oft 465

Themselves in sweet contention, now immers'd

Their snowy bodies, now their heads and breasts

Rais'd aloft, fair baits of youthful love !

These naked wantons, mov'd the stubborn
breasts

Of these rough warriors with soft desire, 470

And on their shape with extacy they gaz'd ;

That saw the nymphs, and joyfully employ'd

Each captivating art ; above the waves

One of the damsels rais'd her lovely form,

Enchanting all their strength ; breast high she
stood 475

Her other charms the crystal waters veil'd.

As

As when the morning from the greedy waves
With dewy beams up flies ; or as the queen
Of beauty and of love, when first she sprung
From ocean's fruitful foam ; so fair appear'd 480
The syren false, and from her golden locks
Distill'd a wond'rous chain of liquid pearls ;
But when her eyes she fixt upon the knights
She started, seem'd surprized and ashamed,
And her fair locks, that in a knot were ty'd 485
High on her crown, in haste she 'gan to loose,
Which falling thick and long her shoulders
spread ;

The iv'ry soft and white mantled in gold.
'Twas thus her beauteous skin the dame conceal'd,

And that which hid it, not less beauteous seem'd ;
Thus clad in silver waves, and locks of gold, 491
Sweetly she turn'd her bashful eyes away,
And then with joy she smil'd, and then she
blush'd,

And her soft smile more lovely made her blush,
Her blush more fair her smile : over her face 495
Her amber tresses fell, where underneath
Lay love himself in ambush ; and she spoke
So pleasingly, so mild, that all who saw,
And all who heard, she conquer'd : thus she
sung.

Oh happy strangers ! unto whom is given 500
The bliss, to view this beauteous paradise,
This is the peaceful harbour of the world,

And

And here you may assuage your sorrows past,
 Your pleasures here restore : here is the joy
 That flourish'd in the ancient golden age, 505
 When happy mortals liv'd in peace secure
 Without constraint of law : those horrid arms
 Safely resign, for here they needless are ;
 Then consecrate them to eternal rest :
 Love's blissful champions shall ye now be
 made. 510

The fields for combat here are beds of down,
 Or heaped lilies, under arbours cool ;
 But come and see our queen, whose gentle
 reign
 Makes all her servants blest ; she will admit
 You 'midst her happy subjects, whom her
 love 515

Has chosen out for joy : but first wash off
 The sweat and dust in this delightful lake,
 Then taste the rich repast. While thus she
 sung,

Her sister lur'd them nigh with wanton looks
 And many a gesture kind ; to musick's sound,
 As courtly damsels suit their cunning feet, 521
 Now swift, now slow ; but still the knights
 unmov'd

Despis'd their pleasures vain, and wicked charms ;
 Nor cou'd their angel's looks, nor voice divine,
 Surprise or captivate the warriors hearts. 525

For if that sweetness on their senses stole,
 And kindled the bewitching flame of love,
 Streight

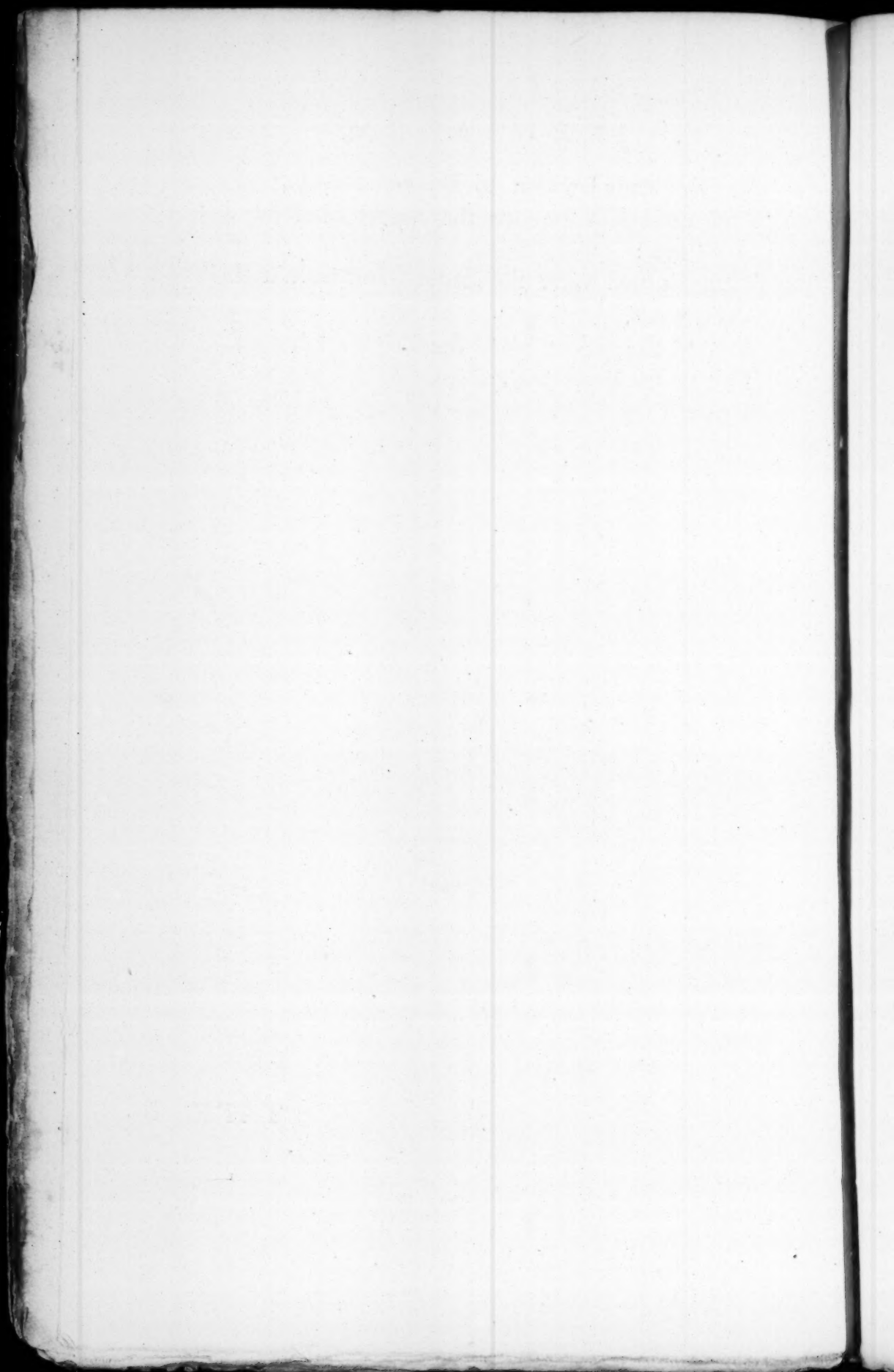
Streight armed reason to his guard arose,
And quench'd at once the sparks of fond de-
fire :

Thus scorned were the dames, and scorn'd their
wiles, 530

And to the palace gates the knights advanc'd :
The syrens div'd with sorrow in the stream,
Repuls'd, and of their late disgrace asham'd.



T H E





THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Sixteenth.



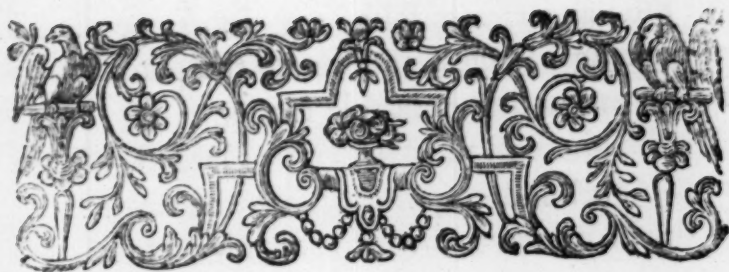
HE two knights enter the enchanted gardens of Armida, which are described with the greatest luxuriance of fancy : they arrive where Rinaldo lies dissolved in effeminate pleasure and love : he is released, and escapes thro' the magic bower : the enchantress pursues him with all the arts of prayers, promises, and threats,

ARGUMENT.

threats, in vain : to these rage succeeds : she dissolves her palace in smoke, and mounts a flying chariot in the utmost fury and despair.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



Beautiful and rich the wond'rous
dome is rais'd,
And in the inmost quarter of the
place,
The center of the labyrinth, there
lies

A spacious garden, curiously contriv'd,
Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold : 5
The

The cunning dæmons had the fabrick built,
 With thousand entries false, and doors, perplex'd
 And winding passages, that made the place
 A dangerous and inextricable maze.

The knights past thro' the castle's largest gate, 10
 For with an hundred portals shone the tow'r ;
 And the broad valves, with silver high emboss'd
 On golden hinges turn'd ; amaz'd they stopp'd
 To view the curious frame, where wond'rous art
 Made vile the silver, and the sculptur'd gold, 15
 So rich the workmanship, so rare and strange :
 For all the forms in that rich metal carv'd,
 Save speech, of living bodies wanted nought,
 And with fictitious life deceiv'd the eye.

Alcides there, amidst Meonian dames 20
 Sat telling tender tales, and idly spun.
 He that had forc'd the fiery gates of hell,
 And prop'd the heav'n, now turn'd the distaff weak,
 While love stood by, and smil'd : arm'd with his
 club

Fair Iole appear'd ; his club distain'd 25
 With blood of monsters foul, and on her back
 The lion's horrid skin : it seem'd too rough
 A covering for limbs so delicate.

Beyond, all foaming white the sea was seen,
 Whose surges upward tofs'd the hoary froth, 30
 And drove it from the main : amidst the waves
 Two navies great of warlike vessels rode ;
 Fire sparkled from their arms, and all the deep
 Flamed in burnish'd gold : at distance rose

Proud

Proud Actium's promontory ; Cæsar there 35
His Romans led to fight : there Antony,
Th' Egyptian princes, and the kings of Ind,
The Asian warriors, and Arabian bands ;
The Cyclades amidst the broken sea
Seem floating ; hill 'gainst hill appear'd to dash, 40
With such a fury met th' encountering fleets
And floating tow'rs of war : now torches fly,
Now darts, and all Leucate's gulph is spread
With desolation dire ; a shipwreck strange !
Unknown before. Behold ere yet the scale 45
Of victory inclines to Cæsar's side,
Where fly the eastern ships, and barb'rous queen !
Antonius there betakes himself to flight,
And leaves behind the empire of the world :
Yet not for fear the daring chief retir'd, 50
But follow'd her, who fled and after her
Drew the enamour'd prince : well might you see
His indignation, while within his breast
Remorse, and shame, and anger and revenge,
A while with love contended ; oft he look'd 55
Behind, and oft he gaz'd upon the war,
But oftner look'd upon the beauteous queen :
Then in the secret creeks of fruitful Nile
On Cleopatra's lap, the chief attends
His woeful death ; and with the fatal joy 60
Of her bewitching smiles, sweetens the draught
Of bitter fate : all this with wond'rous art
Engrav'd upon the royal portal shone.

The knights awhile, with admiration gaz'd ;
Then enter'd cautiously the doubtful place. 65

So thro' his winding channels onward glides
The strange Mæander, rolling too and fro,
Now seem his waters hast'ning to the sea,
Then backwards run, and seem to seek their spring:
Such crooked ways inextricable turn 70
This passage round, yet all the wond'rous maze
The map so well describes, (the map bestow'd
By the wise Mage) that all the labyrinth
The knights unravel , as th' enchanter told.

Now past these troubled ways, the garden sweet
Spreadsforth her green, her ponds as chrystal clear, 76
And moving silver tumbling from the spring ;
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbs, and flow'rets
new,

And sunny mounts, and cool umbrageous dales,
Groves, harbours, mossy caves : at once they see 80
Th' enchanting scene, and that which most delight
Most admiration wrought, no where appear'd
That art, by which these miracles were form'd :
So was the polish'd, mingled with the rude ;
So natural, each ornament, and site, 85
That nature seem'd herself to counterfeit,
And imitate, her imitator, art.

Mild was the air, and cloudless was the sky,
And added scent and beauty to the flow'rs :
The trees no tempest felt, but bore at once 90
An endless bloom, and never-failing fruit.
This falls, and in its stead another springs

On

On the same bough, by the same leaf conceal'd :
 Beside the young the old and ripen'd fig :
 From the same branch, the mellow apple hung 95
 With golden rind, and green : the fruitful vine
 There spread luxuriantly her clustres forth,
 And bended underneath the purple weight :
 The grapes were tender here, and hard and young,
 And there they swell'd, implete with nectar sweet.

The joyous birds beneath the green wood shade,
 Sung merry notes of love ; the gentle gale 102
 Murmur'd amidst the leaves and waving boughs :
 It play'd upon the waves with sweet accord, 104
 And when the birds did cease, loud answer made,
 And while they sung, more low and gently blew ;
 Thus, were it chance or art, the winds themselves
 Joyn'd in this strange and various harmony.

With party-colour'd plumes and purple bill,
 A wond'rous bird amidst the rest there flew, 110
 That sung her love lays blyth and audible,
 In sounds like human speech : so much she talk'd,
 That strange it seem'd to hear, while silent stood
 Her feather'd fellows, hush'd to hear the sound,
 And silent were the waves, the zephyrs dumb. 115

She sung, behold the gentle budding rose,
 That first scant peepeth forth with virgin beams,
 So modest and so young ! and half conceals,
 And opens half her beauties ; the less seen
 The fairer she appears, till bolder grown, 120
 She spreads them forth more broad ; then languishes,
 And fades and dies away, nor seems the same

Which lately was the love of tender maids
 And paramours, to deck the genial bed :
 So in the passing of a day, doth pass. 125
 The blossom, and the bud, of mortal life,
 Nor ere doth flourish more ; but like the herb
 Cut down, becometh wither'd, wan and pale.
 Oh ! gather then the rose while in its prime :
 Short is the day, ere we can think it come, 130
 'Tis past ; oh ! gather then the rose of love,
 While yet thou may'st. Oh ! love and be belov'd.

She ceas'd, and as approving what she sung,
 The feather'd choir renew their harmony ;
 The turtles sigh'd, and thousand kisses gave, 135
 And ev'ry living thing in pairs retir'd
 To shades unseen ; of stubborn oaks, the woods
 Rose beautiful, of laurel chaste and green,
 And all the verdant trees on earth that bloom'd :
 It seem'd, the earth, the water, and the sky, 140
 Breath'd softest love, and pleasure, and desire.

Through all this musick rare, and sweet consent
 Of strange allurements, past the daring knights
 Severe and constant, hard'ning ev'ry thought
 'Gainst false enticing softness, and their eyes 145
 Between the darksome leaves with caution cast,
 Then follow'd after slow : at length they saw
 Rinaldo on Armida's lap reclin'd,
 Amidst embow'ring shades the lake beside.

Her breasts were naked in the sultry noon, 150
 Her locks unbound, wav'd in the wanton wind ;
 She languish'd thro' excess of heat ; the drops

Of

Of silver sweat, like richest pearls of Ind,
 Drop'd from her glowing cheeks : her humid eyes
 Sent forth a fiery smile, as Phœbus rays 155
 Shine tremulous on clear and sparkling streams :
 Over the knight enamour'd all she hung
 And gaz'd enraptur'd, while her tender breast
 The pillow was, where he and love repos'd.
 His hungry eyes upon her face he fed, 160
 And feeding them, he pin'd himself away,
 And she a thousand thousand kisses gave
 To his warm lips, and suck'd their rosy juice ;
 Wherewith he sigh'd so deep, as if his soul
 Had from his bosom unto her's retir'd, 165
 There with Armida's am'rous sprite to dwell :
 Their wanton attitudes the knights beheld.
 A chrystal mirror by the lover's side
 Hung down, of wond'rous brightness : he arose
 And to his mistress held the magic glass, 170
 A noble page to minister to love ;
 And with glad looks, and fiery wanton eyes,
 Beauty and love in the same place survey'd :
 In various objects each themselves beheld,
 She in the glass, and he within her eyes, 175
 She glory'd to command, and he to serve,
 He proud of bondage, of her empire she.
 Oh ! turn on me (th' enamour'd knight exclaim'd)
 Those eyes, that bless the blessed angel hosts :
 Thou know'st those charms are on mine heart
 pourtray'd 180
 That captivate my soul, and the fair form

Of all thy beauties in my breast is seen
 Far better than thy glass ; and if thou scorn'st
 My love, yet be content so to behold
 Those charms, that while thereon thine eyes are fix'd,
 Those eyes may see themselves, and so be blest : 186
 A form so rare no mirror can present ;
 No glass that heav'n of beauties can contain :
 Oh ! let the skies thy worthy mirror be,
 And in the stars behold thy wond'rous form. 190

He ceas'd ; Armida smil'd, yet ceased not
 Her dalliance, and enflaming toys of love :
 She twisted in a golden tress his hair,
 Confin'd with filken bands its wanton curls,
 And, like a garland, dress'd them up with flow'rs ;
 Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold, 196
 The twisted flow'rs did smile, and then adorn'd
 The native lily of her heaving breast
 With roses not her own ; not half so fair
 The haughty peacock in his pomp appears, 200
 And the ey'd feathers of his azure train
 Spreads glorious to the sun : nor half so bright
 The golden Iris bends, thro' clouds of rain,
 Her twenty-colour'd bow, as did the zone
 That bound her graceful waist, and which un-
 loos'd, 205

Naked the lovely wanton was ; the rest
 Grew bright or dead, but that its beams retain'd.

There, mild denial, tender scorn, and sweet
 Repulses, soft contention, and glad peace
 And smiles, and dear discourse, and eloquence 210
 Of

Of tears and broken sighs, and kisses fond,
 All mixt together with the justest skill,
 And temper'd at the gentle flame of love,
 This wond'rous cestus did Armida form :
 This, when she wou'd be lov'd, th' enchantress
 wore. 215

At length, their transports ended, she arose,
 Kiss'd him and then retir'd ; for once she us'd
 Each day to wend about her magic spells
 And charms of potency strange : The youth re-
 main'd ;

Yet had no pow'r from that enchanted place 220
 One moment to depart, but spent his time
 Among the tuneful birds, and fragrant flow'rs,
 And seem'd the fondest eremite of love.
 But when the silence deep, and friendly shade
 The lovers to their stol'n delights recall'd, 225
 They past in bliss the gloomy hours away
 In a fair room, for pleasure built, retir'd.

Now while the queen, intent on her affairs,
 Forsook the garden and her am'rous sport,
 The knights, that in the thickets lay conceal'd, 230
 All bright in arms, before the prince appear'd.

As the fierce horse, for age withdrawn from war,
 Wherein the glorious beast had always wonne,
 Sequester'd from the battle's noble heat,
 In vile repose, lasciviously retir'd, 235
 Feeds with the mares at large, and o'er the fields
 Roves at his will ; if chance he hears the sound
 Of the shrill trumpet, or beholds the blaze

Of glitt'ring arms, he starts, he neigheth loud,
 And thither flies, and wisheth on his back 240
 The armed knight and panteth for the war.

So far'd Rinaldo, when the glorious blaze
 Of their bright harness glitter'd in his eyes :
 At that illustrious splendor his great soul
 Awoke ; his heart arose, tho' drunk with ease 245
 That fatal and enervate malady,
 And all his wonted fame was laid asleep ;
 Ubaldo swift advanc'd, and 'fore his eyes
 Display'd the bright and adamantinè shield.
 Upon the lucid orb he gaz'd ; and there 250
 As in a mirror, saw his wanton dress ;
 So sweet perfum'd, adorn'd so delicate :
 His golden hair, and sumptuous flowing robe,
 His sword, (for that great faulchion still he held
 The dread of Paynim warriors) wrapt in flow'rs
 Hung idly by his side, so nicely deck'd, 256
 It seem'd a vain and uselefs ornament,
 Not worn for bloody deeds in rigid war.

As when with sleep and idle dreams oppress'd
 A man awakes, and suddenly recalls 260
 His wander'd senses : thus Rinaldo seem'd,
 Beholding his attire ; nor long cou'd bear
 Th' inglorious shameful sight : downward he cast
 His eyes on earth, and blush'd, and sad appear'd,
 But spoke not : oft he wish'd the ocean vast 265
 Wou'd swallow him, and so his errors hide.

Ubaldo took the time, and thus began :
 All Europe now and Asia are at strife,

And

And all that worship Christ, and seek for fame,
In battle strong contend in Syria's land : 270
Thee only, from the great Bertoldo sprung,
This little corner keeps, in exile mean,
Far from the world remov'd, from glory far.
This universal rising up to arms
Thee only moves not : thee, a champion fit 275
For this luxurious dame ! what lethargy
Hath thus benumb'd thy virtue ? what vile sloth
Affects thee ? rise, the camp, and general
Invite thee : conquest, fame, and fortune wait.
Come, fatal champion, finish this emprise 280
So happily begun, and that curs'd sect,
Which oft thou shaken hast, now overturn :
Come, with thy sharp brand strike it to the earth.

He ceas'd. A while the noble warrior stood
Speechless, and void of motion, ill asham'd ; 285
At length all passions to disdain gave place,
To fierce disdain, from haughty courage sprung :
Another redness in his cheeks succeeds
Than that of modesty, displeasure there
And noble anger shone. In scorn he rent 290
His nice attire, and soft unworthy pomp,
And all that of his bondage witness bore.

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,
And past the strange confusion of the maze.

Mean time, Armida wonder'd much to find 295
The furious keeper of her fortress slain :
A while she doubted, but was soon assur'd
That her dear lord was ready to depart,

And

And saw a fatal fight ! with what contempt
 Swift from the beauteous dame the chief retir'd. 300
 Whither, oh cruel, leav'st thou me alone ;
 She wou'd have said, but sorrow stopt her speech :
 Back to her heart the woful words retir'd
 And made sad echo there : unhappy dame !
 Of greater skill than she was one whose pow'r 305
 Thus robb'd her of her joy : this well she knew,
 Yet had desire to try, tho' try in vain,
 If art cou'd keep her love, or charms recall.

All that the witches of fam'd Thessaly
 With lips impure e'er utter'd, magic words 310
 Of such strange potency as cou'd arrest
 The heav'nly orbs in their eternal round,
 And draw the spectres from the depth of hell,
 All well she knew : but yet no time she found
 To use her knowledge, nor those accents use 315
 To which the damned fiends must answer make :
 But all her arts she left, resolv'd to try
 If suppliant beauty had not stronger charms.
 She ran, nor of her honour took regard :
 Oh ! where be all her triumphs now and vaunts ?
 Love's mighty empire, lately at her will 320
 She rais'd or overturn'd ; and with her pride
 Mix'd was so hard a scorn, that while she loves
 To be belov'd, her lover she detests ;
 And all she ask'd of her resistless eyes, 325
 Was, to subdue mankind, and then destroy !
 But now, herself forsaken and disdain'd,
 She follow'd him, that fled from her in scorn ;
 And

And fought with fervent pray'rs, and sad com-
plaint 329

To aid her charms despis'd : with speed she ran
Thro' frost and snow, and thorny brakes perplex'd,
And sent her cries as messengers before ;
Which reach'd him not, until the ardent youth
Had gain'd the ocean's strand : When thus she
spoke.

Oh cruel youth ! that leav'st but half behind 335
Of fond Armida's heart ; oh take beside
What you have left, or leave the rest behind,
Else kill them both at once : stop, stop, and
hear

My last sad words : no parting kiss I crave ;
Those kisses keep for one more worthy thee : 340
Keep them, unkind, what fear'st thou ? if thou
stay'st

Thou may'st refuse Armida's suit as well. *Aug. 20*

Ubaldo swift began. Oh warlike chief !
See not her charms, nor listen to her words ;
For arm'd with beauty and with love, she comes,
With tenderness and pray'rs ; thy noble soul 346
Already hath her syren songs subdu'd,
Her soft bewitching arts enthrall'd ; so sweet
This queen of pleasure wins the youthful mind,
That all who see and hear her, are undone. — 350

Ubaldo spoke, yet still Rinaldo stay'd,
And weeping, breathless, faint, the dame arriv'd,
So woe begone was never gentle nymph ;
And yet she seem'd as beautiful as sad,

On

On him she look'd, she gaz'd, but silence kept : 355
 What scorn, what frantick passions fill'd her soul,
 While he beheld her not, or, if he did,
 It was by stealth, and with a guilty glance.

As cunning fingers, ere they strain on high
 In loud melodious tunes their gentle voice, 360
 With feignings sweet, and notes of lowest key,
 To harmony the list'ning sense prepare :
 So she, nor yet amidst her bitter grief
 Forgot her thousand arts ; and first she sigh'd
 So sadly, that the hearer's soul was won 365
 To soft compassion : then at last she spoke.

As lovers do to lovers, cruel youth,
 Think not I come to pray, yet lovers once
 We were ; if now you scorn me, and detest
 The memory of all our former joys, 370
 Yet hear me, as a bitter enemy,
 For enemies the wretched often hear :
 Well may Rinaldo grant, yet be my foe,
 What now Armida asks. If thou dost hate
 And glory in that hatred, know, unkind, 375
 I come not to appease thee : hate me still ;
 It's like for like : much hatred did I bear
 To all the Christian race, and chief to thee.
 I was a Pagan born, and all mine art
 I used to destroy the Christian pow'r. 380
 I follow'd, brought thee to this distant isle,
 And kept thee safe from danger, and from war ;
 Nay further, which must add unto thine hate,
 More to thy loss, and more to thy disgrace,

Thee

J E R U S A L E M.

157

Thee I enchanted, and allur'd to love, 385
 And wicked were my pleasures and deceit.
 To thee, I yielded up my virgin flow'r,
 And made thee tyrant of Armida's charms :
 What to a thousand suitors I deny'd,
 Their constancy's reward, to thee I gave, 390
 A gift unsought : amidst mine other frauds
 Forget not that, and let those many wrongs
 Provoke thee so to wrath, that hence you fly,
 And scorn thy palace here, so sweet, so proud :
 Go travel, pass the sea, to battle go, 395
 Destroy my faith ; what shall I say, my faith ?
 Ah ! no, no longer mine, to thee alone
 I faithful am, dear idol of my soul !
 And thou my dreadful angry deity.
 Cruel ! I only ask, with thee to go, 400
 Ev'n amidst enemies, a small request !
 The spoiler seldom leaves the prey behind ;
 And he who triumphs must his captives bring :
 Among thy pris'ners to the Christian camp
 Conduct Armida chain'd, and reckon that 405
 Amidst thine other glories ; thus thou canst
 Beguile the fond beguiler : to thine host
 Point out the lost Armida for thy slave ;
 Thy scorn'd slave indeed ! since he I love,
 The lord of my desires, contemns my charms, 410
 And prizes now no more these locks of gold :
 Come cut them off, that to my servile state
 Mine habit may accord. I follow thee
 In spite of death or fortune, thro' the press

Of

Of raging enemies and storm of arms ; 415
For I have strength and courage to conduct
Thy mighty courser, and thy strong lance hold ;
Or I will bear thy shield, or be thy shield,
And to defend thy life will lose mine own.
Thine enemies shall pierce my naked breast, 420
Ere wound my lov'd Rinaldo ; and thy foes,
Thy barbarous foes, encount'ring thee in fight,
Will spare to wound thee for Armida's sake,
Lest me they wound ; nor dare revenge their
wrongs

Lest this despised beauty they offend. 425

Wretch, that I am ! and dare I still presume,
Or seek for help in these despis'd charms ?
Th' enchantress said no more, the gushing woe
Did interrupt her words, which from her eyes
Ran down, as fountains gush from snowy hills : 430
She wou'd have caught him by the hand or robe,
She wou'd again have pray'd ; but he retir'd,
Restrain'd his passion, and subdu'd his will ;
Nor tears nor love had entrance in his breast :
Love enter'd not to light the former fire 435
Which reason late had quench'd ; yet in his stead
Soft pity stole into his noble heart,
Love's sister ! but a chaste and sober dame,
And touch'd his soul, that hardly he restrain'd
The springing woe ; yet ev'ry tender plaint 440
Repress'd was, and as he cou'd he smooch'd
His looks with feign'd cheer : then thus return'd.

Armida,

Armida, much for your distress I mourn,
 And, if I cou'd, from your wise heart wou'd drive
 Away this fond affection. Trust me, fair, 445
 I cannot hate or scorn you ; and revenge
 I seek not, but forgive thee all my wrongs ;
 Nor you my servant nor my foe I deem.
 Truth is, you err'd, and have o'erpass'd the bounds
 Of moderation ; mighty was your hate, 450
 But mightier far your love : yet what are these ?
 They are but common faults ; your sex, your
 youth,
 And nature's potent laws, can plead excuse.
 I too have err'd, and if I pardon find,
 None can condemn you, who less guilty are ; 455
 For ever honour'd, sweet, will I retain
 Your dear remembrance ; midst my joys or woes
 Still thought on, call me still your faithful knight,
 Far as my faith permits and Asia's war.
 Ah ! let our faults and follies here have end ; 460
 Our errors and our shame in this remote
 And unknown corner of the world, from all
 Bury the memory ; from Europe's realms,
 Asia and Africa, I wish this fact
 Be still conceal'd ; nor wou'd I have Armide 465
 Disgrace her beauty, worth, and royal race,
 In following thus a poor ignoble knight :
 Stay here in peace ; I go, with me, fair dame,
 You cannot come ; that grace my guide denies ;
 Stay here, or hence some better way depart, 470
 And (for you prudent are) compose your thoughts.
 While

While thus the warrior spoke, her restless
thoughts

Grew furious, and with stern regard she mark'd
His scornful front ; while thus, in bitter terms,
Her furious wrath forth burst. Of Sophia fair 475
Thou never wert the child ; nor art thou sprung
From the great Azzain race ; the mad sea waves
Produc'd thee, or the rocks of Caucasus,
Horrid with ceaseless snow ! some tygress wild
Nurst thee amidst Ircana's barb'rous woods. 480
Why shou'd I more dissemble ? in thy breast
No token of humanity appears,
Else had'st thou colour chang'd ; else had my woe
Drawn from thine eyes a tear, thy breast a sigh :
What shall I say, or how renew my speech ? 485
He scorns, forsakes, yet bids me call him mine :
Like a great conqueror, he can forget
The conquer'd's crimes, and all her faults forgive :
Hear how he counsel's me, hear how he speaks,
Like chaste Xenocrates, 'gainst holy love ! 490
Oh heav'ns ! oh gods ! why do these men of shame
Despoil your temples, and insult your pow'r ?
Go cruel then, with the same comfort go,
With the same guilt, as that thou leav'it me here ;
But yet my spirit, raging for revenge 495
Shall haunt thee ever, and unseen pursue
Like a new fury, horrible with snakes,
Shaking the fiery torch of Phlegethon ;
As much as once it lov'd thee, shall torment.
And if it is decreed, thou shalt escape

500
The

The dangers of the sea, the rocks, and waves,
And come to fight amidst the Paynim bands,
There bleeding, wounded, prostrate on the earth,
Proud warrior ! shalt thou glut my great revenge ;
And oft shalt call upon Armida's name, 505
At thy last gasp. This soon I hope to hear.

She spoke, and overcome with mighty grief
Fainted, her latest words were scarce express'd :
On earth she fell, stiff were her frozen limbs,
Bath'd in cold sweat and closed were her eyes. 510
Thou closest thine eyes, Armida, greedy heaven
Did envy comfort to thy misery.

Unclose their lids once more, behold the tears
Gush from his eyes whom thou believ'st unkind :
Thou canst not see him weep, nor hear his sighs,
Those sighs, that wou'd have soften'd all thy rage ;
All that he cou'd, nor wilt thou that believe, 517
He took a mournful, fond, and last farewell.

What shou'd he do ? leave on the naked shore
This woful lady, half alive, half dead ; 520
This courtesy and pity's self deny'd,
While dire necessity and cruel fate

Forc'd him to part : he parted, and the winds
Blew fresh from land, among the tresses rich
Of their strange pilot ; with her golden sails 525
She cleft the foaming surge ; back to the land
He look'd, 'till land was hid beneath the main.

Wak'd from her trance, forsaken, silent, wild,
The fair enchantress cast her eyes around.
And is he gone (she said) and had he pow'r 530

To leave me thus ? and wou'd he not delay
 One instant, the betrayer, to afford
 Some small assistance to a wretch like me ?
 And do I love him still ? and on this shore
 Still unrevenged do I sit, and mourn ? 535
 Then farewell all complaint ; with other arms,
 And other arts, this traytor I'll pursue,
 This foul despiteful knight ; nor from my rage
 Shall the earth's center, nor the abyss of sea
 Keep him in safety : I will swift pursue, 540
 I will o'ertake, I'll tear his faithless heart,
 And cast his limbs abroad : I'll make the wretch
 A terrible example to mankind,
 How perjury in love shou'd be reveng'd :
 I will surpass himself in cruelty ; 545
 I will —— but what avail these useles words ?
 Oh lost Armide ! thou should'st have cruel been,
 (For then this cruel well deserv'd thine ire)
 When he was first thy pris'ner, now too late
 Thou seek'st to light again thy rage extinct, 550
 And rouse thy sleeping hate : yet tho' mine art
 Can nothing more, some further means shall work
 What I desire. Oh my despis'd charms !
 Yours was the injury, to you belong
 The great atonement, and the vast revenge : 555
 This beauty then shall be made his reward,
 Whose sword this cursed traytor shall destroy.
 Oh ! my fam'd lovers, on this rock is plac'd
 The castle of the fair Armida's love ;
 Armida, heiress of Damascus realms, 560
 For

For this revenge, herself and kingdoms yields :
And if I am not worth a price so high,
Useless is beauty then, great nature's gift !
But beauty, thee, unhappy gift, I scorn,
And hate to be a queen, and hate to live, 565
And curse my natal hour, only the hope
Of sweet revenge supports me ; for revenge
Alone, I suffer life. Thus with fell ire
She raged and with fury 'gan return
From the bare shore, true witness of the spite 570
And indignation of her soul : her locks
Wav'd loose, her eyes on fire, her looks inflam'd.
And now th' enchantress reach'd her palace
proud,
And there with horrid voice, three hundred times
Summon'd the gods of hell ; black frightful clouds
Darken'd the heav'n, and pale became for dread 576
Th' eclipsed sun in his eternal orb :
The whirlwind shook the highest mountain tops,
And hell, her feet beneath, began to roar ;
While thro' the vast extent of that high dome, 580
Were heard the howlings of the curied fiends.
A dismal shade environ'd all the place
Darker than night, with which no beam of day
Was mix'd : alone the raging fury's torch
Did spread thro' all the gloom, a baleful glare : 585
Vanish'd at length the shade, the sun appear'd,
But pale his beams, and sickly was the sky ;
Vanish'd the palace proud, nor yet appear'd
The smallest remnant of that wond'rous dome.

As oft imagination in the clouds 590
 Doth frame prodigious piles and airy tow'rs,
 The wind arises, and they are dispers'd,
 Shines forth the glorious sun, and they dissolve :
 Or like a vision in a sick man's thoughts,
 The palace past away, and nought remain'd 595
 But the rude rocks and horror of the place,
 The work of nature ! she ascends her car,
 Such was her use, by raging dragons drawn,
 And mounted to the clouds : the clouds she past,
 And cleft the yielding sky, while vapours dark 600
 And furious winds inclos'd her ; near the shores
 That to the southern pole extend, she flew,
 And lands where nations dwell, unknown and
 strange :

She past Alcides pillars, that arise
 Between the shores of Spain and Africa, 605
 And o'er the swelling surges bent her flight,
 'Till Syria's sands she saw, and broken coast :
 Nor went she to Damascus tow'rs, but shun'd
 The sight of her dear country ; to the foul
 Asphaltes lake, the wond'rous car she guides, 610
 Where o'er the noisome waves her castle stood :
 There ends her flight, and from her nymphs retires,
 Swift to a dismal vault, the raging dame :
 There in her thoughts a thousand doubts she roll'd,
 'Till shame at last unto her fury yields. 615

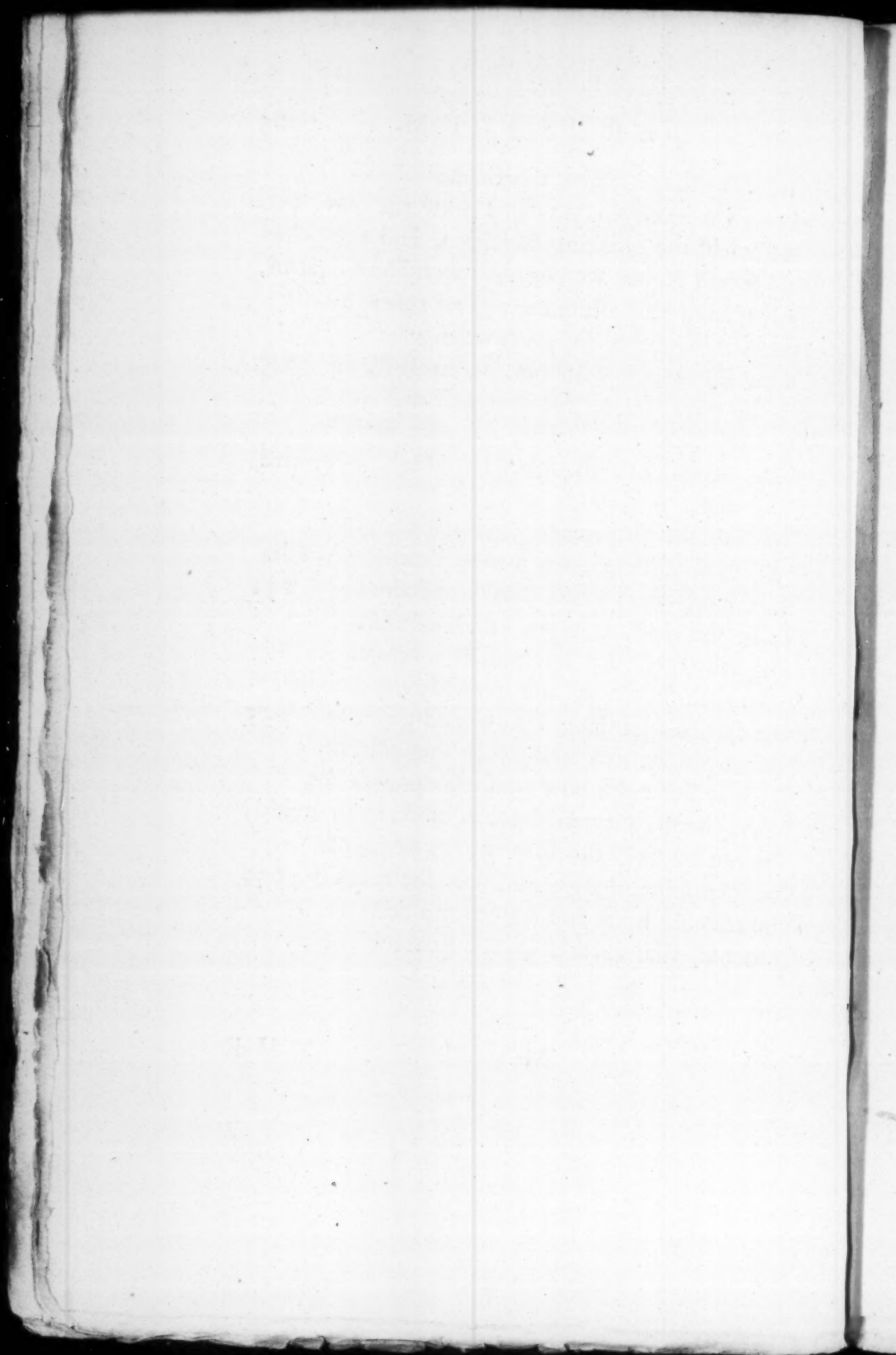
I will not hence, till the Egyptian king
 His num'rous hosts and eastern arms shall move :
 Then ev'ry art I'll try, and ev'ry charm,

And

And ev'ry shape assume to execute
My vow'd revenge : yet can I draw the bow, 620
And wield the glitt'ring faulchion, and each chief
And potent prince, won by those wond'rous charms,
Will give me his assistance : great revenge
It is Armida seeks, for great revenge
Farewell, regard of honour, farewell shame ; 625
Nor let mine uncle, and protector old
For this reprove me. His, alas, the fault,
Who turn'd my thoughts to deeds of hazard
dire,

That maidens ill became, and made me first
A wand'ring damsel, urg'd mine headlong youth,
To lay aside the modest dame's restraint : 631
His be the fault, if aught I shall commit
Unworthy me, thro' fondness or revenge.

Thus she resolv'd, and suddenly her knights,
Her dames assemble, squires and pages fair, 635
And in proud arms, and robes magnificent,
To shew her royal pow'r and sumptuous art
Arrays them ; forward then, in haste, she march'd ;
The sun by day, the silver moon by night
Conducted her along : and now she reach'd 640
The friendly hosts and eastern multitudes
Immense, that cover'd Gaza's spacious shores.





THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Seventeenth.



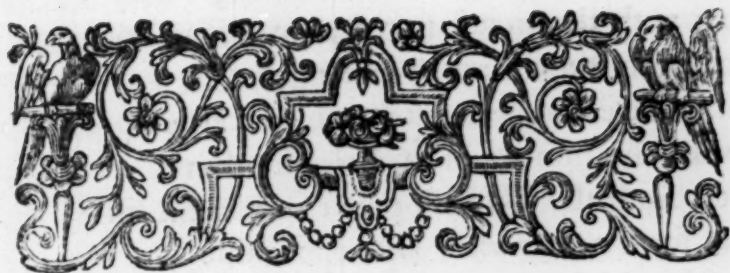
THE caliph of Egypt assembles an immense army at Gaza : the various nations, kings and leaders, are rehearsed : that mighty emperor intrusts the command of the Paynim host to Emireno, and orders him to advance immediately, give battle to the Christians, and raise the siege of Jerusalem. Armida, impatient for revenge, and seeking the ruin of Rinaldo, joins them with all the power of Syria, and promises to give herself and

ARGUMENT.

kingdom to that warrior who shou'd kill the Christian hero. Mean time Rinaldo lands on the shore of Palestine, where he is presented by the holy sage with a suit of glorious armour; and beholds all the great actions of his royal ancestors engraved on his shield, which are explain'd to him by the enchanter, who afterwards conducts the knights to the Christian camp.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



AZA, proud city! on the confines
lies
Of Judah's realm, as hasty travel-
lers
Pass to Pelusium, nigh the foaming
shore
Erected ; round a dismal waste extends
Of solitudes immense, and barren sands, 5
Which the strong south winds from the deserts huge
Uplift,

Uplift and mingle, like the roaring waves
 Vext with the rudest storm ; no refuge finds
 Nor safety the distressed passenger,
 From these dire tempests of th' uncertain plain. 10
 Gaza ! the frontier of th' Egyptian king,
 Won from the Turkish pow'r in ancient time ;
 And for it nearer was, and opportune
 To that high enterprize and dang'rous war
 The caliph meditated, he forsook 15
 Great Memphis, of his empire capitol,
 And unto Gaza brought his regal throne :
 And there from all the various provinces
 And countries vast, of his extended realms,
 Assembled his innumerable host. 20

Declare, oh muse ! in those far distant times
 How stood the state of things ; what was the pow'r
 Of this great emperor ; what subject hosts,
 What nations, his allies, he brought to war ;
 And what their arms ; for from hot Africa, 25
 Ev'n to the furthest East, princes and kings
 Advanc'd with all their potency in his cause.
 Thou only canst remember and relate
 The hosts, the chiefs, the arms, of half the world.

When Egypt from the Grecian emperor 30
 Rebell'd and chang'd its faith, from Macon's
 blood

A mighty chief descended, great in arms,
 There set his throne, and ruled the potent realm,
 Caliph the warrior's name : ere since, who holds
 Th' Egyptian sceptre, to his name succeeds ; 35
 So

So Nile had call'd of old his former kings,
 The line of Pharaohs and of Ptolemies.
 Establish'd was the realm at length, and grew
 So mighty, that o'er Asia's distant lands
 And Lybia's kingdoms, to the Syrian shore 40
 It stretch'd, from the Marmarick boundaries,
 And hot Cyrene's wilds : then southward past
 Against th' infinite course of sacred Nile,
 Even to Siene's sands, and sultry climes :
 Here Saba's desert plains his empire bound, 45
 And there the great Euphrates, glorious flood !
 Spicy Maremma, and the wealthy sea,
 To right and left his empire comprehends :
 And far beyond the Erythæan gulph,
 Toward the realms of Morn it lay ; immense 50
 The kingdom, greater by its monarch made,
 Whose valour added to his kingdom's force
 And made more famous ; lord of it by blood,
 Yet from his conduct and renown in war,
 A nobler, better title he acquir'd. 55

Oft with the Turks and Persian pow'rs he war'd,
 Now victor, now defeated : greater seem'd
 This daring emperor in adverse fate
 Than when he conquer'd ; till at length, thro'
 age

Become unfit for war, he sheath'd his sword, 60
 Yet not his martial temper laid aside,
 Th' insatiate thirst of empire and renown ;
 But by his lords still cruel wars maintain'd :
 So wise his words, so prudent was his mind,

That

That the vast weight of such a monarchy 65
 Seem'd not too great a burthen for his years.
 The lesser potentates of Africa
 Did tremble at his name, and all the kings
 Of distant India, his alliance sought,
 And other nations sent him willing aid, 70
 Or tribute sent, or multitudes in arms.

This mighty prince assembled had the strength
 Of all his spacious kingdoms, to oppose
 The rising empire of the Franks, nor fear
 Had he of conquest. Him at last, the fair 75
 Armida join'd, join'd at the lucky hour
 So opportune, when in the spacious fields
 Of Gaza, all the leaders of his host
 Muster'd before their king. He on his throne
 Sat eminent, to which an hundred steps 80
 Of iv'ry rose sublime, imperial seat!
 A silver firmament was stretch'd above,
 Carpets below of purple and of gold;
 Rich with Barbarick pomp his regal robes,
 Such as might best beseem a king so great. 85
 Innumerable folds of whitest lawn
 Form'd the strange crown, that grac'd his tresses
 hoar.

His right hand held his sceptre, and his beard
 Grown grey thro' age, severe appear'd and grave:
 Forth from his eyes, not yet made dim with eild, 90
 Flash'd glorious sparkles of his former worth;
 And ev'ry look and gesture well sustain'd
 The majesty of empire and of years:

Perhaps,

Perhaps, thus Phidias carv'd ; Apelles thus
 Erst painted Jove, Jove thund'ring from the heav'n.

On either side two potent satraps stood, 96
 Of whom, the first the imperial sword upheld
 Of severe justice ; th' other bore the seal,
 Mark of his office high, of secrets deep
 The guardian, minister to this great king 100
 Of all the civil business of his realm :
 But Marshal was the first of all his hosts,
 And led his armies forth to glorious war.

Circassian spearmen stood, a faithful guard !
 Around the caliph's throne, all richly arm'd 105
 In golden corslets strong, and crooked swords
 Hung from their sides : thus seated, 'midst his peers,
 The potent emperor survey'd below
 His armies huge assembled ; while the troops
 By thousands and ten thousands, as they past 110
 Inclined their radiant ensigns to the ground,
 And lower'd their clashing arms. The squadrons
 first

Pass in review, by four great chieftains led
 Of Egypt ; from the upper two advanc'd,
 And from the lower two ; the work and gift 115
 Of heavenly Nile, which from the neighb'ring sea
 His fertile slime usurp'd, and to firm land
 Harden'd the soil, for cultivation good.
 So Egypt still increas'd, and far within
 Her realms secur'd are now those ancient shores,
 Where vessels rode of old. The nations brave 121
 That dwell'd in Alexandria's fertile plain,

Or

Or on the western shore, the foremost band
 Compos'd. Their habitations onward stretch'd
 To Afric's torrid climates : them to war 125
 Araspes led, a captain much renown'd,
 But more for prudence, than for valour fam'd :
 In secret ambush, and close stratagem,
 And all the Moorish military art
 The cautious chief was skill'd. The people next
 Advanc'd, that live against Aurora's dawn 131
 Along the coast of Asia, with their guide
 Arontes, whom no fame in martial deed
 Ennobled, but high birth, and titles great :
 Ne'er did he sweat beneath the pond'rous helm ; 135
 Ne'er did the trumpet break his morning dream ;
 But from soft ease and mild inglorious toils,
 To the hard labours of a warlike life,
 Unseasonable ambition forc'd the knight.

A squadron not appear'd the third great band,
 But an huge host, that all the fields and shores 141
 Cover'd in such vast numbers, that the grain
 Of fertile Egypt insufficient seem'd
 Them to sustain : yet from one town they came,
 A town that equal'd potent provinces, 145
 That in itself a thousand wards contain'd,
 Great Caire 'twas call'd, whose vast inhabitants
 Swarm'd to the war, by potent Campson led.

Next under Gazel march'd, who us'd to plough
 The fertile country round imperial Caire, 150
 Up to the place where headlong Nilus pours
 His waves with swift precipitation, o'er

The

The broken rocks : th' Egyptians weapon'd stood,
With bows and swords, nor the huge weight sus-
tain'd

Of helms and hauberks strong ; their flowing robes
With gold adorn'd and gems, bred in their foes 156
Desire of plunder, not the fear of death.

The naked and unarmed multitudes
Of Barca, next with Alcaron advance,
That long in deserts liv'd in need extreme, 160
On spoil by guilty violence acquir'd,
For battle strong unfit. To them succeeds
Zumara's king, then Tripoly's proud lord,
For skirmish short prepar'd, and sudden flight.

The nations next to these appear who dwell 165
In stony and in happy Araby,
Which never felt the force of cold and heat
If rumour utters truth : there incense pure
And odours sweet are born ; and there revives
The never dying Phœnix, amidst flow'rs 170
And rich perfumes, the wond'rous bird receives
His burial and his birth, his tomb and nest :
Not rich their armour nor their garments gay,
But weapon'd like th' Egyptian troops they came.

The wand'ring Arabs next, whose various tribes
Possess no settled mansion, o'er the fields 176
From place to place their vagrant cities roll ;
For ever strangers in their native lands :
Their stature and their voice is feminine,
Their long hair black, and black their looks and
wild : 180

Long

Long Indian canes they bear with iron arm'd,
 And fleetest steeds bestride. Like a swift storm
 Their speedy troops come on, if winds so swift
 Bring storms from heav'n : by wily Syphax led
 The first Arabians came ; the second band 185
 Aldino brought, and Abiazer proud
 The third ; a savage robber, not a knight.

The crowd that next advanc'd from th' islands
 came

By the Arabian gulph inclos'd : they live
 By fishing, and the wealthy oyster's shell 190
 Pours forth abundant pearls. Joyn'd with them
 From his left shore, the red sea sent a band
 Of Negroes grim ; these Agricalt, and those
 Osmida brought ; Osmida, savage chief !
 Who mock'd at ev'ry faith and ev'ry law. 195

From burning Meroë next the Ethiops came,
 Delightful Meroë ! happy island ! stretch'd
 Between the sacred Nile and Astrabore,
 In which vast circuit three great kingdoms rise
 And two religions : them to war the pow'r 200
 Of Assamiro and Canario led,
 Both mighty kings, who follow'd Macon's law,
 And vassals to the caliph : the third king
 Christ's sacred faith observ'd, nor rose in arms.

Two subject monarchs next their squadron's
 brought, 205
 With mighty bows and rattling quivers arm'd,
 This the Ormean foldan, noble land !
 Surrounded by the Persian bay ; the last

Great

Great Bæcan's king, which the resistless tide
 Of the vast southern ocean makes an isle: 210
 But when the sea with mighty ebb retires,
 Dry shod the natives pass the dang'rous freight.

Nor thee, great Altamore, in her chaste bed
 Thy loving queen detain'd; her beauteous hair
 The princess rent, and smote her snowy breast, 215
 And wept to keep thee from the distant war
 And fatal expedition. Seem the seas,
 Oh cruel prince, (she cries) the raging seas,
 More calm and more delightful than my charms?
 Do arms defil'd with dust yield more delight 220
 Than thy young infant, and his harmless smiles?

This was the mighty king of Sarmacand,
 Renown'd for valour; on his glorious throne
 He sat without subjection: great in war,
 And fam'd for prowess and for high exploit. 225
 His virtues and his worth the Christians knew,
 And fear'd him and esteem'd. His men were
 arm'd

With helms and hawberks vast, and by their sides
 Broad sabres and enormous maces hung.

Then from the mansions of the rising morn 230
 Adrastus came, the glorious King of Ind;
 A serpent's skin his breast-plate, the green scales
 Were mark'd with spots of black, and the huge
 bulk

Of a fierce elephant sustain'd the weight
 Of this strong giant: num'rous were the bands 235
 VOL. II. N He

He brought from his wide kingdoms, that extend
 'Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the Ocean's shores.

The squadron next that came, were deem'd the
 flow'r

Of all that wond'rous host, the strength, the pride!
 Each warrior in the noble band had gain'd 240
 Ample reward and honour, had in war
 And peace acquired glory; all their arms
 Were strong for need, and terrible to see.
 Upon fierce steeds the mighty troop advanc'd,
 Their purple robes, their bright and golden mail,
 Their polish'd harness, spread thro' all the air 246
 A blaze of splendour and magnificence.

Amid'st the squadron fierce Alarco frown'd;
 There Odemare array'd the length'ning files,
 And Idraötte: there giant Rimedon, 250
 Rash warrior! who despis'd the force of man,
 And scorn'd the stroke of death; Tygranes strong,
 Rapaldo, savage corsair! stern and rough,
 The tyrant of the sea! O mondo brave,
 And Marlebusto, the Arabian nam'd, 255
 Because the rebel Arabs he chastis'd.

There Pirga, Arimon, Orindo, stood,
 Brimarte, vanquisher of mighty walls;
 Suifante, tamer of the furious horse,
 And strong Aridamant, for wrestling fam'd: 260
 Great 'Tisipherne, the thunderbolt of war,
 Whom none to equal vaunted; much renown'd
 He was in arms, much dreaded for his sword
 In standing combat, or career with lance.

A false

A false Armenian led the hardy band, 265
That in his youth forsook the Christian faith
And chose the Paynim lore; once Clement call'd;
Now Emiren; yet faithful to his king
He was, and by the caliph much belov'd;
His cause alike he own'd in wrong and right, 270
A prudent leader, and a soldier bold;
For courage, wisdom, and for strength renown'd.
Now all the host had past, when swift appear'd,
The sweet Armida, and her gentle troop;
Upon a chariot bright she sat sublime, 275
Her robes tuck'd up, and in her hand a bow
The quiver'd damsel held; her new disdain
Unusual beauty gave, and still encreas'd
The bloom that flush'd her cheeks; enrag'd she
seem'd,
And threat'ning in displeasure, yet so fair 280
Her anger was, that it new lovers gain'd:
Her chariot like the glorious car appear'd
Which bears the orient morn, with carbuncles
And jacinths glitt'ring round; with golden reins
Four unicorns her chariotcer directs, 285
In couples yok'd; an hundred lovely dames,
An hundred squires who ratling quivers bore,
On milk white coursers rode beside their queen,
Expert to wheel, pursue, and swift to fly.
Follow'd her squadron led by Aradine 290
Whom Idraotte from po'ent Syria sent;
As when the new-born Phoenix thro' the heav'n
Doth fly to Æthiope ward; at her bright wings
N 2 And

And beauteous plumage strange, her chains and
crowns

Of native gold, the world amazed stands, 295
While hosts of wond'ring birds attend her flight.

So past Armida thro' the gazing crowds ;
Her dress, her looks and gestures, struck with awe
The souls of the beholders : 'midst those bands
No heart so savage and averse to love, 300
That wish'd not to enjoy those wond'rous charms.
Oh force of beauty ! this fair dame, scarce seen,
With anger fullen, sad for woe, subdu'd
So many potentates : what then her pow'r
When with enchanting looks and charmed smiles
She fought to conquer hearts ? Armida past. 306

The king of kings bade Emiren ascend
His lofty throne, the potent chief obeys ;
For to his care the emperor propos'd
T' intrust his hosts and valiant men at arms, 310
Elected sole commander ! slow approach'd
The warrior, and his joyful looks presage
His monarch's favour, and his future pow'r,
Well worthy such reward ; in sunder cleft
The fierce Circassian guard retires, and yields 315
Him passage : he the throne superb ascends.

To earth he bows his head, on earth he kneels,
His right hand on his breast : to whom the king.
To thee this sceptre, Emiren, to thee
These armies I commit, my place sustain ; 320
Go, carry freedom to the king besieged ;

Go,

Go, let the haughty Franks my vengeance feel ;
Go, see, subdue, destroy, or bind in chains.

The tyrant spoke, and the great sceptre laid
Of all his sov'reign power upon the knight ; 325
When Emiren return'd : oh emperor !

From your unconquerable hand I take
This sceptre, and beneath thine auspices
Advance to war ; thy captain, in the hope
Of thine high fortune do I trust t' avenge 330

All Asia's wrongs, nor ever will return
If I return not conqueror ; for death
Our overthrow shall bring, and not disgrace.
If dire misfortune threatens from above,
Which yet I not believe, oh grant, just heav'n ! 335

That all the tempest fall upon mine head ;
Let Emiren atone th' offended pow'rs !
Triumphant let the glorious host return,
And let your faithful warrior fall renown'd.
He ceas'd, th' armies utter'd vast applause, 340
Mixt with the sound of barb'rous instruments.

Amidst the noise and shout the caliph rose,
Environ'd with many a noble peer,
Who to his royal tent their lord attend ;
Magnificently there they feast ; apart 345
He sat, and now to this, now that, he spoke ;
The greatest honour'd were, the meanest grac'd :
Amidst this mirth, this joy, this festival,
Fit time Armida found to lay her snares.

The tables now reinov'd, she that beheld 350
All eyes intent and gazing on her charms,

And saw by certain signs how the fierce flame
 Of love consum'd their souls, with modest grace
 Arose, and where the king sat in his pride,
 With stately steps and lowly gesture went : 355
 And as she cou'd, magnanimous and fierce
 In language and in looks, she strove to seem ;

Then thus began. Oh, potent emperor !
 I come to combat for my faith and realm ;
 A dame, a royal dame ! and this just war 360
 Is worthy to excite a queen to arms.
 They who wou'd govern kingdoms, shou'd be great
 In all the arts of kings, for by the sword
 The sceptre is sustain'd. This hand not shrinks
 At the large faulchion's touch ; this hand can
 strike 365

Our enemies, can wound and can destroy :
 Nor yet suppose this the first time wherein
 I bent my thoughts to war, for our true faith
 And for the safety of thy realms, ere this
 Great things have I atchiev'd. Best do'st thou
 know 370

If I have utter'd truth, or you rejoic'd
 Hearing my former actions, when the prime
 Of those fam'd knights, the champions of the
 cross,

In bondage long I kept : them captive bound
 To thee, great king, I sent, a noble gift ; 375
 With whom they had in dungeons deep confin'd,
 For ever dwell'd in torment and in woe ;
 So might thy troops have found an easy way

To

To end this doubtful war ; had not the fierce
 Rinaldo slain my knights, and freed his friends. 380
 Well is Rinaldo known (and then a long
 And true recital of his deeds she made)
 This is the chief from whom I have receiv'd
 Such cruel injuries, such foul offence
 As all my vengeance claim ; therefore my hate 385
 And fierce displeasure are with reason join'd
 To urge me on to war, and make my soul
 More prone to arms ; mine other injuries
 Not time remains to tell, let this suffice,
 I seek revenge, and will procure revenge : 390
 For all the shafts that fly, light not in vain,
 And oft th' Almighty's red right hand from heav'n
 His thunder sends, and dire revengement takes
 For secret crimes ; yet if some champion bold
 To mortal battle dare this knight defy, 395
 And from this barb'rous traytor take his head,
 'Twill add to my revenge, and much the gift
 Will please my soul ; so please, that for reward
 The greatest present I can give, myself
 He shall enjoy, my beauty, kingdom, wealth : 400
 This promise I confirm, and therefore bind
 Myself by an inviolable oath :
 If there is any here deems the reward
 Worthy of his acceptance, let him speak.

While thus with sweetest words the princess
 spoke, 405
 His hungry eyes upon her wond'rous charms
 The huge Adrastus fed : then thus began.

Forbid it, all ye Gods ! one shaft of thine
 Shou'd be against this homicide discharg'd ;
 Unworthy his curst heart to feel thy blows : 410

Oh beauteous archerefs ! of thy revenge
 Behold me minister ; his hateful head

A gift to thee I bring ; I will his heart
 Divide, and cast his corpse to birds of prey ;
 Adrastus thus, proud Indian ! boasting spoke. 415
 Him envy'd Tisaphernes, mighty chief !

And who art thou (he said) that 'fore the king
 And us, dar'st vaunt ? warriors perhaps are here
 Whose valour all thine haughty boasts surpass ;
 Yet vaunt not of their deeds. The Indian fierce
 Returned : I am he whose glorious acts 421
 Have still excell'd his words ; elsewhere, that
 speech

Which here thou rashly utter'st, had'st thou made,
 That speech had been thy last. Thus taunting
 loud

The angry warriors parled ; them the king 425
 Restrain'd, and with his hand their fury curb'd,
 Then to Armida spoke. Oh gentle dame !

Thou hast a noble and a manly heart,
 And well deserv'st that their disdain and ire
 Each shou'd submit to thee ; that 'gainst the false
 And felon Christian traitor all their force 431

Thou may'st employ : 'twere better they direct
 Their pow'r and strength against the enemy,
 Then their desire to serve thee may be shewn
 In glorious emulation : thus he said,

435
 And

And they new proffer made to 'venge her wrongs ;
 Nor they alone, but all that famous were
 In arms, with clam'rous boastings vow'd the death
 Of great Bertoldo's son : to her their aid
 All offer, all uniting swear revenge. 440

So many chiefs against that youthful knight
 Once so belov'd, she rous'd and fill'd with rage.
 He, since he first forsook th' enchanted shore,
 With happy voyage the roaring surges cleft.

The same strange course the wond'rous barge
 return'd 445

It came, and made like swiftnefs ; the kind winds
 That smote her sails so blew, as most cou'd aid
 Her wish'd return : and now the youth beheld
 The pole, the bear, or train of glitt'ring stars
 Which clearest nights forth spread ; the rivers,
 hills, 450

And woody rocks that stretch into the deep ;
 Now anxious of the Christian camp enquires,
 Now asks the customs strange of various lands :
 Thus through the salt and foaming waves they
 pass,

'Till the fourth sun illum'd the orient : 455
 And when in western oceans sunk the day
 Their frigate reach'd the shore ; and thus the
 dame.

Here ends our voyage, for this is Palestine.

The warriors land, and from their wond'ring
 fight

The vessel in an instant disappear'd 460
 Nor

Nor left a trace behind : up rose the night,
 Whose shade obscure in earth, or air, or heav'n,
 All colours hid of things : in these vast wastes
 Of sands, nor port, nor wall, nor house was seen,
 Nor tract of man, nor horse, nor aught beside 465
 That might direct their steps. When of their way
 They had consider'd long, at last they left
 The desolated shore ; and lo ! far off
 Something that glitter'd bright their eyes beheld ;
 With gold and silver rays it shone, and made 470
 The night illustrious and dispers'd the gloom :
 Forward against the splendor they advanc'd,
 To see from whence such wond'rous brightness
 came.

High on a trunk immense the knights beheld 474
 An armour new 'gainst Cynthia's silver beams
 That glitter'd bright ; therein like stars in heav'n,
 Fret in the golden helm, and hauberk gay
 The sparkling diamonds shone : the mighty shield
 All scored full of beauteous images
 Arang'd in order meet : an aged man 480
 Kept them, who rose when he beheld the knights.
 At once the two first warriors discern'd,
 Of their wise friend, the venerable form :
 But when the wizard sage their first salute
 Receiv'd and fair return'd, to the young prince 485
 That mute and wond'ring stood, he thus began.
 In this unusual place for you alone
 I wait ; to you unknown, I am your friend,
 And labour for your good, as these can tell ; 489
 I taught

I taught them how to end Armida's charms,
 Where you dragg'd on a miserable life.
 Now to my words attend far different
 From that sweet syren's, nor be thou aggriev'd
 If harsh they seem, but keep them in your heart,
 Until an holier man instruct thy youth. 495

Not under grateful shades in verdant fields,
 Among sweet fountains, syrens, nymphs and flow'rs,
 But upon virtue's steep and rugged hill
 Our good is plac'd; by travel and by toil,
 And not by lying still in pleasure's lap, 500
 At honour we arrive: why wilt thou thus
 In sloth's dull vale repose? to mighty hills
 Th' imperial eagle wings her daring way:
 Nature hath lifted up thy look to heav'n, 504
 And fill'd thy soul with high and noble thoughts;
 That so thou might'st ascend and purchase fame
 By deeds of noble daring: to thy limbs
 Swiftnefs and strength she gave, that thou shou'd'st
 win

Renown; but not in broil and civil jars:
 Nor these the ministers of cursed spite 510
 Nor cause of discord, these are giv'n to aid
 Your noble valour, that with greater force
 Christ's foes you may assault, and so restrain
 With stronger resolution ev'ry vice,
 Fatal desire, and ev'ry inward fault: 515
 For thus each prudent chief and virtuous youth,
 Hath rul'd his pious rage, and at his will
 Or cools it or inflames; now lets it loose,

Now

Now doth it fetter'd hold : the senior spoke ;
 Rinaldo with attention heard his words, 520
 And wisest council ; as he mark'd his speech,
 His guilty cheeks a purple blush distain'd,
 Down went his looks to earth : the prudent sage
 Soon understood his meaning and rejoin'd.
 Oh son ! erect thine eyes, and on this shield 525
 The deeds of thy fore-fathers great behold.

Here see the glory of thine ancestors,
 How all their days in virtue's path they trod :
 Far yet art thou behind, a racer slow
 In this true course of honour and of praise. 530
 Arise, to glorious emulation rouse
 Thy valour by fair show of knightly worth,
 Which this bright shield discloses : that the spur
 To high atchievements make. He ceas'd, the
 knight 534

Look'd up, and on those portraits fix'd his eyes.

The wond'rous artist in a narrow field
 Infinite forms had curiously engrav'd ;
 For there described was the race august
 Of th' house of Este ; the glorious pedigree
 Uninterrupted : from a Roman spring 540
 He saw the chrystal streams descend, and spread
 From east to west, the chiefs with laurel crown'd
 Appear'd ; their wars, their deeds, th' enchanter
 told.

He shew'd him Caius there, to nations strange
 When first the Roman empire fell a prey, 545
 First prince of Este ; who held in potent reins
 A wil-

A willing people, to his rule submit
 His weaker neighbours, whom necessity
 Compell'd to stoop, and own his sov'reign pow'r.

After, at that great emigration, when 550
 Honorius into fruitful Italy

The barb'rous Goths invited, and the land
 Did flame with civil war, when sacred Rome
 Became a captive to this people fierce,
 And total ruin fear'd ; Aurelius, chief 555
 Illustrious ! to his praise in peace preserv'd
 His subjects : then the brave Foresto reign'd,
 Who of the savage huns, withstood the rage,
 And the fierce tyrant of the north defy'd.

Known by his look was cruel Attila, 560
 Resentment sparkled from his dragon eyes,
 Worse faced than a dog ; they who beheld
 The savage, fancy'd that they saw him grin
 And bark with indignation : there subdu'd
 In single combat, thro' his furious hosts 565
 He fled dismay'd : and there Aquileia's tow'rs
 By great Foresto rear'd, renown'd in arms,
 Th' Italian Hector ! elsewhere was his death
 Described, and his country's fatal end.

But lo ! the heir of his brave father's fame, 570
 Renowned Acarine, his valiant son
 Who to his right succeeded, and was deem'd
 Th' Italian champion ; nor to adverse fate,
 Nor to the Huns strong Altino did yield ;
 But fought a feat secure, and in the vale 575
 Of Po, from many scatter'd villas form'd

A mighty

A mighty city: 'gainst the overflow
 Of the enormous river with huge banks
 He fortify'd the place, where they of Este
 By long succession shou'd command and rule 580
 In glory and in blifs : he broke the pow'r
 Of the fierce Alans, and oppos'd in war
 Great Odoacer ; but oppos'd in vain :
 For Italy he dy'd, oh ! glorious death !
 And shar'd his father's fame, his father's fate: 585
 With him the daring Alphorifio fell.

There Azzo with his brother was pourtray'd
 Retiring into exile, but with arms
 Soon they return, and council, to their realm
 By Odoacer wasted : wounded there 590
 In front, of Este th' Epaminondas lay
 Smiling in death, when safe his honour'd shield,
 And fierce Totilla conquer'd. Next I spake
 Of mighty Bonifacio and his son
 Valerian, who in praise succeeds and pow'r 595
 His valiant fire, who durst sustain, tho' scarce
 In years a man, of the invading Goths
 An hundred crowded squadrons ; then appear'd,
 (Who 'gainst the Slaves mighty deeds perform'd)
 Ernesto, fierce he stood with angry lour : 600
 Then Aldoärdo, daring knight, who erst
 Shut from Monfelces out the Lombard king.

There Henry was, and mighty Berengare,
 That serv'd great Carlos in his high designs,
 Who in each battle the first onset gave, 605
 A valiant foldier and a prudent chief :

He

He afterwards supported Lewis' right
Against his nephew the Italian king,
And conquers him in war and pris'ner takes :
Next him, with his five sons great Otto stood. 610

There Almerick the first great marquis made
Of that imperial city, queen of Po !
Founder of many churches : he beheld,
Like one in contemplation wrapt, the sky :
Him opposite the second Azzo stood, 615
That long with Berengare contended fierce ;
Who, after many a change of fortune, won
And seiz'd the government of Italy.

Amidst his brothers then Alberto shone
For virtue far renown'd ; he having foil'd 620
The Danes in glorious war, his daughter young
Became great Otho's bride : behind him stood
Hugo the brave, that broke th' impetuous horn
Of Roman pow'r, marquis of Italy,
Who mighty Toscaner rul'd. Totaldo next, 625
Great Bonfacio, and fair Beatrice,
For male descendant of that mighty race
Remain'd not to enjoy the regal state.
Matilda follow'd, and alone supply'd
The want in sex and number ; far above 630
The noblest crown and sceptre, the fair dame
Advanc'd the female gown ; her royal looks
With manlike resolution shone, and more
Than manlike anger sparkled in her eyes :
There the fell Normans from the field retir'd ; 635
Guiscardo there, till then who never fear'd

Nor

Nor fled ; there the fourth Henry she subdu'd,
 And took th' imperial standard, which she plac'd
 A trophy in the church, and rais'd the pope
 To Peter's throne once more : beside her stood 640
 As one that honour'd her and lov'd her much
 Azzo the fifth ; while thro' Germania's realms
 The fourth fam'd Azzo his illustrious boughs
 Extended, and produc'd the fairest fruit ;
 From him and Cunigonda, lovely bride ! 645
 The glorious Guelpho came, and in the fields
 Transplanted of Bavaria flourish'd wide
 This royal plant : a mighty branch of Este
 Was then engrafted on the Guelphian tree,
 Old of itself, whereon the Guelphian race 650
 Still fairer seem'd, their sceptres and their crowns
 Renewing, on which heav'n propitious smil'd,
 That high and broad it spread, and underneath
 It's great protection half Germania lay,
 And its vast growth the stars alone confin'd. 655
 Nor less this regal plant sprung up and bloom'd
 In its Italian branches : opposite
 To Guelpho, great Bertoldo sprung : with him
 Azzo the sixth, by virtue who renew'd
 The glory of their fam'd progenitors. 660
 The series this of heroes who appear'd
 To live and move within the blazing shield.
 Rinaldo gaz'd and all his soul awoke,
 Beholding thus the honours of his race.
 The rival of their virtues he aspir'd 665
 To deeds of equal danger, equal fame ;

And

And in his warm imagination form'd
 Proud cities overturn'd, and hosts destroy'd,
 As if already those great things were done : 670
 Then clad in haste his limbs in those bright arms,
 With ardent hope preventing victory.

But Carlos, he who erst had told the death
 Of the young prince of Danes, now to the knight
 With words like these the destin'd faulchion gave :
 This fatal sword in happy time receive, 676
 And for the Christian faith, oh pious prince !
 Alone employ ; and of its former lord
 Who lov'd Rinaldo much, revenge the death ;
 That deed to you belongs. The knight return'd.
 Oh grant, all-righteous heav'n ! this hand which
 takes 681

The faulchion, may its master's death revenge,
 And execute that purpose : with glad looks
 The other answer'd short, and briefly gave
 Sincereſt thanks : for lo the wizard ſage, 685
 Their guide on the dark journey interpos'd,
 And haſten'd their departure. Time it is
 For you to go (he cries) where Godfrey waits
 And all the camp your advent ; ere the night
 Hath end, we may arrive ; thro' the thick gloom
 I can conduct you ſafe. He ſpoke, the knights 691
 Aſcend the magic car, and ſwift it rolls
 Away on ſounding wheels ; with looſen'd reins
 The ſteeds ſpring forward by th' enchanter ſmote,
 Who eaſtward drove amain ; ſilent they paſs 695
 Thro' the dun ſhade, when thus the eremite

Turn'd to the youth and said : of your great house
 The branches and the root thou hast beheld,
 Which as it hath produc'd from their first years
 A race of worthies, born to chivalry 700
 And deeds of arms ; so it shall still produce,
 Nor time decay its virtue : oh ! did heav'n
 Allow, that as from the forgetful lap
 Of antique time thy great progenitors
 I have drawn forth, so I might now reveal 705
 In ages yet to come the mighty deeds
 Of thy descendants ; that before they view
 This sacred light, I might their fates foretell,
 And to the world their wond'rous virtues shew !
 That as thy great forefathers thou hast seen, 710
 So mightest thou behold thy children's deeds.
 But not mine art can future things reveal,
 Or those great truths discover that remain
 Hid in obscurity, doubtful and dark :
 Something as if in clouds far off remov'd 715
 I see, by an uncertain light ; nor all
 That surely do I knew dare I disclose :
 For much of that good eremite I learn'd,
 Who sees without a veil high heav'n's designs.
 Yet this to him by grace divine reveal'd, 720
 Hath he reveal'd to me of future things ;
 That never Grecian, Roman progeny,
 Never barbarian in the days of old
 Excell'd the Azzian house in hardy knights :
 Such favour hath propitious heav'n decreed 725
 To thy descendants, that in martial fame
 And

And happy arts of peace, they shall excell
The worthies old of Sparta, Carthage, Rome.

But of the great Alphonzo have I chose
To speak, illustrious prince! in virtue first, 730
Second in place and name: he shall be born
When this bad world is poor in noble men;
Better than he the sceptre and the sword
Shall none uphold, shall none sustain the weight
Of diadem or shield: of all thy race 735
The chiefest glory shall Alphonzo be.

His earliest youth foretokens true shall give
Of future puissance and strength in war,
The terror of the woods and savage beasts,
His the chief praise at knightly tournaments; 740
After, in pitched battle shall he win
Victorious trophies and the richest spoils:
The conqueror shall bind his radiant brows
With noble crowns of laurel, grass, and oak.

Nor less the honours of his graver age, 745
To keep his realms in quiet and in peace;
To keep his cities safe from hostile arms
In full security; to nourish arts
And cherish genius; mighty triumphings
To celebrate, with feasts magnificent: 750
In righteous scales impartially to weigh
Reward and punishment; to see far off
Dangers, and seen prevent; yet if it chance
Against that wicked race who sea and land
Infest, and in those miserable times 755
Give laws to pious nations he be sent

Commission'd, to revenge the temples waste,
And violated altars of the Lord :

Oh what vast vengeance shall the hero take
On that false tyrant, and his cursed sect ! 760

Too late the Turkish and the Moorish kings
Shou'd pour embattled multitudes to war
To stop his progress : he the stream beyond
Of proud Euphrates, and the frozen tops
Of snowy Taurus, far beyond the realms 765

Where blooms perpetual spring, the Christian cross,
White eagle, and the lily fair of gold,
Shall bear triumphant : he the hidden springs
Of Nilus shall reveal, the Æthiop's brown
Baptizing, and wild Afric's tawny sons. 770

Thus spoke the sage, his words the youthful
prince

Receiv'd with joy ; a secret transport fill'd
His breast, when he consider'd the renown
And pow'r of his descendants : the bright morn
Mean time arose, and chang'd heav'n's silver
wealth 775

To orient gold ; the sun's sure messenger !
And high above the Christian tents they saw
How the broad ensigns wav'd magnificent ;
When thus again their leader sage began.
Behold ! how Phœbus clears the darksome skies,
Behold ! its friendly splendors to the sight 781
Disclose, the camp, the town, the hills and plains :
Each obstacle ye now have past secure
From danger, that is oft in travel found,

And

And hence ye may advance without a guide, 785
I can no nearer go. Thus took he leave
And swift return'd ; on foot the ardent knights
Proceed, and, marching eastward, follow on
The road and reach the camp. Mean while had
fame

Divulg'd the joyful news, that to the tents 790
Three warriors approach'd ; swift from his throne
To meet the knights the great Godfredo rose. _____





THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Eighteenth.



ODFREDO and Rinaldo are reconciled, and that young hero confesses his former sins to the hermit Peter, and receives absolution ; that done, he prepares to destroy the enchantments of the forest, and advancing to the wood, is received by the most delightful appearances, instead of those scenes of horror which had scared the other Christian knights. A spirit assumes the form of Armida, and strives by her allurements to prevent his executing his design : in vain the

ARGUMENT.

chief cuts down a myrtle which was placed in the midst of the forest, the enchantment is dissolved, and the spirits fly away in clouds, accompanied by frightful storms and thunders. Rinaldo returns to the camp, and Godfredo immediately prepares engines for the assault : a dove being pursued by an hawk, falls on his tent. and from a letter which was ty'd about her neck, he learns the near approach of the Egyptian army : Godfredo resolves to assault the city before the arrival of the enemy, and sends Vafrine to discover their camp, and bring him an account of their numbers and designs : At length the city is assaulted ; Rinaldo is the first that mounts the walls, and enters the town ; after a most desperate engagement Jerusalem is taken by the Christians, who force the city in three places, and make a most dreadful slaughter ; the Pagans retire from the walls.

THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



O W where Godfredo 'midst his peers
advanc'd

The young Rinaldo came, and thus
began.

Oh mighty chief! it was to 'venge
those wrongs

Receiv'd from proud Gernando, that inflam'd
My rage intemp'rate to so dire a deed :

5
But

But that I you displeas'd, much have I mourn'd,
 And much mine heart repented : lo ! I come
 To serve thee, ready each exploit to try
 To make me grateful to thee : soon return'd
 The pious duke to him that lowly kneel'd, 10
 Folding about his neck his friendly arms.
 Such sad remembrance cease, such dire events
 Give to oblivion ; all the recompence
 I ask is that the great Rinaldo use
 Once more his ancient valour ; friends and foes 15
 Agree, that thou alone can'st overturn
 The strong enchantments of the charmed wood :
 That venerable wood whence heretofore
 Materials for our engines huge we gain'd,
 Is now, strange accident ! the fearful seat 20
 Of secret spells and formidable charms :
 Our boldest knights from that enchanted grove
 Dare not adventure even the smallest branch
 To take away ; nor can the city's walls
 Be batter'd without instruments of war : 25
 Adventure thou, brave youth ! where others dread.
 Thus spoke the warrior chief ; when in few
 words

Rinaldo undertook the great emprise.
 To highest deeds and perilous essays
 His courage led him on, and praise to him 30
 And noble exhortation useless were.
 Then to his much lov'd friends, with smiling looks
 To welcome him who came, Rinaldo turn'd :
 There Guelpho, there Tancredo stood, and all
 The

The prime, the greatest of the Christian chiefs ; 35
When oft with honest welcomes they embrace :
The rest, of lesser dignity and worth,
Gracious and affable the chief receiv'd ;
The soldiers shouts of transport raise around,
Inclosing him with armed bands ; the hosts 40
Exult to see their hero, such their cries
As if triumphant in his car he came,
All Africa and Asia's realms subdu'd :
Thus did he reach his tent, and from the crowds
With all his dearest friends apart retir'd, 45
And much Rinaldo ask'd, and much reply'd.
Now of the war or strange enchanted grove
Enquiring, till at length they all retire ;
The pious hermit then arose, and said ;
Oh wond'rous traveller ! far hast thou stray'd 50
And wander'd far, and strange adventures seen :
Much art thou bound to that almighty king
Who governs earth, and from Armida's arts,
False arts ! and charmed hold, hath brought thee
forth,
And to his faithful flock a wand'ring lamb 55
Reduc'd thee, and within his fold receiv'd :
He by the great Godfredo's voice hath chos'n
Thee second, his high purpose to fulfil ;
Yet may'st thou not, polluted thus, advance
In his pure service to the pious war : 60
Thou know'st, that with the darkness of the world
And with the lusts of flesh thou art defil'd,
Nor the vast Ganges, nor sev'n-mouth'd Nile,
Nor

Nor the huge deep can wash thy stains away :
 Heav'n's wond'rous grace alone can purge all
 faults 65

Which have thy soul polluted, and restore
 Thy former purity ; therefore to heav'n
 Address thy supplications, and entreat
 Pardon for all thy sins ; thy secret faults
 Lament and sadly weep, and fervent pray. 70

The hermit spoke, the youthful warrior mourns
 His proud disdain, and foolish love unchaste,
 Then kneeling low confess'd his fatal crimes,
 And each fond error of his heedless youth :
 The minister of heav'n forgave his crimes 75
 And pardon'd all his failings, then began.

With the new morn, on yonder hill that turns
 His rugged forehead to the cheering beam
 Of earliest day, go worship heav'n's high king,
 Then seek the charmed forest where such strange 80
 Phantoms, and sprites, and fiends are said to dwell;
 The giants, monsters, thou shalt there subdue,
 And all the dire deceptions of the wood :
 Let no strange voice that sweetly mourns and sings,
 Let no strange beauty, whose glad smile or looks 85
 Might charm the youthful heart with soft deceit,
 Divert thee from thy purpose : oh ! contemn
 Their false looks and false pray'rs. Thus him
 advis'd

The eremite : with hope the hardy knight
 Prepar'd him gladly to the great attempt, 90
 And thoughtful past the day and sad the night :
 Then

Then ere in heav'n arose the golden morn,
His beauteous arms he took, and in his robes
Of colour strange and warlike guise appear'd ;
Silent, alone on foot he took his way, 95
And left his friends, and left his stately tent.

It was the time when yet the slow pac'd night
Had not resign'd the heav'n to breaking day,
And from the western horizon retir'd ;
For in the orient blush'd the early morn, 100
And scatter'd stars with fading splendors grac'd
The cloudless sky, while to the holy mount
Of Olivet the hero bent his steps,
And wond'ring with uplifted eyes, beheld
The beauties here of night and there of day 105
Unfading and divine : then with himself
Thus ponder'd. Oh ! how many, and how fair
The wond'rous lamps, whose endless beams illumine
The temple wide of heav'n : day hath his sun,
The night her silver moon and golden stars, 110
Which o'er th' unbounded sky she spreadeth forth,
So framed by their great creator's pow'r
That still they move and shine ; nor shall the
spring
That feeds their brightness fail till earth and heav'n
Shall fail, then in an instant, those fair orbs 115
Shall burn, and all creation be consum'd.
Thus musing, he ascends the hill sublime,
There lowly bends with reverence to earth,
Raising to highest heav'n his pensive thoughts,
And eastward fix'd his eyes : my former life, 120
My

My former errors, and my days of youth,
 Father and lord! behold with pitying eyes;
 Remember not my faults, oh! let thy grace
 And clemency descend; oh! purge away
 The sinful Adam, and renew my soul. 125

Thus pray'd the chief: with purple wings arose
 In golden weed Aurora, queen of morn!
 And with her radiant beams, his polish'd helm,
 His armour, and the mountain's verdant top
 Illumin'd; on his breast and forehead high 130
 He felt the gentle gales that breath'd unseen
 Nardus and balm, while on his head descends
 From morning's lap, a show'r of precious dew:
 Upon his robes the heav'nly moisture fell;
 His robes that to the brightness of the dew 135
 Seem'd ashes pale, so sprinkled, that from thence
 Shone forth the purest rays of lucid white;
 So cheered are the cold and dropping flow'rs,
 When the sweet morning drops do glad their
 leaves,

So seems a serpent, when to youth return'd 140
 She decks her scales with new and wond'rous gold.

The beauteous whiteness of his changed robes,
 The warrior soon perceiv'd, and much admir'd;
 Toward the forest then with hasty step
 He march'd, resolv'd, and swiftly there arriv'd; 145
 Whence, shrinking back for terror of the sight,
 The less undaunted warriors had retir'd;
 But fearful not to him the wood appear'd;
 Green were the boughs, and pleasant was the shade:
 Forward

Forward he past, and from the distant grove 150
 The sweetest musick came, and wide diffus'd
 Th' enchanting melody, with gentle sound
 There roll'd a chrystal brook, thro' waving boughs
 There sigh'd the winds, and there the tuneful swan
 Utter'd her melancholy lay ; the sweet 155
 Complaining nightingale, her grief return'd
 In saddest lamentation ; and the lute
 And harp and human voice, in plaintive rhyme
 One strange and mournful harmony compos'd.

This charmed musick ceas'd, the warrior heard
 A dreadful thunder clap that rent the wood ; 161
 And then again the voice of syrens false,
 And nymphs, and tuneful birds, and gentle winds,
 And tinkling waters join'd ; whereat amaz'd
 Sudden he stop'd, and ready for defence 165
 Went heedfully and slow, nor in his way
 Found he of interruption aught, except
 A quiet, gentle and transparent flood :
 On the green banks which that fair stream enclos'd,
 Rich flow'rs, and odours sweetly smell'd and smil'd :
 Its liquid arms the river smooth extends, 171
 And in his bosom all the forest lay ;
 In sweet meanders turning thro' the grove
 One channel passage found, and with its waves
 The charmed wood divided ; the full stream 175
 Moist'n'd the trees, the trees did shade the stream,
 And made of shade and moisture sweet exchange.

While this the chief admir'd and anxious sought
 Some way to o'erpass the flood. Behold ! a bridge
 Wond'rous

Wond'rous appear'd, a bridge of richest gold, 180
 An ample way on strongest arches built :
 He past the gilded ford, when all at once
 Down fell the bridge, the river furious swell'd
 With sudden Inundation, nor remain'd
 A trace of that fair fabrick ; while the rill 185
 So gentle late, a torrent huge became.

He turn'd and saw the troubled waters spread,
 A raging gulph ! as if by molten snows
 And mountain floods encreas'd, the billows fierce
 Toss'd too and fro, in rapid circles driv'n : 190
 Yet onward still he went, ardent to search
 For wonders more, thro' thick and ancient groves ;
 And in those wide and savage solitudes,
 The more he sought, more wonders still he found :
 For wheresoe'er he turn'd his dubious steps, 195
 It seem'd the flow'ry plain for joy renew'd
 Her verdure ; here the lily pale unveil'd
 Her beauties ; there the rose : a fountain cool
 Sprang here, and there a tinkling riv'let flow'd :
 The aged forest that inclos'd him round 200
 Flourish'd with blossoms new, the hoary bark
 Was soften'd, and the venerable boughs
 Assum'd the purest green ; upon each leaf
 A dewy manna lay, and honey rich
 Flow'd from the tender rind : at length, once
 more 205

He heard that strange and jocund harmony ;
 Musick, and songs, and soft complaints of love,
 And human voice ; the swans sad dying notes,

To

To which respond the found of streams and winds,
Yet knew not whence it came : for still unseen 210
Those fingers were, unseen their harps and lutes.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts refus'd
To credit what his senses took for true ;
A myrtle by itself at length he saw,
And thither hasted, where the wilderness 215
Was terminated by a verdant square ;
Her mighty branches wide the myrtle stretch'd,
Higher than cypress, or the tow'ring palm,
And far exalted all the trees above
Appear'd, the queen of that enchanted wood. 220

Upon the mighty square Rinaldo gaz'd,
Astonish'd at the strangeness of the sight :
There stood an antient oak, whose hollow womb
Was wide disjoin'd, whence a fair Naiad came
Clad in rare weeds, and strange habiliment, 225
And ripe for love; when all at once around,
Oh wonderful ! an hundred other trees
Childed an hundred nymphs, so fair, so dress'd.

As on the theatre we oft behold
The Dryads, painted in the silvan scene, 230
With naked arms, and various robes upbound,
With beauteous buskins, and dishevel'd locks ;
Such seem'd the daughters of this charmed wood,
Save that instead of bow, and winged darts,
They bore a lute, an harp, or citron soft, 235
And wantonly they danc'd, and wanton sung,
And cast them in a ring, to measur'd airs
Environing the hero (centers thus

With their circumf'rence are) the myrtle proud
 They likewise compass, and in words like these 240
 Begin th' enchanting song; that woods and streams
 Were caught by the enchantment. Oh! much
 lov'd,

To this fair forest welcome; charming youth!
 Welcome, our lady's hope, our lady's love;
 In happy time thou com'st, to bring relief 245
 To our despairing queen, to heal her fond,
 Her love-sick thoughts; this consecrated wood
 Late black and dreadful was, fit dwelling made
 For those with grief distress'd; behold! the trees
 Revive but at thy coming, and put on 250
 A fairer, brighter verdure. This their song.
 Then from the myrtle came the sweetest sound,
 And then it rent. Not now appear'd to fight,
 Rustick Silenus, in his semblance strange,
 The gaze of antient ages; but a form 255
 Lovely, and rare; that from the wond'rous trunk
 Of that enchanted myrtle came; and like
 It was, in angel beauty, shape, and looks,
 To fond Armida; her Rinaldo thinks
 He sees in ev'ry gesture, and fair smile. 260
 On him a sad complaining look she cast,
 A thousand passions mingled in each glance.

And art thou come (she cry'd) at length return'd
 To her, from whom thou fled'st? com'st thou at
 length

To comfort me, to ease my widow'd nights, 265
 And melancholy days? Or dost thou come

With

With hostile purpose, bent to work me woe ?
 Why dost thou hide thy face ? and why those
 arms ?

Com'st thou, a lover, or an enemy ?
 I not that wond'rous bridge of gold prepar'd 270
 To entertain a foe ; nor open'd streams,
 And fountains, as thou cam'st, nor bade the flow'rs
 Send forth their fragrance, nor the darksome groves
 With pleasing error thus perplex thy steps :
 Put off this horrid helm, rejoice mine eyes 275
 With thy bright eyes, and look, and talk of love ;
 Join we our lips to lips, our breast to breast,
 Join we our hands, the sign of amity !

As fondly thus she pleads, her lovely eyes
 Mournful she roll'd around, and pale became, 280
 And saddest sighs she feign'd, and heavy sobs,
 And silver streaming tears ; thus pity yields
 To show of deep distress, that cou'd affect
 The flintiest heart that ever mortal bore ;
 Wary tho' not unkind, the noble knight 285
 Drew forth his sword, nor listen'd to her plaint ;
 On to the tree he went, the dame embrac'd
 The charmed trunk, and interpos'd, and cry'd ;
 Oh ! never do me outrage great as this,
 To cut my myrtle, all this forest's queen ; 290
 Ah cruel ! lay thy sword aside, or pierce
 The heart of lost Armida ; thro' this breast
 To this fair tree, thy sword must passage find.

Regardless of her prayers, he rais'd his sword,
 When she a new and hideous form assum'd ; 295

Such monsters, strange to men, in dreams appear,
 When wide their idle fancies roam; so swell'd
 Her limbs, and so obscure her face became;
 Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures gay,
 A frightful giantess! the spectre frowns; 300
 Arm'd like Briareus with an hundred hands,
 With fifty swords, and fifty rattling shields,
 She threat'ned death, and roar'd; each other
 nymph,

In armour terrible array'd, appear'd
 An horrid Cyclops; yet the chief remain'd 305
 Unterrify'd, and on the myrtle smote,
 Redoubling still his blows with all his Strength;
 The myrtle, as with life endu'd, did groan,
 The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
 Such prodigies and monsters dire appear'd. 310
 The heav'n was then disturb'd, the earth disturb'd;
 That roar'd aloud and thunder'd, and this shook;
 The raging winds and tempests rush'd to war,
 And the fierce storms drove fore against his face;
 But yet the warrior err'd not in his strokes, 315
 Nor to the fury of the elements
 Yielded; he clove the trunk, the myrtle fell;
 Then ceas'd th' enchantment, and the spirits fled,
 The heaven became serene, the air was still,
 And to its former state the grove return'd, 320
 Of dreadful incantations now devoid;
 Of horror full, but horror all its own,
 The native of the place; the victor try'd
 If ought forbade him still to fell the wood;

And

And finding nought oppos'd, with smiles ex-
claim'd, 325

Oh shadows vain! Oh fools! that shadows fear.

Back to the camp the warrior knight return'd,
Him saw the hermit grave, and thus began;
Now are the savage charms of yonder wood
Subdu'd; the conqu'ring hero comes; behold! 330
Where glist'ring all in arms the champion shines,
Awful and grand; for bright against the sun
His eagle spread her silver wings, and cast
Surprizing splendors round him; with glad cries
The camp receiv'd him, and the hills and
dales 335

Return'd the shout; the pious Bulloigner
Welcom'd, with highest honours, his return,
Nor envy'd his renown. When thus the youth:

To yonder dreadful grove, at your command
I went, I saw its terrors, and when seen, 340
The dire enchantments broke; thither the troops
May hasten now, for free the way and safe.

Sent were the workmen to the wood, and
thence

Fit timber they select, and bring away;
And tho', by skilless architects compos'd, 345
Of their rude engines and their first machines
Not much remain'd, yet all their tow'rs and forts
Were by a cunning builder now contriv'd,
William, Ligurian chief! who lately led
The Christian fleet, and rul'd the spacious sea; 350

But forced to retire at length, and yield
 To the huge navy of the Saracens,
 The empire of the deep, his naval stores,
 And hardy mariners, to join the camp,
 The prudent chief conducted : him in art 355
 Or rare invention, never engineer
 Surpass ; an hundred carpenters well skill'd
 He brought, that form'd whatever he design'd.

This man, with wond'rous skill began to form,
 Not rams, nor catapults, not flings alone, 360
 Wherewith the strongest walls are overturn'd
 And firmest bulwarks shaken ; but of pines
 And monstrous firs, a fortress huge he fram'd,
 To which was none e'er like ; whereof he made
 The covering raw bull-hides, against the force 365
 Of arrows tipt with fire ; then strongly join'd
 In mighty mortises the solid roof,
 And beams enormous ; from beneath, forth burst
 A ram with horned head ; and in the midst
 A mighty bridge appear'd, ready to fall, 370
 When first it struck upon the battlements ;
 Upon the top a smaller turret rose
 The rest above, and on an hundred wheels,
 The heavy mass upon the level plain
 Roll'd swiftly on, pregnant with arms and
 troops, 375
 Yet small the toil, amaz'd the armies stood,
 And prais'd the workmen, and their skill un-
 known ;

Two

Two ample towers that day were also made,
 After the model of the first, destroy'd
 By fair and brave Clorinda. Nor their works 380
 Were wholly from the Saracens conceal'd ;
 For on the battlements, where nigh extends
 The Christian leaguer, faithful spies they plac'd,
 Who mark'd the squared oaks, and heavy pines,
 Drag'd from the forest to the camp ; who saw 385
 The huge machines, but not their form discern'd.

Strong engines they construct, and with vast art,
 Repair the bulwarks, and the armed towers,
 And raise each quarter of the battlements,
 That seem'd less able to sustain the storm ; 390
 'Till, as they thought, no hostile violence
 Had power to undermine or scale the wall.

Ismeno, horrid mage ! for new defence,
 Dangerous and wild prepar'd a wond'rous fire.
 He mingled brimstone with bitumen strange, 395
 Fetch'd from the lake Asphaltes, where of old
 Sodom, was swallow'd up, and sunk to hell
 With all its curst inhabitants ; to this
 The waters of the Stygian flood he joins,
 Which nine times the infernal realms surround ;
 And temper'd so the quenchless fire, it cast 401
 Surprising smoke and flame ; thus for his wood
 Cut down, the mage would take a fierce revenge.

While thus, the Christian camp, and Paynim
 town,

For strong assault, and sure defence, prepar'd ; 405

A speedy dove was seen aloft in air,
That o'er the tents went swift; nor aught relax'd
Her nimble fans, but clove the liquid sky
With swiftest expedition, 'till arriv'd
Nigh to the walls, and now with prone de-
scent

From the white clouds she pointed to the town ;
When lo ! from whence unknown, a falcon came
Sure arm'd, with crooked beak, and talons strong,
That 'tween the camp and city crost her prey ;
Nor dar'd the dove await the cruel strife, 415
But swift upon Godfredo's royal tent
Rush'd down ; the sharp hawk just had struck her
head,

When in the pious chieftain's lap she fell ;
The duke receiv'd the frighted bird, amaz'd
At this strange accident, and now beheld 420
Ty'd, by a slender thread her neck around,
A letter hang, and thrust beneath her wing ;
He loos'd, and spread it wide with anxious care,
And soon th' intent of that small schedule read ;
These were the words : To Judah's emperor, 425
Th' Egyptian captain wisheth health and peace ;
Fear not renowned prince ! resist, endure
The foes assault 'till the fourth day is past,
The fifth at furthest, lo ! I come to free
Your city long besieg'd, thou shalt behold 430
The slaughter of thine enemies : this great
Intelligence was clos'd in many a fold,
And writ in language strange, and given in charge
To

To this wing'd messenger ; such in the East
 The manner of conveyance : her the duke 435
 Let go at large, she who his secret schemes,
 Traytrefs to her great lord ! had now betray'd ;
 Touch'd not the tow'rs of sacred Solyma,
 A fatal messenger ! but fled far thence.

Godfredo all conven'd, who had or trust, 440
 Or office high, and shew'd the wond'rous scrole,
 And thus began : See how the providence
 Of heav'n reveals the purpose of our foes ;
 No longer let us then protract the time,
 But scale immediately the bulwarks proud 445
 Of this defended fortress ; nor let toil
 Or danger check our ardor, 'gainst the rocks,
 Which to the south the tow'rs of Salem guard,
 Let us ascend ; to troops oppress'd with arms
 Hard is the way, yet have I well observ'd 450
 The place, and all its paths, and that huge wall,
 By situation strong, is least defens'd
 By men and works ; thou, Raymond, on this side
 With all thine engines shalt assault the town ;
 My squadrons, with these new erected tow'rs, 455
 Against the portals of the north shall bend
 Their puissance ; that so our foes deceiv'd
 By such sure stratagem, shall there expect
 Our utmost force and power ; the turret huge
 So rapid in its motion, shall elsewhere 460
 Assault some other quarter, and o'erturn
 Some worse defended part ; Camillo, thou
 At the same time, shalt guide another tow'r,

Not

His engines bent against their strongest tow'rs ;
 Then aided by the night, the vast machine
 Swiftly the prudent warrior removes,
 Where plainest seem'd the wall, and least con-
 tract, 525

And where the flankers least cou'd them annoy ;
 While to the southern mountain that o'erlook'd
 The city, old Raymondo cautious brought
 His armed tow'r ; and his Camillo plac'd,
 Where westward from the north the walls de-
 clin'd. 530

Soon as within the eastern sky appear'd
 The earliest beams of morn, proclaiming day,
 With fear the Pagans mark'd, how the huge
 tow'r

Stood not where late it was ; and here and there,
 Unseen before, an huge and fearful pile 535
 Was rais'd of timber strong ; and o'er the fields
 Infinite multitudes of iron rams

They saw, and catapults, and gatts, and slings.

Nor yet less slow the Syrian bands appear'd,
 Thither their best defences to transport, 540
 Where Godfrey had his largest engines brought,
 From thence, where late in vain they were pre-
 par'd ;

But he still cautious, for th' Egyptian host
 He knew, by hasty marches, at his back
 Approach'd ; the Roberts both, and Guelpho,
 call'd, 545

Then said : upon your steeds remain in arms,
 Keep

Keep wary watch and ward, while I ascend
 Where weakest seems the wall, lest unawares
 Some sudden host arrive, and with fierce charge
 Assault us from behind. The hero ceas'd: 550
 Then to three terrible attacks move on
 Th' undaunted armies; in three parts the king
 Of Solyma his warlike bands dispos'd,
 On obstinate resistance bent; himself
 Trembling beneath a multitude of years, 555
 With his own weight oppress'd, inclos'd his limbs
 With long disused arms, and 'gainst the force
 Of old Raymondo march'd; great Soliman
 Oppos'd Godfredo, and Argantes huge
 Against Camillo stood, where fought the force 560
 Of Boëmondo's nephew, led by fate
 Thither, his giant foe to overcome.

Now the fierce archers shot their arrows sharp,
 Dipt in the bitter juice of poison strong,
 The heav'n was soon obscur'd, hid by the
 cloud 565

Of flying shafts, that cast a deadly shade;
 Yet still with greater fury weapons fell
 From mural engines, and the armed towers;
 Down on the troops vast cliffs of rocks were
 driven,

And rough enormous beams with iron bound; 570
 A thunderbolt seem'd ev'ry falling stone,
 That armour crush'd, and limbs, whereon it light,
 And forc'd not only soul and life away,
 But rob'd the bleeding mass of human form;

Nor

Nor in the bodies stay'd the rapid darts, 575
But through the gored corps from side to side
They flew, and flying left behind them death.
Nor yet this fury forced the Saracens
To quit the battlements; but blows for blows,
Slaughter for slaughter, they enrag'd return'd; 580
Stones, shafts, and ev'ry weapon of defence
Furious they use, for freedom and for life
They fight, invincible thro' vast despair;
And oft, where thickest the assailants seem'd,
With flying arms they made a sharp reply. 585

Nor do the Christians from th' attack retire,
But resolute maintain a triple charge,
And 'gainst the cloud of hostile shafts advance,
Beneath an ample roof of riven shields;
And now the armed tow'rs approach the walls,
And strive to grapple with the battlements; 591
Above they thought to launch their bridges strong,
Below the iron-headed rams assault,
And shake the bulwarks, with prodigious strokes.

Mean time irresolute Rinaldo march'd, 595
And far unworthy him each danger thought,
And deem'd it vulgar glory, if he mix'd
Among the Christian bands, and fought with them
The common way to conquest; on each side
He bent his angry eyes, and sought to find 600
Some part, so strong, so mightily secur'd,
As scorn'd th' attack of others; there the chief,
There only, wou'd employ his giant strength;
And

And turning to the knights, whom Dudon erst
Renowned warrior ! to the combat led, 605
Began : Oh shame ! that these proud battlements
In such a combat, unassail'd should stand
In full security ; each dangerous risk
Is safety unto valour, to the brave
Each way is easy ; come, my valiant friends, 610
Here let us carry war, here with our shields
Form a strong roof, and here let us ascend.

He spoke ; their shields the daring warriors join
Uniting all their force, an iron roof
Appears against the dreadful storm of darts ; 615
Beneath the horrid shade, their speedy course
Without resistance to the walls they take ;
For firmly that strong pent-house did sustain
All the huge ruins, from above that fell.

Against the fort, Rinaldo 'gan uprear 620
A ladder huge, an hundred steps in height,
Yet in his arms with ease the mass upheld,
And shook, as winds do reeds ; sometimes a tree,
A lance, vast column, or a broken wall
Fell from above ; yet forward still he climb'd,
And upward went, fearless of ev'ry shock, 626
Tho' great Olympus had, or Ossa, fall'n ;
A mount of ruins, and a wood of shafts,
Upon his shoulders, and his shield he bore ;
One hand the fortress grasp'd, the other rais'd 630
To guard his head his formidable targe ;
Urg'd by his great example, to the war

His

His hardy troops advance, nor he alone
 The warrior was who mounted ; ladders long
 They fix against the walls, yet far unlike 635
 Their fortune and their strength : one hero dy'd
 Another fell, while still their raging chief
 Press'd forward, and now these exhorts, now those
 Threatens ; at length his hand well - nigh had
 reach'd

The summit of the walls, when all alarm'd 640
 The multitudes of furious Saracens
 Ran thither, and their utmost strength employ'd
 To cast the warrior down, employ'd in vain,
 He onward still advanc'd : oh wond'rous thing !
 And tho suspended in the air alone 645
 Unnumber'd hosts oppos'd, and still his strength
 Encreas'd the more assaulted ; as a palm
 Upon whose boughs a weight enormous rests,
 His forces so resisted stronger are,
 And gains new pow'r by opposition. 650
 At length his foes were conquer'd, and each let
 That wou'd debar his entrance overcome,
 He leap'd upon the wall, and with his sword
 Secur'd th' ascent to his succeeding friends :
 First to assist the young Eustatio, 655
 The brother to the pious Bulloigner,
 That likely was to fall, the victor chief
 Stretch'd forth his friendly hand, and gave him aid
 Next to himself to mount the battlements.

The while the other troops that rush'd to war,
 Various success and various dangers met : 661
 For

For there, not men with men in mortal strife
 Contend, but engines against engines fight :
 High on the hills a trunk the Syrians rear'd,
 Which late for mast had serv'd some gallant
 ship

And over it another beam they cross'd, 666
 Pointed with iron sharp, and fasten'd strong
 With mighty ropes, that back and forward
 urg'd

The masts with force resistless : this they mov'd
 By pullies, and against the tortoise roof 670
 With hideous sway impell'd : the pond'rous
 beam

Redoubled oft its blows, and with such force
 The engine smote, that all her joints the tow'r
 Disclos'd, and all her rafters huge were crack'd :
 'Twas then, prepar'd with arms for ev'ry chance,
 Launch'd forth the strange machine, two dreadful
 scythes, 676

Sharp, long, and broad, that cut the cables thick
 Whereon the beam suspended : as a rock
 Which age or some loud whirlwind's hideous
 force

Tears from a craggy hill, th' enormous
 weight 680

Falls ruinous, and crushes into dust
 Forests and silvan folds, with all their flocks :
 So from the lofty height the beam down fell,
 And with it forc'd to earth, arms, engines, men :

Twice shook the hostile tow'r, trembled the
walls, 686

And thunder'd with the noise the circling hills.

In haste the conqu'ring Bulloigner advanc'd,
And hop'd, e'en then, to win the battlements;

But lo! a fetid flame and hideous smoke
Withstood his passage, and upon the walls 690

Rose terrible; such from her sulph'rous womb

The burning *Ætna* never yet did send

In fiery inundation, nor the wastes

Of scorched *India* from her vap'ry sands:

There balls of fire, and shafts whose points were
flame, 695

This black, that red as blood; the noisome smell

Nigh choak'd them, the strange thunder deaf'd
their ears,

Smoke blinds their eyes, and on the wooden tow'r

Seizes the conflagration; the raw hides

No longer cou'd the burning engine guard; 700

They wrinkle up, and now, unless some help

Descends from heav'n, the Christians hopes are
lost.

Before his troops the great *Godfredo* stood,

Nor chang'd his looks or station, but exhorts

'The soldiers, who with water strove to chace 705

From off the scorched hides th' approaching
flame:

To such extremities were things reduc'd

That water scarce was left; when lo, at once

A sudden, unexpected wind arose,

That

That 'gainst the kindlers backwards drove the
flame : 710

Against the fire the furious tempest blew
And forc'd it back, where lay in various heaps
The Pagan weapons, where their engines lay :
Upon those fit materials quick it seiz'd
And all their store contum'd : oh ! glorious chief, 715
Favour'd by heav'n, whom heav'n's great king
defends,

For thee the angels fight, to thee the winds
Call'd by thy trumpet's blast, obedient are.

If meno, curst magician ! when he saw
How the fierce north wind 'gainst himself had
turn'd 720

The sulph'rous fire, wou'd by his fatal art
Great nature's order change, and thence recall
Those noisome winds : between two wizards
false

Upon the walls in open fight advanc'd
Th' enchanter, hairy, squalid, fierce and black, 725
Like Charon when between two furies plac'd,
Or Pluto old, the grisly king of hell.

And now he murmur'd those abhorred words,
Which troubled Phlegethon's sulphureous waves,
And sad Cocytus' waters, now the air 730
Trembled, the golden sun his fearful beams
Conceal'd in clouds obscure ; when from the
tow'r

Out fled a pondrous stone, late half a rock,
Which on the wizards three so justly fell,

It crush'd them to the dust, and scatter'd wide 735
 Their broken bones and blood ; to less than
 nought

Their impious heads were shiver'd, bruis'd as small
 As grains of corn when into meal dissolv'd
 By the sharp mill ; groaning, their damned souls
 Heav'n's happy light and the clear sky for-
 sook, 740

And to the realms of pain and sorrow fled :
 Oh mortals ! take example at their end.

Mean time the engine which the sudden
 wind

Had saved from destruction, nigh approach'd
 The ruin'd walls, and on the battlements 745
 Fixed her bridge with ease ; when thither ran
 The fearless Nicene king, to cut the plank
 Whereon the Christians past ; and with huge
 strokes

His purpose had compleated, but aloft
 Another unexpected tow'r was seen. 750

The growing fortress rose, 'till high above
 The proudest buildings of fair Solyma :
 Th' astonish'd Saracens with fear beheld
 The city subject to her rage ; yet kept
 The raging Solyman his dang'rous stand, 755
 Beneath the ruin of a cloud of stones ;
 Nor yet despair'd to cut the bridge, nor ceas'd
 With shouts to call the Saracens to fight.

'Twas then invisible to other eyes,
 The angel Michael suddenly appear'd 760
 Before

Before the Christian leader, all array'd
 In pure immortal arms, whose heav'nly blaze
 Surpass'd the noon-tide splendor of the sun
 When thron'd in cloudless glory, and began.

Behold ! Godfredo, the blest hour is come 765
 To free Jerusalem from servitude :

See, see, how greatly heav'n assists thine arms ;
 Lift up thine eyes, and in the air observe
 Where the innumerable angel hosts

Are muster'd : from thy sight I now remove 770

That cloud which frail mortality hath cast

Around thy mortal senses ; thou may'st see

The wond'rous spirits in their native forms,

And for a little space endure the blaze

Of their immortal splendors, and the souls 775

Distinguish of each Christian warrior

That late bore arms, and dy'd for Christ the

Lord !

Behold, with thee they fight, and strive to
 bring

To happy end this glorious enterprize :

Lo ! where vast clouds of dust and smoke
 arise, 780

Amidst the ruins of the broken walls,

In heav'nly arms the holy Hugo fights,

And shakes the strong foundations of the tow'r.

See valiant Dudon there, who now assails

With sword and fire the quarter of the north,

Supplying ev'ry combatant with arms, 786

To rear their ladders 'gainst the battlements.

Behold, on yonder hill in holy robes,
 Crowned his sacerdotal locks, appears
 The bishop Ademare ; a fainted soul, 790
 Blest'd for his faith, and happy in his death.

Yet higher still erect thine eyes, and view
 Heav'n's sacred armies : ceas'd the angel form,
 Upwards the warrior look'd, and saw the air
 Fill'd with angelick forms, and winged hosts 795
 Innumerable, in three squared troops,
 And ev'ry troop in three divisions rang'd,
 They flew, which stretching wide inclos'd the
 town,

In larger rings extending as the bands 799
 Were more remote. He saw, and bent to earth.
 His dazled eyes, when vanish'd from his sight
 The wond'rous vision : nothing now he saw
 But warring hosts, and on the Christian's side
 Sure signs of victory : th' advent'rous band,
 Had now the walls with young Rinaldo scal'd, 805
 And heavy slaughter on the Syrians fell :
 This seen, the noble warrior scorn'd delay,
 But snatch'd his standard from the bearer bold ;
 And first of all his host, upon the bridge
 Tow'ring advanc'd ; him in mid-way oppos'd 810
 The force of Solyman, that narrow plank
 Became the field where highest bravery
 Contended stern, with few but dreadful blows :
 The foldan loud exclaim'd, Here will I fall
 To save imperial Sion, and this place 815
 Make sacred by my death : oh ! valiant friends,
 Behind

Behind me cut this bridge, that I may die
Renown'd, and fatal to mine enemies.

But thither, horrible with rage and blood
The fierce Rinaldo hasted, at his sight 820
Fled all the Paynim hosts : When to himself
Thus Solyman, what further shall I do ?
If here I lose my life, I lose in vain :
With that he strode away, and frowning left
An easy passage to the Christian chief, 825
Who threat'ning follow'd, and upon the walls
The purple cross display'd, and on the winds
That glorious conquering ensign wav'd around
In thousand glitt'ring folds ; thereon the gale
Breathes with his sweetest airs, thereon the sun 830
Smiled with golden ray, and ev'ry dart
Or arrow thither pointed, fell to earth
Or back return'd, nor dar'd to violate
That holy standard : Sion's sacred tow'rs,
And the proud summits of the neighb'ring
hills 835

Bended in adoration : now the hosts
Sent forth an happy shout, the certain sign
Of conquest glad ; the mountains all resound,
And echo from her inmost caves return'd
The clamorous acclaim : that instant brave 840
Tancredo all resistance had o'ercome,
The proud Argantes there the knight oppos'd ;
In his despite he laid the bridge, and swift
Past to the wall, and there the cross display'd.

But to the south, where old Raymondo
fought 845

Against Judæa's tyrant, little gain'd
His hardy Gascoigners ; nor to the wall
Their engine cou'd advance : there all the prime
Of Paynim armies round their monarch fought,
For life and safety, sternly combating, 850
Since weakest was that quarter of the wall,
Which with his bravest troops the king secur'd :
Besides, the tow'r upon that quarter found
Unsure and difficult the way, nor art
Cou'd help, but the rough ground did frequent
stop 855

The rolling mass : at length the joyful sound
Of conquest, heard the valiant Gascoigners ;
And well the tyrant and Tolosan chief
Knew that the town was enter'd on the plain :
Then to his following hosts Raymondo cries. 860
Fair Solyma is won, my valiant friends,
And doth the conquer'd city still resist ?
Are we alone the troops that cannot gain
Glory in this high conquest ? flow at length
The king retir'd, despairing there to let 865
Their entrance, in a stronger place he sought
For safety, where to stand their fierce assault.

Now all the victors enter, nor the walls
Alone are forc'd, but ev'ry gate is burst,
And all the tow'rs and battlements appear 870
Broken, destroy'd, consum'd, and overturn'd,
That late withstood the fury of assault,

And

And bore their fiercest battery ; rageth wide
The murd'rous sword, and slaughter stalks ar-
round,

With woe and horror its concomitants. 875.

Here stood the gore in lakes, and here it flow'd
Tumbling in frightful torrents thro' the streets,
With mangled bodies heap'd, and dying men.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IN TEN VOLUMES

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THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Nineteenth.



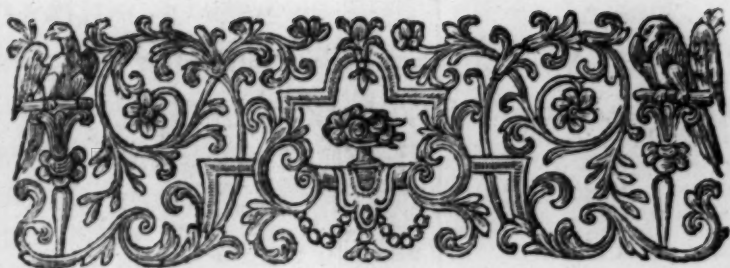
ANCRE D and Argantes meet
on the walls in the engagement,
and retire from the press to a fo-
rest, where the Christian prince, af-
ter a desperate combat, kills the Sa-
racen, and faints himself thro' loss
of blood. The desolation, horror and slaughter in the
city are finely described; Aladine and Solyman retire
to the tower of David, while Godfredo puts an end
to that day's slaughter. Mean time Vafrine enters
the

ARGUMENT.

the Egyptian camp, and undiscovered penetrates to the general's tent, whose discourse he over-hears, and learns the Saracen's intentions and designs: he sees Armida, surrounded by all her knights and lovers, who had vow'd Rinaldo's death: at last he meets Erminia, who flies with him by night from the camp, and acquaints him with the stratagem by which the Pagans hoped to destroy Godfredo: they arrive near the place of combat, where they find and recover Tancred, who is carried into the city. Godfredo is informed of Ormondo's design against him, and resolves to give the Egyptians immediate battle.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
Jerusalem.



OW wild confusion, slaughter and
despair
Had chac'd the Paynims from their
ruin'd walls,
Yet from the dangerous station where
he fought,
The obstinate Argantes not retir'd :
Secure and undismay'd the giant stands,

5
And

And against conqu'ring hosts maintain'd the
strife ;

Than death or danger more he dreaded shame,
And rather wou'd he die than seem subdu'd :
Among the rest the great Tancredo came
And smote upon his glitt'ring helm, well knew 10
The fierce Circassian his redoubted foe
By his known arms and strength, for once they
fought,

But darkness stay'd the combat, and they vow'd
In six days after to return and end
The dangerous contention ; therefore cry'd 15
The angry Paynim, Christian warrior !
Thus, is it thus, that thou return'st to fight ?
Too late thou com'st with armies in thy train,
No single champion ; here I not avoid
The destin'd combat ; yet no warrior thou 20
But coward engineer ; this turret huge
Thy target, thy defence these armed bands ;
Strange kind of single fight, to knighthood strange !
Yet shalt thou not escape revenging death,
Oh ! mighty murderer of gentle dames. 25

The good Tancredo smil'd, a smile of scorn,
And made a stern reply : late my return,
But, Paynim, I return too soon for thee,
When thou shalt wish the Alps or raging sea
Were plac'd between us : here shalt thou be
taught 30

Not cowardise nor fear delay'd thy foe :
Retire apart, thou mighty homicide

Of

Of warrior knights and giants, thee defies
The killer of weak women. Thus he spoke,
And turning to the Christian multitudes, 35
Commands them to retire, nor interpose
In that tremendous strife ; for mine, (he said)
Mine is yon giant chief, by challenge old
More than a common foe : furious return'd
The stern Circassian warrior. Descend 40
Vain boaster, or alone, or all thine host
To guard thee, and to desert wilds retire
Or unfrequented plains, for 'vantage none
Will I forsake this combat : thus was given
The bold defiance, and receiv'd : the knights 45
Together to the stern contention go
With angry strides ; their hatred made them one,
And for despite did each his foe defend.

Great was his love of glory, great the thirst
That Tancred felt to shed the Paynim's blood ; 50
Nor wou'd it quench his wrath shou'd other hand
His savage foe destroy : with his broad shield
He sav'd him, and to ev'ry band he met
Exclaim'd, retire : thus from his anxious friends
Guarding his enemy, they past secure, 55
Thro' thousand angry weapons ; far behind
They leave the city and the glitt'ring tents
Late throng'd with Christian hosts, and now ar-
rive

Where many a secret winding, blind and still,
Surrounding rocks had form'd ; a narrow vale 60
Umbrageous, amidst mountains steep was plac'd,
And

And seem'd a theatre by nature form'd,
 Or strong inclosure to confine the herds
 Of savages pursu'd : there sternly stopt
 The warriors ; to the town Argantes stern 65
 Turn'd his afflicted eyes, him without shield
 The generous Tancred mark'd, and far away
 His own broad target hurl'd, then thus began.

Whereon now ruminates thy pensive heart ?
 Think'st thou this hour appointed for thy death ? 70
 Thy fear foretels thy miserable end ;
 Yet now too late that fear : sudden return'd
 The Paynim. Upon that distressed town
 I think, the antient queen of Judah's realms,
 Now overcome it falls, and I in vain 75
 Sought to withstand its ruin ; small revenge
 For Solyma destroy'd is Tancred's death :
 Yet that is all which partial heav'n decrees
 To sad Argantes : here the giant ceas'd,
 And both advanc'd to fight with cautious looks, 80
 Since each for mighty knew his enemy.

Active of limbs and light the Christian chief,
 And rapid was his hand, and swift his foot ;
 But higher by the head, of giant limbs,
 The bulk of huge Argantes : oft his ground 85
 Tancredo travers'd, oft to earth he bends,
 And now avoided, now the strokes sustain'd :
 Oft with his sword he turn'd aside the blow
 And practis'd ev'ry art : erect and bold
 The fierce Circasian fought, and equal skill 90
 But diff'rent gesture shew'd ; his thund'ring sword
 Out

Out stretch'd the giant held, nor fought alone
To reach his foe-man's sword but heart, and
try'd

Each instant new assaults : now at his breast,
Now at his head he struck, and threat'ning high 95
Withstood each sly assault and rapid pass.

Thus, when the northern wind and stormy west
Stir not th' unstable main, a mighty ship
Against two smaller gallies wars, and these
In swiftness much excel, and this in strength ; 100
And now retiring, now advancing, fierce
The gallies fight, the ship remains unmov'd
Incumbent on the main, and to her foes
Approaching nigh, from the tall ample deck
Threatens prodigious ruin. Now advanc'd 105
The Christian chief, and with the Paynim strong
Labour'd to close, and shun'd Argantes' point
Against his breast directed ; at his face
Argantes flung a thrust, and as the knight
Wards off the blow, his hand the Paynim turn'd 110
So violent as all defence surpass,
And pierc'd Tancredo's side, and smiling spoke ;
In his own craft the craftsman is o'ercome.

Tancredo bit his lips for shame and scorn,
Nor longer stood on nice defence, but rush'd 115
So swift to execute his fell revenge,
As if his sword his purpose went before ;
And aiming at his valor fierce design'd
A terrible return, yet still his thrust
Argantes broke, when strong and resolute 120

At half sword now the Christian hero clos'd :
 His left foot suddenly advanc'd, he grasp'd
 In his left hand the giant Paynim's right,
 And with the other struck his foeman's side
 With all his strength ; then thus ; such answer
 sends 125

The conquer'd scholar to his conqu'ring lord.
 Raged the Paynim, oft he turn'd and shook,
 Yet could not thus set free his captive arm :
 At length depending by the steely chain
 He quits his sword and seiz'd his enemy 130
 With both his hands : him too the Latin chief
 Embrac'd with hostile grasp ; nor with more force
 Alcides strained on the Iberian shore
 Anteus, hideous giant ! with hard knots
 Their nervous arms each other strongly held. 135
 Such were their wrestling, and so huge the
 shock,

That on the ground at once each warrior fell :
 Argantes or by accident or art
 His right hand found at freedom, and oppress'd
 By his vast weight the Christian's better arm : 140
 Tancred, who swift his disadvantage saw,
 Parted his hold, and on his feet up sprung :
 Far slower rose th' unwieldy Saracen,
 And ere he rose a dreadful blow receiv'd :
 But as a pine against the blust'ring winds 145
 Now bends his mighty top, now rears aloft ;
 With courage thus, and virtue, reinforc'd
 The fierce Circassian his decayed strength ;

And

And now with furious blows renew'd the strife,
 Less skill and more of horror had the fight. 150

Down from Tancredo's side forth gush'd the
 blood,

And from the Paynim in a torrent roll'd ;
 While languish'd now his fury and his strength,
 As flames for want of fuel droop and die :
 Tancred, who mark'd the bleeding warrior give 155

Still fainter strokes, from his heroic heart
 All anger laid aside, and stepping back
 With milder accents, said. Yield, valiant man !
 Confess that thou art conquer'd, or by me,
 Or by the chance of arms ; nor will I ask 160

Triumph nor spoil, nor haughty victor's right :
 The huge Circassian heard, and grew thereat
 Tenfold more terrible, and all awak'd
 His rage and indignation ; then return'd.

Dar'st thou this glory vainly arrogate ? 165

Dar'st thou, dishonourable wretch ! thus treat
 Argantes ? use thy fortune, I despise

Thee and thy fortune, nor thy foolish pride
 Shall go unpunish'd : as a burning brand

Just, just extinct, to its departing light 170

Gives strength, and in a blaze of splendor dies :

So he with rage the loss of blood supply'd,

And once again renew'd the dire debate ;

His latest hour, which now he saw approach,

He sought to honour by a glorious death. 175

With both his hands he grip'd his weighty
 blade,

And aim'd a dreadful blow ; the Christian lord
 Up flung his sword, with huge tempestuous sway
 The weapon fell, and falling smote aside
 Tancredo's faulchion, and with fury glanc'd 180
 From shoulder to his side, piercing his flesh
 With discontinuous wound ; yet Tancred still
 Stood unremov'd, for terror was a vice
 His nature never knew : again the chief
 Doubled his fearful blow, but spent in air 185
 His useless strength and fury ; from the blow
 The Christian leapt aside, fell on the earth
 The stroke, and with thine own weight over-
 turn'd,

Oh great Argantes ! did'st thou fall ; thyself,
 Oh happy man ! thyself did'st overthrow, 190
 And none beside cou'd triumph in the deed.

The fall did open wide his gaping wounds,
 The streaming blood a lake around him form'd :
 With his left hand he try'd to raise his weight
 Upon his knee, and aim'd at new defence. 195
 Again Tancredo cry'd, submit and live,
 Nor yet a blow the courteous victor gave :
 And now by stealth the treach'rous Pagan cast
 A dart he had conceal'd, with haughty threats
 Defying still his foe ; then rage inflam'd 200
 The Christian hero who with fury cries :
 Villain ! do'st thou my mercy thus abuse ?
 He spoke, and through his beaver to the brain
 Pierced the Paynim knight. Argantes dy'd,
 Dy'd as he liv'd ; disdainful, fierce and brave, 205
 And

And terrible were his last words and deeds.

The Christian sheath'd his sword, and thanks
return'd

For this success devoutly to the lord :

But yet so much this bloody victory

Wasted the victor's force, that much he
fear'd 210

He had not strength back to return the way

He came ; and step by step, fainting and slow

He went ; nor far from thence his feeble limbs

Bore him, the more he hastes, the less his speed :

On his right hand at last stretch'd on the earth 215

He lean'd his hand, weak as a shaking reed :

Dazled his eyes, the world appear'd to turn,

And darkness seem'd to dim the glorious heav'n :

At length he swooned, and the conqueror

Nought differ'd from his conquer'd enemy. 220

While those fierce warriors urg'd by secret
hate

Pursu'd their private combat, fell revenge

And the fierce victor's rage, from street to street

Chaced the faithless race, and slaughter rag'd

Unhidden : who can tell the dreadful tale ? 225

Of a sack'd town, the horrors who describe ?

And paint so terrible a scene of woe ?

Each place was full of murder, blood, and
death,

The dead, an hideous mass ! lay all around

Pil'd up in heaps ; beneath unbury'd hills 230

Of soldiers kill'd, the living bury'd lay :

There the sad mother's with their tresses loose
Fled wild, and clasp'd their infants to their
breasts ;

And there the spoiler by the amber locks
Drags forth, to satisfy his brutal lust, 235
The beautiful, the chaste imploring maid.

Swift thro' the streets, which to the western
hill

Pointed direct, where stood, sublimely rear'd
The antient temple, horrid all with gore
Rinaldo chac'd the flying Saracens : 240

The gen'rous warrior wav'd his thund'ring sword
Above their heads ; life in his grace, and death
In his resentment lay ; nor helm nor shield
Cou'd his huge blows sustain : in that dire hour
Best arm'd for safety was the naked wretch ; 245

For 'gainst his armed foes he only bends
His dreadful arms, and his high courage scorn'd
To hurt the naked crowds, and they who fled
Defenceless with his looks alone and cries
He chaced ; actions of prodigious force 250
Then had'st thou seen : now these the warrior
scorns,

These threatens, those destroys, with equal fear
But not with equal danger fled alike
The naked and the arm'd : thus swift retir'd
In consternation the unwarlike bands : 255
While of the bravest form'd, a num'rous troop
Sought refuge in the temple ; oft consum'd
And oft rebuilt, the wond'rous pile retains

The

The name of its first founder, Solomon,
 Judæa's sapient king ! who whilom built 260
 The stately edifice of Cedar sweet,
 And gold, and richest marble ; but that pomp
 And splendor was no more, yet strong it was
 With mighty tow'rs uprais'd, and brazen gates.

Thither Rinaldo came, where all the crowd 265
 Of soldiers had in warlike fort secur'd
 The temple, and each entrance clos'd found,
 And new defences on the walls prepar'd :
 He rais'd his frowning looks, and twice survey'd
 From highest summit to the lowest base 270
 The fortress, measuring twice with swiftest foot
 The wide circumf'rence ; like a prowling wolf
 Ranging by night around the clos'd fold
 In search of prey, with hunger terrible
 And antient malice 'gainst the harmless sheep. 275
 So did the warrior search the fortress round
 For entrance, in the mighty court at length
 Furious he stay'd ; urg'd by despair the foe
 Attends the fierce assault : not far remov'd
 There lay a pond'rous beam, for some great use
 Reserv'd, to equal with the hugest masts 281
 Of the Ligurian fleet ; this 'gainst the gate
 Hurl'd the furious chief, for his vast strength
 Exceeded ev'ry load, and like a lance
 Shook the enormous tree, and urg'd it on 285
 Impetuous and resistless ; nor the stones,
 Nor marble pillars, nor the brazen posts
 The mighty shock sustain'd ; the sounding hinge
 R 4 Forth

Forth from the walls it tore, the locks are burst,
 The vast gates overturn'd ; no iron ram 290
 Nor engine great cou'd make a wider breach,
 Nor cannons loud that hurl forth thunderbolts :
 Rush'd in the Christians like a furious stream
 And seconded their hero : blood and death
 Had horrible and loathsome made the place, 295
 Where God once dwell'd. Oh justice ! heav'nly
 power,

The more it is delay'd, the heavier falls
 Thy chastisement upon the sons of men ;
 Thy sacred providence with fury fir'd
 The Christian lords, and mercy all forbade, 300
 'Till with their blood the guilty Saracens
 Had wash'd the temple, which their rites defil'd.

To that high tow'r from royal David nam'd
 Fierce Soliman retir'd, and with him brought,
 The squadrons that remain'd, each port and gate
 Baring, and ev'ry entrance : thither fled 306
 The tyrant Aladine, to whom far off
 The soldan thus exclaim'd ; oh king renown'd !
 Haste, haste, and on the summit of this rock
 The wish'd for safety find : well shall this tow'r 310
 Thee and thy kingdom from the foe defend.
 To whom the king in mournful words return'd.
 Alas ! for this fair city, which the hand
 Of cruel war hath level'd with the earth :
 Mine empire and my life are now no more ; 315
 I reign'd, I liv'd ; but now, nor live, nor reign :
 Still I can say, I was ; at length is come

My

My last of days, th' inevitable hour.

To him with furious looks the soldan cries :
 Where is your antient valour, undismay'd 320
 By danger, toil, or death? let fate unjust
 Deprive us of the realms that once she gave,
 Our kingly worth remains, that still is ours
 Beyond the pow'r of fortune : in this fort 324
 Thou may'st a while refresh thy weary'd limbs,
 And wasted strength : thus counsel'd the fierce
 chief,

And in that place receiv'd the aged king :
 Then fierce for combat, and resolv'd on death,
 In both his hands he grasp'd an iron mace
 And fearless fought the entrance, that he kept 330
 Secure, and all the hosts of France defy'd ;
 Each horrid blow was mortal which he gave,
 And whom he struck he slew, or fell'd to earth :
 Recoil'd the victor armies, and retir'd
 In consternation from such dreadful death. 335

Thither at length with all his hardy troop
 The old Raymondo came, Tolosan lord !
 The aged warrior to that dang'rous pass
 Hast'ning advanc'd, and scorn'd the pond'rous
 blows

Of that enrag'd Nicene Emperor. 340
 First on the giant's crest the hero smote,
 But smote in vain : not so the Paynim strong
 Return'd the blow, with huge tempestuous sway
 It fell upon his front : he sunk to earth 344
 Senseless, with quiv'ring limbs and useless arms.

The

The conquer'd bands respire, and reassume
 That courage now, which fear had put to flight ;
 Back from the gate they drive the victor Franks,
 And fill the place with slaughter : to his troops
 The foldan stern exclaims, who nigh him saw 350
 The venerable warrior stretch'd on earth,
 A senseless body midst the heaps of dead :
 Come, let us drag this knight within the fort
 And make him captive ; to perform his will
 Forth rush'd the Saracens with hideous shouts, 355
 Yet dangerous found and hard the enterprize ;
 For in that dreadful hour of all his troops
 No soldier his lov'd lord forsook, but ran
 In haste to guard their leader's lov'd remains :
 Here fury combats, gen'rous pity there, 360
 Nor mean the cause ; these wou'd preserve the life
 And freedom of their honour'd general,
 Which those wou'd spoil ; yet had the foldan
 strong,

If they had longer fought, at length fulfill'd
 His cruel purpose, 'gainst his thund'ring mace 365
 Or finest temper'd helm, or seven-fold shield
 Availed nought ; but to his enemies
 A mighty succour came from diff'rent parts ;
 At once Godfredo, sov'reign chief ! advanc'd,
 And the great champion of the Christian hosts. 370

As when a shepherd sees unnumber'd clouds
 Pregnant with light'ning, thunder, wind and rain,
 Slowly advance, and darken all the air :
 Swift from the open fields he drives his flock,

To

To some close shelter in the neighb'ring woods, 375
Solicitous to find a safe sojourn
From heav'n's fierce wrath, and with his hook, and
voice

Urges them on, and with the last retires.

So fled the Paynim when he 'gan descry
This storm of angry war, to heav'n arose 380
The dreadful clang of arms, and shouts of men:
Back to the fortress strong he sent his troops
To shun the furious charge, himself the last
Retreated, to insuperable force
And danger he gave place; for prudence rul'd 385
His valour: Scarce within the mighty fort
Safe was the chief arriv'd, and scarce was clos'd
The gate with brazen bars, when all enrag'd
Rinaldo gave the terrible assault;
Him urg'd to war his great desire of fame 390
And victory; him urg'd his solemn oath,
For then the youth remember'd how he swore
To kill the man who slew the royal Dane.

And now his armed hand that fortress vast
Wou'd have assaulted, nor the Paynim prince 395
Had found a place to shun the fierce revenge
Of his vindictive foe; had not the good
Godfredo founded a retreat, for night
Began the wide horizon to obscure:
Within the town Godfredo lodg'd his host 400
That night, resolv'd as soon as morn appear'd
The combat to renew: then with glad looks
Thus to his soldiers spoke the Christian chief.

God

God hath with conquest crown'd the Christian
arms,

The greatest work is done, what now remains 405
Hath little danger, labour, doubt or fear,
This tow'r, our foes last refuge, and last hope
To morrow we destroy ; mean while with love
And kind compassion go, ye victor hosts,
Comfort with anxious care your wounded friends ;
Go and assist those pious warriors 411
Who nobly have for Sion spilt their blood,
That fitteth more the holy knights of Christ
Than thirst of gold or vengeance ; we have shed
Too much of blood already, and too much 415
The murd'ring sword hath rag'd. I have mark'd
Too great a love of slaughter and of spoil,
But ye no more shall plunder and destroy,
Sound trumpets this my will thro' all the host.

He ceas'd, and went where old Raymondo
lay 420

Recover'd from his swoon ; nor Solyman
With countenance less gay, bespoke his troops,
And deep within his heart conceal'd his dread.
Yet, oh belov'd companions ! yet we are
Unconquer'd, and in spite of adverse fate 425
Yet are our expectations green : beneath
Th' appearance of destruction, small the loss
We have endur'd, the danger smaller still :
The foe our walls and houses have subdu'd,
An unresisting multitude destroy'd, 430
But still unconquer'd Solyma remains ;

For

For in your monarch's safety, in your swords
 And hearts, consists your city : then, brave men !
 Safe is your king, and all his knights are safe,
 Secur'd in this strong fortrels ; let the Franks 435
 Raise trophies upon ruin'd empty lands,
 'Till war and famine hath devour'd them all :
 And sure at last this race will be destroy'd ;
 For proud and insolent with their success,
 In spoil and murder, riot and in lust, 440
 And ev'ry horrid vice, they pass their time ;
 And may, amidst their plunderings and feasts,
 Be easily surpriz'd, o'erthrown, and slain,
 If in this arrogance, th' Egyptian host
 Which now advances by the swiftest march 445
 Fall on them ; from this castle we o'erlook
 The highest buildings of Jerusalem,
 And may with stones o'erturn ; each street and
 pass
 To the fam'd sepulchre, our engines huge
 Command. Thus with bold words the Paynim
 chief 450
 Cheer'd their sad hearts, and comforted with
 hope,
 And fill'd their souls with courage undismay'd.
 Mean time Vafrino past secure, unknown,
 Amidst ten thousand armed enemies :
 He parted to observe the Paynim host, 455
 What time the sun to western waves declin'd,
 Had ended nigh the day : unknown he past
 Thro' dark and solitary roads by night

A trav'ler false : now antient Ascalon
 He left behind, and saw the early morn 460
 Rise from her golden tow'r in th' orient ;
 And ere the sun had reach'd its highest noon,
 He saw the camp with hostile armies throng'd :
 Infinite tents he saw, and standards proud
 Of azure, yellow, grey, that on the winds 465
 Wav'd glorious ; and ten thousand voices heard
 In various languages of barbarous sound :
 The stranger harmonies of trumpets, horns,
 And hideous instruments of war, conjoin'd
 With the loud bray of castled elephants, 470
 Of camels, and the neigh of warlike steeds
 Rose in a dreadful concert ; to himself
 Vafreno wond'ring spoke : the Afric world
 And Asian are assembled here. He ceas'd
 And mark'd a while the camp, how great its
 strength, 475
 Its site, and armed rampires ; then no more
 Sought to conceal himself by secret ways,
 But mixt among the troops that mov'd around
 Like mighty waves ; and now the royal gates
 He enter'd, and unnumber'd questions asks, 480
 Unnumber'd questions answers ; crafty, short
 His suit, and his reply : mean time his look
 Was bold and undisturb'd ; on ev'ry side
 Solicitous he look'd, and mark'd each way,
 Each passage, and each tent ; the warriors,
 steeds, 485
 And arms he noted ; and their marshalling,
 Their

Their ranks, their skill, and all their secret
schemes

Of hidden purpose, and of dark design
He hop'd to learn : thus thro' th' extended camp
He wander'd, 'till at length he found the way 490
T' approach the leader's proud pavilion.

The warrior saw, and mark'd the canvass torn,
Thro' which the voice an easy passage found
Ev'n from the inmost tent ; where stood retir'd
The mighty Emireno, ill conceal'd 495
Were his dark secrets from the list'ning ear :
There Vafrine watch'd, and those who mark'd
him thought

He strove the broken canvass to repair :
Bareheaded stood the mighty Emiren,
His body arm'd, and clad in purple robes, 500
Two pages bore his helm and silver shield,
He leaning on a mighty lance, gave heed
To a gigantick knight, of aspect fierce,
And barb'rous look superb ; with him he parl'd
Of some great enterprize, in silence watch'd 505
Vafrino, and the name of Godfrey heard
Repeated, which his whole attention drew.

Thus spoke the Chieftain to that savage
knight :

Art thou so sure Godfredo shall be slain ?
I am, (return'd the Paynim) and here swear 510
Ne'er to retire to the great Caliph's court
Unless a conqueror : I will prevent
The others that with me have vow'd his death ;

Nor

Nor other guerdon ask I for my toil,
 But that I may hang up at mighty Caire 515
 His arms, a trophy of my victory,
 And under them these glorious words engrave :
 " These arms Ormondo took in noble war
 " From the French chief that spoiled Asia,
 " And with them took his life; and here on high 520
 " In mem'ry of the deed this trophy hung."
 Great Emiren return'd, ne'er shall that act
 Pass unrewarded at our sov'reign's hands,
 What thou demandest gladly will he grant,
 And mighty honours add, and rich reward : 525
 Therefore provide those counterfeited arms,
 Because the day of battle draweth nigh.
 They ready are, reply'd Ormondo huge,
 Then ceas'd their conversation, while with grief
 Vafrine remain'd astonish'd, in his thoughts 530
 Revolving oft, what treason, what design
 This was, and what those counterfeited arms,
 But all uncertain his conjectures were.

From thence he parted, and the long, long
 night

Past in suspense, nor clos'd his weary'd eyes : 535
 But when the camp their standard proud unfurl'd
 At early morn, and the vast army march'd,
 Mixt with the various multitudes he went,
 And with their squadrons halted and encamp'd ;
 And then from tent to tent with caution rov'd 540
 To learn the dang'rous secret : on a throne
 Magnificent, inclos'd by dames and knights

The

The beautiful Armida he beheld :
 Apart she sat, and sigh'd, and ponder'd deep,
 Her rosy cheek lean'd on her lily hand, 545
 The stars of love she fixt upon the earth ;
 She knew not if she wept, yet her bright eyes
 Seem'd big with chrystal tears ; before the queen
 The grim Adrastus sat, nor seem'd to stir
 Or live, or breathe : so fixt the monarch
 gaz'd 550
 And hung upon her looks, and on her charms
 His hungry passion fed : great Tisaphern
 Now her, now him survey'd ; now burn'd with
 love
 And now with jealousy ; his vary'd look
 Now pale thro' grief, now fiery red thro' wrath, 555
 Declar'd his mighty fondness and disdain.

Then from the garland fair of lovely dames,
 'Mong whom he lay apart, rose Altamore ;
 His ardent love the crafty king conceal'd,
 And rul'd his tender looks with wond'rous art : 560
 One eye beheld her hand, and one her face,
 And both together watch'd her hidden charms,
 And entrance found, where the thin careless
 veil

Betray'd the secret way her breasts between.

At length her eyes from earth Armida rais'd, 565
 And once again her lovely looks seren'd,
 'Midst clouds of woe that overcast her face
 She lighten'd forth a smile, and thus began.
 Great knight ! the mem'ry of your solemn oath

Hath from its heavy sorrows freed mine heart, 570
 For now I have a prospect of revenge,
 And sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.

Answer'd the Indian grim, for beauty's sake
 Oh! smooth that mournful brow, that grief ap-
 pease :

Before thy feet I'll cast the hated head . 575
 Of thy proud enemy, else shall this hand
 Bring him a captive, if it better please,
 And yield him up thy pris'ner. Casting thus
 He spoke ; his rival Tisaphernes heard,
 Yet answer'd nought, and gnaw'd his neither
 lip, 580

For jealousy did prey upon his heart.

To Tisaphern she turn'd with smiling eyes ;
 And what say'st thou, renowned warrior ?
 Armida spoke ; he tauntingly reply'd :
 I, that am slow to fight, will from afar 585
 Follow this terrible puissant chief,
 And wonder at his deeds. In scornful words
 This bitter scoff he utter'd ; swift return'd
 The Indian grim. 'Tis fit that Tisapherne
 Shou'd yield all honour to the king of Ind, 590
 Nor dare to rival him in chivalry.

Proud Tisaphernes shook his head and cry'd ;
 Oh ! that I here was master of my will,
 That I had liberty to use my sword ! 594
 Who slow, who weakest is, shou'd soon be seen ;
 Nor thou, nor all thy boasts affright my soul,
 But love, my foe, I dread, and this fair dame.

He

Hé ceas'd, with fierce defy Adrastus rose,
But all in haste Armida interpos'd.

Will you (she cry'd) thus rob me of the gift 600
Which each has vow'd ; my champions are ye all,
And let that title be the bond of love,
Of amity, and peace ; he that's displeas'd,
Displeas'd is with me, these injuries
Are done to me, me only they offend. 605
She spoke, and with an iron yoke restrain'd
Their indignation and discordant souls.

This Vafrine saw, and heard, and parted
thence

Anxious, for fatal treason he discern'd
Against the Christian leader was contriv'd, 610
Yet wist not what it was : importunate
A thousand ways he sought to find the truth
Momentous, and the num'rous difficulties
He met with, added still to his desire ;
All risks resolv'd to run, resolv'd to die 615
Or learn the mighty secret ; various ways
Of sly intellience he try'd, and form'd
Various and artful wiles, yet all in vain
His labour, and the dark conspiracy
Still undiscover'd lay : fortune at length, 620
What wisdom cou'd not do, the arduous knot
Of doubt unravell'd, and made manifest
The dangerous designs, by Paynim art
And treason, for the Christian chief prepar'd.

Thither the spy return'd again, where sat 625
The angry lover 'midst her armed knights :

Much might be learn'd, much seen, Vafrine
deem'd

In that assembly of so many knights
Such various bands compos'd; there he accosts
A lovely damsel, and with courteous terms 630
Commences his acquaintance, knowledge old
And friendship feigns, and knightly courtesy.

He said, as if in sport, wou'd some fair dame
Chuse me her champion, proud Godfredo's head
Or young Rinaldo's shou'd the sharpness feel 635
Of my broad cutlax; sweet and gentle dame
Ask me some barb'rous Christian baron's head,
For I have vow'd my service to your charms:
Thus he began, and hop'd by slow degrees
To turn at length from empty compliment 640
Their talk to graver subjects As he spoke
He smil'd, and smiling 'gan to frame his looks
Unto their antient usage; now advanc'd
Another maid, and heard him, and beheld,
Then bashful said; none other mistress chuse 645
But me, to me thy love and service vow,
I take thee for my champion, and retir'd
Wou'd reason with thee if my knight thou art.

Withdrawn, she thus began: Vafrino well
I know thee, me thou oughtest well to know. 650
Her words and looks the subtle spy amaz'd,
But with a careless smile he turn'd, and said:
Ne'er that I wote till now I saw thy charms,
Tho' worthy to be seen by all the world;
Of this I am assur'd, for different far 655

From

From that which now you gave me is my name,
 Born near Bisertus wide extended coast,
 From Lesbine sprung ; my name is Almanfore.

She answer'd, thine estate, thy race, thy land
 Long since I knew, nor now the truth conceal, 660
 Nor hide thyself from me who am thy friend ;
 If I betray thee take my forfeit life :

I am Erminia, daughter to a king,
 To Tancred once with thee a fellow slave,
 In that kind prison two bless'd months I liv'd, 665
 Under thy virtuous keeping pleas'd to dwell :

You served me with gentlest courtesy,
 The same, the same, I am ; with sharpest eye
 Behold me. Soon Vafrino call'd to mind 669

Her lovely charms, and mark'd her visage sweet :
 By heav'n and yonder sun, (she cries) I swear
 Not to betray thee, all thy doubts remove ;

And when thou shalt return, oh ! bring me back
 To that dear prison and captivity ;
 For in this hateful freedom while I live, 675

Dark are my days, and restless are my nights ;
 Yet if to spy perchance thou here sojourn'st,
 Great is thy fortune, high and wonderful ;

For well I understand their treasons false,
 None other can inform thee : on the dame 680
 He gaz'd, and silent stood : Armida's arts

He fear'd, and ponder'd much, nor need he
 learn

Women have tongues of craft, and treach'rous
 minds ;

They will, they will not ; they are fools who
trust

Their secrecy or truth, their care or love, 685
For in their speech is death, hell in their smile.

At last he said, if hence thou wilt depart
I will become thy guide ; on this resolv'd
They part till fitter time, intent on flight
Ere thence the camp remove : that season fits 690

Them best, Vafrino quits Armida's throne
And proud pavilion, to the virgin band
Returns Erminia, and a while delays ;
In light and jesting sort of her new knight
She talks till the appointed time is come : 695

Then to th' appointed place she past unseen,
Where Vafrine her abode ; there swift they mount
And fly the Paynim camp, in deserts waste
And wide they now arrive, and far behind
Left the pavilions of the Saracens : 700

When Vafrine thus began, now, royal dame !
Relate what treasons false against the life
Of Good Godfredo are contriv'd : Return'd
The beauteous maid, and all their snares and
wiles

From their first origin reveals. Eight knights 705
There are (she thus began) of valour great,
Of whom the strong Orinondo is most brave,
These, urg'd by scorn or hatred, have conspir'd
And this their purpose ; (on that fatal day
That must decide the Asian empire, 710
And the vast host contend in mortal war)

To

To score their targets with the Christian cross,
And arm themselves like Franks ; such as the
guard

Of Godfrey, cloath'd in robes of white and gold,
Ev'n such will be their habit and their dress. 715

Yet each will bear a token on his helm

Known to the Saracens ; when both the camps

Mix to the horrid conflict, and contend

For victory, then will they watch the time

Insidiously to pierce Godfredo' breast, 720

Beneath the semblance of his faithful guards ;

And all their weapons are with poison arm'd,

And ev'ry wound they give will carry death.

Me did the Paynims force, because I knew

The arms and ensigns of the Christian bands, 725

To frame those feigned arms : I was compell'd

To that unpleasing task, this is the cause

That I detest their camp, and strive to fly

Such arrogant demands : mine heart abhors

The name of treason and the thoughts of
guile, 730

Nor will I stain mine hands by horrid fraud :

This is the cause, but not the cause alone.

And then she ceas'd, and blush'd, and on the
earth

Cast down her eyes, and feign wou'd have re-
call'd

Her last words, which were utter'd undistinct : 735

Vafrino, who wou'd all the secret learn

Which she thro' virgin modesty conceal'd,

Began : oh, beauteous dame ! of little faith,
 Why from your faithful servant thus conceal
 Your thoughts and your intention ? Vafrine
 spoke, 740

Sad sigh'd from the bottom of her breast
 The love-sick maid, and from her ruby lips
 The words, slow, trembling came ; when thus she
 said.

Fruitless, untimely, painful to observe,
 Fond modesty ! farewell : Erminia now 745
 Regards thee not, why strive you ? wherefore
 hope ?

Alas ! too cautious with your idle fire
 To hide the blaze of love : such cares alas !
 Befoem great queens, not wandring lonely maids.

Thus then the princess told the mournful
 tale : 750

Fatal to me, and to my native land
 Was that dire night, in which great Antioch
 Was conquer'd, and the poor Erminia lost,
 More lost than was her country : my distress
 There ended not, but thence began my woe ; 755
 Light was the loss of empire and of friends,
 For with my princely crown I lost myself,
 Ne'er to be found again : my sense, mine heart,
 My reason, all was lost ; Vafrine ! thou know'st
 That frighted at the blood I saw around 760
 And barbarous massacre, thro' rage and death
 I ran to thy victorious lord and mine,
 When first he entred terrible in arms

My

My father's palace : at his feet I kneel'd
 And weeping cry'd, oh ! mercy, ransom, grace, 765
 Unconquerable victor ! for my life
 I ask not, but preserve my virgin flow'r
 From horrid violation : with his hand
 The gen'rous warrior rais'd me, nor endur'd
 My further speech : oh ! lovely maid (he cries) 770
 Of me you shall not refuge ask in vain ;
 I will be your defender : from that voice
 Pierced my tender heart a sweetness strange,
 And captive took my soul ; thro' all my breast
 The soft infection crept, and now became 775
 A cureless wound, a fierce and quenchless fire.
 With kindest speech he oft did visit me,
 And shar'd the sorrow that he sought to ease ;
 I give thee ample liberty, I give
 Thy beauty all my spoils, freely depart : 780
 Great was the spoil the gen'rous victor took
 And small what he restor'd ; for much enslav'd,
 My soul was captive, and my body free :
 He gave me back what lightly I esteem'd,
 And kept by force dominion o'er mine heart : 785
 But who can hide their love ! oft of his worth
 With thee I talk'd, thou saw'st into my soul
 And said, Erminia, sure thou art in love ;
 But I deny'd, for virgins must deny,
 And yet my sighs, and looks, and tears, de-
 clar'd 790
 Too well the passion that devour'd my heart,
 And ev'ry gesture told instead of words

The

The love with which I burn'd ; unfortunate,
 Untimely silence ! cou'd I not have sought
 A medicine for this fatal malady, 795
 Since now I to my passion give the reins,
 When none that hears me can allay my grief :
 From him I parted, and within my breast
 Conceal'd my wound, of all my help and hope
 Death was the chief ; at length resistless love 800
 Pluck'd off the bridle of respect and shame,
 And caus'd me seek my lord : for he alone
 That made me sick cou'd cure me, on a band
 Of cruel soldiers I mischanc'd to fall
 Ambush'd in woods ; and hardly did I scape 805
 Being their prey, to distant wildernesses
 I fled, and liv'd in solitary caves
 Midst shepherds daughters blythe, and gentle
 grooms,
 The happy dwellers of the forests wild :
 But when desire, which fear had late sup-
 press'd 810
 Reviv'd again, I left the peaceful woods
 And rode the way I came, and luckless met
 New dangers, not to be escap'd by flight :
 A band sent forth to forage and to spoil
 Encounter'd me, Egyptians were the troops 815
 Who carry'd me to Gaza : to their chief
 They gave me as a present, him I won
 To courtesy, that honoured and chaste
 I since have with the fair Armida liv'd :
 Thus have I oft been taken, oft escap'd, 820
 This

This is the fatal story of my life,
 So oft a captive, and so often freed,
 I yet remain a slave ; nor let the knight
 That did so bind mine heart in tender bonds
 Which none but he can loose, discourteous say ; 825
 Go, errant damsel ! elsewhere make sojourn
 With me thou shalt not live ; with gentle speech
 Let him receive me in my prison old,
 And bless me there with long sought liberty.

Thus spoke Erminia, and by night and day 830
 They hasten on their journey ; thro' high roads
 Vafрино past not, but a path more safe
 He found, and quite unknown ; at length they
 come

Nigh to the walls of holy Solyma,
 What time into the ocean sunk the sun, 835
 And night up flew, and darken'd all the east.
 With drops of blood besmear'd they found the
 grafs,

And saw, where lay a warrior lately slain
 That all bebled the earth ; heav'n-ward his face
 Was turn'd, he frown'd, and threat'ned even in
 death, 840

His habit and his armour both betray'd
 He was a Pagan ; forward past the squire,
 And saw, not distant thence, another chief
 Dead on the land, he hastily exclaim'd :
 This is a Christian : by the dubious light 845
 He mark'd his dress and arms, and loos'd his
 helm ;

He

He saw his face, and all astonish'd, cry'd.
Here lies Tancredo slain : the woful dame
Who late had stop'd to mark the savage looks
Of the proud Paynim warrior, when she heard 850
That mournful exclamation, which had pierc'd
Her heart with sharpest sorrow, thither ran
At Tancred's name, with swiftest speed, distract
And wild with grief : soon as his face she saw,
Bloodless and pale, so lovely once and fair, 855
Headlong to earth the virgin fell, forth burst
A thousand springs of tears, and thus at length
From her sad breast, words mixt with sighs found
way.

Hither why bring'st thou me, ah fortune
blind !

Where lies the hero dead for whom I liv'd ? 860
Oh, cruel, mournful sight ! after long time
Of bitter absence I have found my lord,
My Tancred ; yet he hears me not, nor sees
Tho' present, and I only find my love
To lose him here for ever. Oh undone ! 865
Never did I believe that Tancred's fight
Cou'd have been grievous to Erminia :
Now do I wish that I were blind or dead
Not to behold thee, or beheld, not know.
Alas ! where now thy beauty, or thy smiles, 870
And where the fire that sparkled in thine eyes ?
Where are the blushes of thy youthful cheeks,
Thy forehead's whiteness where ? for ever fled :
Tho' frightful is thy form, I love thee still,

Death

Death wounds but kills not love ; yet if thou
liv'st 875

Sweet soul ! within that mangled goary breast,
Forgive my fond desire, my tender stealth,
Grant me cold kisses from those pallid lips,
Since death hath robb'd me of all other bliss
But this sad joy ; all comfort else hath death 880
Snatch'd from the lost Erminia, this pale sad
Bloodless embrace, is all my poor reward
For years of fondness and a life of woe :
Oh gentle mouth ! that when alive did'st sooth
With words of kind complacency and love 885
My sorow and despair ; before my soul
From this frail body fly, with one dear kiss
Comfort a wretched maid undone by thee :
Perchance if we alive had hap'd to meet,
They had been giv'n which now are stol'n. Oh
vain 890

Oh feeble life ! now pass into his lips,
Oh let me kiss thee first, then let me die !
Receive my yielding spirit, and with thine
Guide it to heav'n, the dwelling place of love.

She said, and sigh'd ; forth gush'd the silver
tears, 895

The streams of bitter sorrow ; with those show'rs
The warrior chief reviv'd, and just unclos'd
His languid lips, his lips, but still his eyes
Were shut, and from his breast one sigh found
way

To

To mix with hers : soon mark'd the woful
dame 900

That Tancred breath'd and groan'd, which to her
grief

Some comfort gave ; my lord, my love, (she said)

Unclose thine eyes ! behold what tears I pay

To thy remembrance, and perform the last

Sad service that the dead can ere require : 905

Behold Erminia dies to see thee thus,

And bears her part, her portion in thy pain :

Behold me, small indeed is that request,

The last that thou can'st grant, or I demand.

The chief look'd up, then clos'd again his
eyes 910

Heavy and dim, and she renew'd her woe.

Vafrine exclaim'd, untimely is this grief,

First cure him, then deplore his fate and thine ;

Off from his limbs in haste he rends the arms,

She, trembling, faint assists ; then ev'ry wound 915

She felt, experienc'd in the sanient art,

And soon had hopes of life : from vast fatigue

And loss of blood his greatest anguish sprung :

Nought but her veil amidst those deserts vast

She had to bind his wounds, but other bands 920

Cou'd love provide, tho' strange, and pity wept

For joy at such a deed ; her amber locks

She tore, and wip'd with them the blood away,

And bandag'd ev'ry wound : too small, too thin

The veil she wore to fasten those deep hurts, 925

Nor salve, nor simple had she ; yet she knew

Strong

Strong charms of magic potency prepar'd
 For such extremity ; them did she use,
 Which quickly drove him from that death-like
 sleep :

At length he rais'd his weak and wand'ring
 eyes 930

And saw his squire, and saw the courteous dame
 In foreign habit strange ; and then he spoke.

Say, Vafrine, whence thou com'st ? what chance
 hath brought

Thee to this desert ? say, if yet thou know'st
 Who is this gentle surgeon ? at such words 935

She smil'd and sigh'd together ; she rejoyc'd
 And wept, and with the rose's lovely bloom
 Painted her lily cheeks : you shall know all,
 (She cries) but now your surgeon orders rest
 And silence ; you shall soon regain your health, 940
 Soon find a recompence for all my care.

Then in her bosom sweet his head she laid.

Mean time, Vafriño thought how to convey
 His wounded master to some place secure
 Ere night obscur'd the world ; when lo ! a
 troop 945

Of soldiers swift advanc'd ; them he descry'd
 To be the bands of Tancred ; when the huge
 Circassian met him, and to single fight
 Challeng'd the Christian prince, with him they
 were,

But follow'd not, for sternly he forbade, 950
 And came to seek him now for long he stay'd :

Un-

Unnumber'd squadrons also fought the knight,
 But these alone succeeded in their search ;
 Upon their friendly arms a seat they rais'd, 954
 Whereon the warrior lay, when thus exclaim'd
 The gen'rous Christian : shall the mangl'd corpse
 Of great Argantes, in this wild be left
 For wolves and crows a prey ? forbid it fame
 And knightly honour, of his just renown
 And sepulchre defraud not that brave knight : 960
 I war not with the dead, boldly he fell
 And nobly was he kill'd : there is no cause
 To rob him of his glory, which alone
 Lasts after death. He spoke, a num'rous band
 Up-rais'd the Paynim dead, and bore him off 965
 After his Christian foe : the gentle squire
 Beside Erminia rode, as one that us'd
 To guard her in such perilous emprise.

Thus spoke the prince : not to my wonted tent
 Convey me, but to holy Solyma, 970
 That if by human chance this thread of life
 Be broke, and I expire, there may I die,
 Where dy'd th' immortal man, the son of God !
 And find from that an easier path to heav'n :
 Thus will it comfort my expiring soul, 975
 To have perform'd my long vow'd pilgrimage.

He said, to Solyma they bore the knight ;
 Lay'd on a bed of down at length he shar'd
 The blessings of repose : Vafrine obtain'd
 A close apartment, secret, far remov'd, 980
 Where might the gentle dame a while sojourn ;
 That

That done, to Godfrey's presence swift he came,
 And entrance found; for till the spy return'd
 Nought of their future motions was resolv'd,
 Their council only hung on his report. 985

Upon the bed where wounded Raymond lay
 The good Godfredo sat, around the chief
 Of lords and peers a noble circle stood,
 The bravest, wisest of the Christian host:
 There while the spy his late discov'ries told, 990
 To break his talk none ask'd, and none reply'd.

Great prince, (he said) I went at your com-
 mand

And view'd the Paynim host, the Paynim camp;
 But the innumerable multitudes
 Of that great army think not I can tell; 995
 I saw their squadrons cover all the plains,
 The vallies and the hills: I saw, they spoil'd
 The land what way so ere they went, and drank
 The streams and fountains up; nor Jordan's flood
 Cou'd give them drink, nor fruitful Syria grain: 1000
 Yet is the greatest part of foot and horse
 An useless and unwarlike multitude,
 That keep no order, and no signals know,
 That draw no sword, but at a distance fight:
 Tho' still the Persian armies are compos'd 1005
 Of many an hardy band, and yet more strong
 The caliph's troop, th' immortal squadron nam'd;
 Justly immortal call'd; for never one
 Is wanting of that number; to his place
 Who dies, some other chos'n knight succeeds, 1010

And fills the sacred band : of all this host
 The mighty Emireno is the lord,
 Who hath not in those martial multitudes
 His equal, or in valour, or in skill :
 Him hath the caliph order'd to defy 1015
 Thee, and thy Christian troops, in pitched field ;
 And well I know that ere the second day
 Is past, the Paynim armies will arrive :
 But thee, Rinaldo, it doth best behove
 To guard thine head, for which the Pagans
 seek : 1020

For all the prime of Saracens in arms
 Have sworn to give thee combat ; and the fair
 Armida hath herself a guerdon vow'd,
 To that victorious knight who brings thine
 head :

The chief of these is that fam'd Persian
 prince 1025

Brave Altamore, the king of Sarmacand :
 Adrastus then, whose glorious empire lies
 Beneath the rising morn ; a giant huge
 Void of humanity ! instead of horse
 He guides the trunked elephant in war ; 1030
 The third is Tisapherne, of mighty fame
 In arms, of mighty strength, and courage high.

Vafrino ceas'd, from young Rinaldo's eyes
 Flew sparks of wrath, that all his looks enflam'd :
 He long'd to rush amidst these hostile bands, 1035
 Nor cou'd restrain his vast impatience :
 When Vafrine thus the Christian chief address'd ;

The

The greatest news, my lord, is yet untold,
 For all their purposes and councils tend
 To thy destruction : by thy death, they hope 1040
 To stop the progress of the Christian arms :
 Then part by part distinct he 'gan expose
 The compact fraudulent, the feigned arms,
 The ensigns treach'rous, and the poison sure,
 Ormondo's boasts, the promise, and reward. 1045
 He ended, and a silence short ensu'd.
 At length Godfredo to Raymondo turn'd,
 Then thus : Oh ! what thy council ; soon reply'd
 The prudent warrior. Not as we design'd
 With the new morn must we assault the tow'r 1050
 Of Solyma, but girt it with a siege,
 That those within may have no issue free
 To sally on our troops : then let our camp
 Be well provided, rested, and prepar'd
 Against this last great labour of the war ; 1055
 After determine, or in pitched field
 To combat, or this fortress strong maintain.

As it hath even done (the duke return'd)
 Thy council shews thy friendship, wisdom, skill ;
 But what you have left doubtful, I resolve : 1060
 We will go forth against the Paynim hosts ;
 To rest secur'd in fortress, or in camp,
 Doth ill beseem the conqueror of the east :
 Once more our strength and valour let us try
 In open daylight, and the pitched field : 1065
 Nor can the Paynim bands sustain the fame
 Of our great conquests, or our victor looks,

Much less our dreadful arms : this host subdu'd
Ours is the Asian world, our empire then
Is fix'd on sure foundations ; this proud tow'r 1070
Will then submit, or but resist in vain.

The gen'rous warrior ended, and the chiefs
Each to their station parted, for the stars
Fast set, and call'd to rest the weary'd world.





THE
A R G U M E N T.

CANTO the Twentieth.



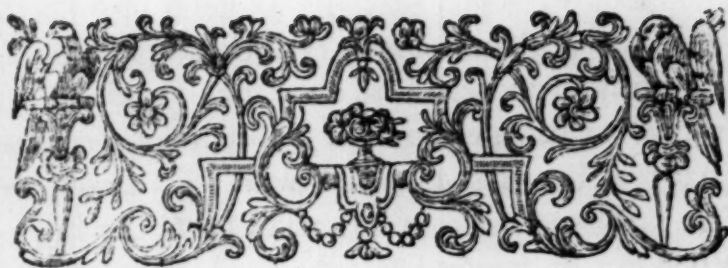
THE Egyptian host arrives ; the disposition of the two armies ; the engagement begins ; Soliman sallies out from the castle and makes a terrible slaughter among the Christians ; Edward and Gildippes are both killed by him ; Rinaldo revenges their death ; Soliman, Adrastus, Tisaphernes, fall by the hand of that hero, who pursues, and overtaking Armida, is reconciled to her. Aladine the old sultan of Jerusalem

ARGUMENT.

Jerusalem is slain by Raymond, and Emiren the general of the Egyptian army by Godfredo, who chases the flying Pagans with prodigious slaughter; their camp is taken, and their army wholly destroy'd: Jerusalem thus being delivered, Godfredo returns thanks in the temple to the Almighty for his glorious conquest, which concludes this wonderful poem.



THE



THE
DELIVERY
OF
JERUSALEM.



OW had the sun summon'd the busy
world

To labour, and ten hours of toilsome
day

Were past, when the bold troop of Sa-
racens

Who held the Solymean tow'r, discern'd

From far a sudden mist like clouds arise

And darken all the earth ; at length they saw

T 4

5
Th'

Th' Egyptian camp, which all the heav'n ob-
scur'd

With horrid gloom, for ev'ry hill and plain
The army overspread ; at once they rais'd
From their besieged tow'r a joyful shout 10
That rent heav'n's concave : with less rumour fly
The noisy cranes from Thracia's barb'rous hills,
When stormy winter loads the troubled air
With hail and snow, and pale becomes the day,
To warmer regions they resort in clouds 15
With clang prodigious, from the tempests cold
And furious winds retiring : all inspir'd
By ready hope prepar'd themselves for arms,
Their hands to fight, their tongues to threat pre-
par'd.

Well knew the christian bands from whence
their rage 20
And hardy threat proceeded, for they mark'd
From ev'ry port the vast Egyptian host,
And saw how great her numbers, strength and
pride ;
Swelled their breasts with valour's noble heat,
Battle and fight they wish'd : the ardent youth 25
All ask'd of their unconquer'd general
Signal for instant combat ; all inflam'd
Murmur'd at his delay. The chief deny'd,
Brid'ling their ardour 'till th' ensuing morn,
Nor yet with sudden skirmish wou'd he make 30
Vain trial of his adversaries strength :
'Tis fit (he cries) after so many wars

One

One day you shou'd repose ; for thus he meant
In his vain enemies the idle hope
To cherish of their strength. Each man at
arms 35

Each private soldier, ready, anxious stood
Watching the morn's first beams ; nor was the
sky

Ever before so lovely and serene
As when that memorable day appear'd,
The merry morning smil'd, and seem'd to wear 40
Upon her silver crown the golden sun ;
And without cloud heav'n its redoubled light
Bent down to see this field : when first he
mark'd

The springing morn, forth from great Solyma
In sure array Godfredo brought his host, 45
And to besiege the tyrant Aladine
With all the faithful bands Raymondo left,
Who from the Syrian towns had joyn'd their arms
To succour their deliverer ; and huge
Their numbers were, with them an hardy band 50
Of Gascoigners he plac'd, well prov'd, oft try'd
In many a dang'rous fray : such were the looks
Of this great warrior, that in his face
Sure conquest shone, and radiant victory :
The favour of Jehovah blaz'd around, 55
And greater did he seem and more august
Than ever ; noblest in his count'nance dwell'd,
And on his cheek youth's purple light did smile.

Nor

Nor had he far advanc'd, ere he beheld
 In opposition dire, the mighty host 60
 Of his proud foes, who waited his approach.

A neighb'ring hill with suddenness he seiz'd,
 Which guarded on the left and rear his troops :
 Broad in the front along the plain he stretch'd
 His ardent bands, and narrow made the flank ; 65
 His strong battalions in the 'midst he plac'd ;
 His rapid squadrons form'd the distant wings :
 Far to the left, spread underneath the bent
 Of the steep hill that fav'd his flank and rear,
 The Roberts fam'd in arms, with all their troops 70
 He marshall'd : his great brother led to war
 The middle ward, down to the open plain
 Dang'rous and broad extending : to the right
 In person march'd the mighty warrior ;
 For with their numbers there his enemies 75
 Design'd the Christian squadrons to surround ;
 There all his Lorrainers, and men at arms,
 His chos'n bands, he plac'd ; and interlin'd
 Archers amidst the ranks, a kind of foot
 Us'd to that service : the advent'ers fam'd 80
 In one great troop he form'd with closed files,
 And plac'd them by themselves upon the right ;
 The great, the brave Rinaldo, was their guide.

To whom the Duke ; in thee our hope is
 fixt

Of conquest, this momentous day depends 85
 On thee, and on thy valour ; thou remain
 Behind this mighty wing so far display'd

With

With thy unconquer'd squadron : when the troops
Of Saracens our army wou'd furround,
Then charge them, then what they intend, pre-
vent :

90

For the Egyptians purpose, or my thought
Deceives me, to inclose our flanks, and charge
Our army in the rear : then thro' the host
From band to band he rode, and view'd them all
Squadrons and foot ; the hero's face was bare, 95
His beaver up, lighten'd his eyes, his looks
Shot fire, he cheers the weak and diffident,
And comforts those that hope ; then to the bold
Recounts their former boasts, and to the brave
His perilous adventures safely past ; 100
These bids he look for glory, those reward.

At length Godfredo stops where all the prime
And noblest stood assembled ; from a bank
Them he address, and all who heard his words
New courage took ; even as the molten snow 105
Tumbles in torrents from the mountains cold,
So from his prudent lips ready and loud
Fell potent eloquence. Oh, chiefs renown'd !
Scourge of the heathen fone, ye conquerors
Of Asia ! now the wish'd for day is come, 110
The last great triumph of your victories
Which ye so long desir'd : not without cause
Hath heav'n here gather'd all the rebel force
Of Infidels, and here assembled all
His enemies, and ours ; that one day's fight 115
May finish many wars ; here shall we make

In

In one, unnumber'd conquests ; and the toil
 The danger will be nothing ; in your hearts
 Grant not a place for apprehension,
 Nor dread the number of your enemies ; 120
 For strife and envy thro' their army reigns,
 And intricate, confus'd is their array :
 Small is the number of their combatants,
 For many courage want, and many room ;
 The multitudes that now you must oppose 125
 Are men, half naked, without strength, or
 skill,

From idleness or wretched slavery
 Forced to carry arms, and drag'd to war :
 Shiver e'en now their swords, shiver their shields,
 I see their ensigns shake, their armies shake, 130
 Perplext their motions, and confus'd their sounds,
 Sure signs of slaughter and discomfiture !
 Their chief, who clad in purple and in gold
 Marshals their squadrons, and so fierce ap-
 pears,

The Moors and wild Arabians might subdue, 135
 But can't resist the Christians hardihood :
 What can he do ? tho' valiant, wise, and strong,
 In that confusion, tumult, and dismay,
 Ill known he is, and worse he knows his host ;
 Strange lords are ill obey'd, and little fear'd. 140
 Soldiers ! ye know me all, the mighty lord
 Of this elected army : we have fought
 Together oft, and conquer'd ; ye have long
 Obey'd me, I your countries and descent

Have

Have known of old ; each blood-stain'd sword I
know

145

Thro' all this host, and ev'ry arrow mark,
Altho' the quarrel flies into the clouds,
Whether of France, or rude Ierne's isle,
And what the mighty bow, and what the hand.
I ask an easy and an usual thing :
Do, as ye oft have done, o'ercome your foes :
Let the remembrance of your former deeds,
Your honour, mine, the honour of our God
Inspire your souls with more than wonted
strength ;

150

Go forth, ye champions of the Lord of Hosts, 155
Trample to earth these cursed infidels,
And stablish sure your holy vast conquest :
What need I more exhort you, for I mark
In ev'ry look the flame of victory,
Ye have already conquer'd. Here he ceas'd, 160
And on his head there seem'd a wond'rous star
From highest heav'n to fall, that cast around
A light ineffable, such as doth oft
Drop from the azure mantle of the night,
Shedding a splendor like the lightning's blaze ; 165
But from the bosom of the burning sun
Proceeded this, and like a crown inclos'd
The great Godfredo's head ; as some believ'd
A sign of future empire, and perchance
(If mortal thought can judge of things divine) 170
This was the guardian angel, that from high
Came

Came down, and spread his wings around the chief.

While thus Godfredo form'd the Christian hosts,

And thus encouraged the warrior knights ;
 The mighty Emireno was not slow 175
 With haughty words to fire his savage bands ;
 Forth to the field he drew his squadrons huge
 In battalious array, soon as he spy'd
 The Franks advancing standards, and his host
 Like the new moon did spread ; the infantry 180
 Made strong the middle battle, and the horse
 Compos'd the bending wings ; he for himself
 Reserv'd the guidance of the right, the left
 Was Altamoro's charge ; the middle ward
 Proud Muleaffes led, and there was plac'd 185
 The fair Armida's band of glitt'ring knights :
 With proud Adraustus stood the Indian hosts
 Far to the right, the caliph's chosen troops
 Led on by Tisaphernes : to the left
 Great Altamoro spread his squadrons strong, 190
 Inclos'd by African and Persian kings,
 And Meröe's tawny monarchs ; all the bands
 Light arm'd, of slingers and of bowmen bold,
 He plac'd in proper stations : thus his host
 Proud Emireno marshall'd, and rode forth 195
 From rank to rank thro' all the vast array,
 And all address'd, or by interpreters
 Or by himself, and mix'd with praise rebuke,
 With punishment reward : to this he cry'd.

Soldier

Soldier look up, ours is the victory, 200
Banish such shameful fear; how dareth one
Against an hundred fight, our cry, our shade
Will scare the feeble legions of the Franks.

To that, he thus exclaim'd. Go, valiant
man!

Go, tear his prey forth from the lion's paw. 205

To some, the prudent chieftain represents
The image of his country desolate;
His house, his wife, and children, who demand
Vengeance against these spoilers: oh! believe
In words like these you hear that country
spake. 210

Defend my laws, my sacred temples guard,
Oh! let not slaughter shed thy people's blood;
From violation oh! protect my maids,
And save the tombs of thy fam'd ancestors:
To thee the venerable fires look up 215
For safety, shew thee their uncover'd heads
Hoary and old: thy tender wife to thee
Shews her torn bosom, all bedew'd with tears,
Shews thee thy infant sons, and marriage bed.

To all the rest he cries: ye chos'n bands, 220
Champions of Asia! shew your worthiness
And take a terrible and just revenge
On these barbarian robbers: thus he fir'd
By various arts, in various tongues express'd,
The sundry nations to the fatal war. 225
And now on either side the leaders ceas'd,
On either side the furious hosts advance.

It

It was a terrible and glorious fight,
When front to front the hostile armies mov'd ;
How ev'ry troop was marshall'd, and advanc'd 230
To battle ; how their standards on the air
Superbly wav'd, and on their glitt'ring crests
Trembled the various plumes : their habits,
arms,

Impress'd, colours, steel, and burnish'd gold,
Sparkled against the sun, and all the field 235
Cover'd with gleams of fire : of mighty oaks
The army seem'd a forest, with such huge
Innumerable spears the ranks were throng'd ;
Bent were their bows, their lances all in rest,
The darts were brandish'd, whiz'd the forceful
slings, 240

And ev'ry war-horse ready stands to charge,
And foams and secondeth his rider's rage ;
Furious he paws the earth, he neighs, he wheels,
And from his nostrils snorteth fire and smoke.
Horror itself in that fair fight seem'd fair, 245
And pleasure dwelt awhile amidst dismay :
The trumpets, harsh, sonorous, terrible,
That thunder'd all around, were musick sweet
To ev'ry list'ning warrior : while the host
Of Franks, tho' smaller far in multitude, 250
More warlike seem'd, more formidably stood,
And sweeter was their marshal harmony,
Clearer their trumpet's voice, more bright their arms.

The Christian trumpets the dire challenge gave,
The Paynims answer'd, and accept the war : 255
Down

Down kneel'd the pious Franks, and paid to
heav'n

Due reverence, and humbly kiss'd the earth :
The space grew less between the furious hosts,
Now vanish'd quite, and close in hideous war
The mighty armies join'd, for now the wings 260
Began the dire debate, and swift and firm
The battles main of infantry advanc'd.

Say, muse, who first of all the Christian bands
The onset gave, and first acquir'd renown ?
Gildippes, beauteous championess ! she struck 265
The huge Ircano, who in Ormus reign'd,
And pierc'd him thro' the breast, such glory
heav'n

Gave to a female arm, transfixt he fell,
And falling prais'd the strength by which he
dy'd.

Her lance thus broke, the hardy dame forth
drew, 270

With her strong hand, a sword of temper fine,
And 'gainst the Persians spurr'd her rapid steed,
Breaking their crowded ranks ; ev'n to the midst
She clove Zopirus huge, headlong he fell
In pieces twain divided : then her strength 275
Struck off Alarco's head, and for his voice
And food a double passage made : a blow
Fell'd mighty Artaserfes : with a thrust
Was Argeus slain ; her sword cut off the hand
Of Ismael, he falling quits the reins, 280
While glanc'd the stroke upon his courser's ears,

Who felt the bridle loose, and wheeling fled
 Breaking the ranks. All these, and many more
 By time forgot, she slew : the Persian hosts
 Enrag'd surround her, urg'd by dire revenge 285
 And ardent for her spoils ; but not delay'd
 In such a perilous hour, to save his wife
 Her faithful valiant husband ; thus conjoyn'd
 The utmost efforts of the foe they stood,
 And doubled was their strength, as well as
 love : 290

Strange was the discipline before unknown,
 Which these illustrious lovers us'd in war,
 For each of self forgetful, only fought
 The other to defend : the warrior dame
 Receiv'd those strokes discharg'd against her
 lord, 295

He to her enemies his shield oppos'd,
 If needful, had oppos'd his naked head :
 Thus each did guard the other, and each took
 Vengeance for th' other's wrong : the foldan fierce
 Of Boecan's island, Artabano nam'd, 300
 Fell by Gildippes sword : Alvantes false
 Who durst his mistress wound, by Edward dy'd ;
 And Arimontes huge who hurt her lord
 Between the eyes she struck, and cleft his front.

Such ruin on the Persian squadrons fell, 305
 But greater slaughter 'midst the pious Franks
 Made Altamoro king of Sarmacande ;
 Where e'er he turn'd his horse and thund'ring
 sword,

He

He flew the infantry and men of arms,
 And happy was the knight that kill'd at once 310
 Fell down, nor groan'd beneath his courser's
 feet.

For those who yet surviv'd, the raging horse
 Tore with his teeth in pieces : by the sword
 Of this great emperor Brunello dy'd
 And huge Ardonio ; this the faulchion clove 315
 Thro' helm and head, and on each shoulder lay
 His goary skull divided : that he pierc'd
 To his heart, and, wond'rous ! cut the secret
 vein.

Where laughter hath its origin : strange chance !
 With hideous smiles he dy'd. Nor these alone 320
 His cursed faulchion of their lives depriv'd,
 But strong Gentonio, Rosimondo good,
 Guasco and Guido by his sword were slain :
 Who knows how many in that dire debate
 Great Altamoro kill'd ! whom his fierce steed 325
 Trampled to earth ! what noble knights ! the
 names

And countries of the slaughter'd warriors
 Who tells ! or who explains their wounds and
 deaths !

No knight however hardy durst confront
 This furious monarch, or in equal field 330
 Encounter ; him alone the warrior dame
 Encounter'd, whose great spirit never knew
 Or doubt or apprehension ; by the banks
 Of Thermodont, did never Amazon

That manag'd steeled ax and moony shield 335
 Appear so bold as she, when all enrag'd
 Against the formidable Persian knight
 She rush'd to combat : terribly she struck
 Where bright with gold and barbarous anmail
 His diadem did on his helmet flame, 340
 And cleft the radiant wreath, and caus'd him bend
 His proud head to the earth ; strong seem'd her
 arm

That cou'd so shake the Persian emperor :
 The Paynim shook for spite, and forward rush'd
 To 'venge the injury, fury and heat 345
 At once impell'd him ; swift upon her front
 He struck the championess a blow so huge,
 That quite of strength and sense depriv'd she fell :
 Her from the ground her faithful Edward's arms
 Up bore ; the fierce Circassian emperor 350
 (Were it their fortune or his gen'rous mind)
 Stay'd his resistless sword : the lion thus
 Proudly beholdeth man when stretch'd on earth,
 And slowly stalks away with sullen scorn.

Mean time Ormondo, to whose cruel hand 355
 Entrusted was the treach'rous enterprize,
 Amidst the Christians with his ensigns false
 Enter'd unseen, and all his barb'rous troops ;
 Ev'n as nocturnal wolves in shew appear
 Like faithful dogs, and aided by the night 360
 In secret to the closed folds approach
 And entrance seek ; the Paynim now advanc'd
 Nigh to the good Godfredo, when at once

His

His colours white and gold the chief espy'd,
 With all his forged ensigns : see (he cries) 365
 The traitor, that in show wou'd seem a Frank,
 Behold ! with all his rash conspirators
 How near he hath advanc'd. Furious he spoke,
 And rush'd upon the villain, mortally
 He struck him, nor the felon strove to fly, 370
 Or ward, or make resistance ; he appear'd
 (Tho' late so bold) as if Medusa's head
 Had turn'd him into stone ; against this troop
 Was ev'ry christian sword and spear oppos'd,
 And ev'ry quiver empty'd ; this false knight 375
 With all his traitors in so many parts
 Were hew'd, that they had scarcely bodies left.

When Godfrey was with Paynim blood bespred,
 He enter'd then the combat, and advanc'd
 Where mighty Altamore with hideous sway 380
 Had broke the Christian squadrons, and dispers'd
 In shameful flight swift as the southern wind
 Scattereth the sands of burning Africa ;
 Them with loud shouts and threats the Christian
 chief

Recall'd and stop'd the tim'rous fugitives, 385
 And chac'd the fierce pursuers ; slaughter there
 Rag'd equally between the shouting hosts,
 Nor Ida, sacred mountain, nor the stream
 Of aged Xanthus, saw so fierce a fight.

And now the battles main of infantry 390
 Engag'd, by Muleasses led to war
 And mighty Baldovin ; while on the hill

Raged the combat twix't the bands of Horfe,
Where barb'rous Emireno 'midst his hoſt
In perſon fought, and mighty Tiſapherne, 395
And huge Adraſtus ; with the Paynim chief
One Robert fought, and equal was the ſtrife ;
The other Robert's Helm the Indian clove
And hew'd away his arms ; from rank to rank
Great Tiſaphernes flew, and met in arms 400
No equal, where the combat thickeſt rag'd
Thither he ruſh'd, and ſpread around the field
Vaſt undiſtinguiſh'd ſlaughter : long the hoſts
In equal war contend'd, hope and fear
In even ballance hung, while all the ground 405
Was ſtrew'd with broken launces, cloven ſhields
And ſcatter'd arms, and ſwords that yet remain'd
Plung'd in the breſts of men, or ſhiver'd lay,
Glitt'ring among the dead ; in heaps the ſlain
Were ſcatter'd, upright ſome, and ſome ſupine, 410
While thoſe that ſtill ſhew'd ſigns of life were ſeen
To tear the ground in hideous agony ;
Beſide his maſter lay the gen'rous ſteed,
There friend with friend lay murder'd, foe with
foe,
The quick beneath the dead, the conqueror 415
Beneath the conquer'd, from the field aroſe
An hoarſe imperfect ſound, a diſmal noiſe
Yet indiftinct, there hideous fury roars,
'There threatens anger, and ſad woe complains ;
The arms that late ſo fair and glorious ſeem'd, 420
Now ſoil'd and ſullen all with blood appear'd ;
The

The steel it's brightness lost, the gold it's blaze,
 The standards now no more retain'd their pride,
 The plumes and feathers of the warriors crests
 Wide on the earth were scatter'd ; either host 425
 Was clad in blood and dust, and all the fields
 Had chang'd their pomp to horror ; such, O war !
 Thy beauties are which charm the hero's soul.

At length th' Arabs, Æthiopians, Moors,
 Of the left wing that held the utmost marge, 430
 Spread forth their bands, and purpos'd to surround
 Their heedless enemies ; the various troops
 Of archers, slingers, terribly infect
 The franks at distance ; them to charge, advanc'd
 The young Rinaldo with th' adventurer's band, 435
 Earthquake and lightning seem'd his haste and
 strength.

Great Asimiro was the first he met,
 Whose throne was rais'd in burning Meroe,
 And led the tawny Æthiops to war ;
 Full on his neck the strong Rinaldo struck, 440
 The sable head down tumbled on the field ;
 The warrior by this sudden victory
 Encreas'd his thirst for slaughter and for death,
 Whole squadrons then beneath his fury sunk,
 Horrid, incredible his deeds, and strange. 445

He gave more deaths than strokes, yet on his
 foes

They lighted like a tempest ; as a snake
 Appears three tongues to brandish, so appear'd
 Rinaldo to the hosts of Araby

To wield three swords ; his motion was so swift
 As quite the eye deluded, terror gave 451
 The dreadful wonder faith. Down fell on heaps
 The Lybian tyrants and the negro kings
 Drown'd each in others blood ; th' adventurers
 band

Taught by their chief's example, charge the foe 455
 With hideous onset, and the Paynim troops
 Are slaughter'd unresisting, it appear'd
 A massacre not fight ; with rage inflam'd
 These slew, and those were slain. Small while
 they stood

With hardy face and suffer'd glorious death, 460
 But fled away ; and terror broke their ranks ;
 The swift Rinaldo chac'd the fugitives
 Till quite dispers'd, that done, from rash pursuit
 He stay'd his victor squadrons, for his soul,
 Scorn'd to strike a flying enemy. 465

Ev'n as the wind when woods or mountains
 rude

Oppose it's passage, with redoubled force
 Rages, and tears it's way, yet with mild blasts
 Gently it sweepeth o'er the level field ;
 Or as against the rugged promontory 470
 The sea waves foam and roar, yet silent swell
 Along the open main ; thus the fierce knight
 When none made opposition, check'd his rage
 And calm'd his angry mood ; Rinaldo scorn'd
 Upon the flying crowds to spend his ire, 475
 But 'gainst the infantry that firm remain'd

Led

Led on his squadrons, and with fierce assault
 Charg'd their unguarded flanks, now open left
 By the discomfit of the Moorish horse :
 With terrible career the men at arms 480
 Rush'd on the Paynim foot : Rinaldo forc'd
 Their thick array, with onset violent
 Breaking their iron ranks, and scatter'd wide
 Their vast battalions : a tempestuous wind
 Thus rushing to the ground the ripen'd corn 485
 Strikes flat ; the mangled corps and frothing blood
 Plaster'd the earth, the furious cavalry
 Without resistance pierce the Paynim ranks
 And trample them to death : then where the car
 Of beautiful Armida blaz'd aloft 490
 In military pomp, all grim in blood
 And dust Rinaldo came ; on ev'ry side
 A guard around the fair enchantress stood
 Of royal lovers, and much chivalry :
 She knew the warrior by his silver arms, 495
 Anger and sweet desire within her looks
 Contended ; at her sight, the warrior chief
 Changed some deal his look, but all her soul
 Was turn'd from frost to fire ; swift by her car
 Rinaldo past, like one whose anxious thought 500
 Was other where employ'd ; yet suffer'd not
 Her band of lovers and of vent'rous knights
 Their rival so to 'scape, one drew his sword
 Another couch'd his lance, and she her self
 Set a sharp arrow in her forceful bow, 505
 Disdain inflam'd her soul, and nerv'd her hand,
 But

But soon her love appeas'd that hasty wrath.

Her tenderneſs her fury thus oppos'd,
 And once again awak'd the ſleeping flame,
 When thrice her angry hand the bow updrew, 510
 And thrice again let go the ſounding ſtring ;
 But wrath prevail'd at laſt, the bow was bent
 Fled forth the winged reed, but with the ſhaft
 This wiſh ſhe ſent, oh may it harmleſs prove !
 Sharp pointed dart return the way thou goeſt 515
 And pierce her heart unkind, that gave you ſtrength
 To wound the lord of her deſires. Such force
 Had love tho' fruitleſs ; what had been it's power
 If happy, and ſucceſſful. Soon the dame
 Repented of her gentle thought, for wrath 520
 And kindneſs in her much perturbed breaſt
 Contended, now ſhe fear'd, and now deſir'd
 The arrow ſhould take place and follow'd it
 With heart and eyes ; yet not in vain the ſhaft
 Was ſent, for on the warrior's hawberk ſtrong 525
 It lighted, much too hard for female ſhaft
 And ſtrength to pierce, it ſhiver'd on the mail;
 He turn'd away, ſhe thought herſelf contemn'd,
 And all enflam'd with rage, new arrows ſhot,
 And while ſhe ſhot, love gave her wound on
 wound. 530

Is he invulnerable then (ſhe cry'd)
 That neither force nor foe he need to fear,
 His limbs in the ſame adamant are arm'd
 That makes his heart ſo hard, no ſtroke when ſent
 From fond Armida's hand or pow'rleſs eyes 535
 Hurts

Hurts him, such rigour doth defend his life ;
Arm'd or disarm'd, his mistress or his foe,
Alike I am neglected and despis'd,
Now what new art remains, and what new form
To which I may be chang'd ? for in my knights
I place no help, nor in my scorn'd charms ; 541
To his great prowess weak is ev'ry arm
And ev'ry strength is vile : thus spoke the dame,
And saw how all her bravest champions fell
Beneath his thundring sword, or fled away ; 545
By all forsaken now, no hope remain'd
No succour, tho' a glittering spear she held
As well as bow, yet weak Minerva's arms
Like Dian's were ; ev'n as the fearful swan,
That sees the furious eagle on the wing 550
Threatning with talons strong to tear her flesh
And silver plumes, falls down, and safety seeks
The shady brooks among ; so tim'rous seem'd
Armida's motions. Her the Persian prince
The valiant Altamore beheld, who fought 555
From shameful flight his squadrons to recall
That fled, while he alone maintain'd the war,
In terrible discomfiture ; he saw
The goddess of his love distress'd, and ran
Nay flew to succour her, and quite forgot 560
His honour and his troops ; if she be safe
Let all the world be lost ; with furious strides
To that ill guarded chariot rush'd the king,
His weapon thro' the bloody files of war
An hideous passage made, his feeble bands 565
Mean-

Meanwhile Godfredo and Rinaldo flew ;
 He saw the slaughter, nor his purpose chang'd,
 A better lover than a general,
 He set Armida safe, and then return'd,
 Return'd too late, his army was destroy'd.

Upon that wing with tumult and dismay 570
 The Paynim nations fled, but on the right
 The Christians yield, such mighty vantage gain'd
 The Egyptian bands, from furious Emiren
 One of the Roberts wounded nigh to death
 Hardly escap'd, the other was constrain'd 575
 To yield himself a captive and a slave,
 To the strong Indian : thus the adverse host
 Had equal victory, and equal foil.

Godfredo took this season opportune
 Again to place his squadrons in array, 580
 And either wing, in strongest order form'd,
 Renew'd the desp'rate battle ; on the plains
 New streams of blood were shed, new combats fought,
 New spoils obtain'd ; the glory the Success
 Was equal still, and Mars and fortune stalk'd 585
 Yet unresolv'd between th' encount'ring hosts.
 While thus the bloody slaughter equal rag'd,
 Between the Christian and the Paynim troops,
 Up to the turret's height the foldan clomb
 And mark't far off the combat, and beheld, 590
 As on a well adorned theatre
 The desp'rate tragedy of human state ;
 Saw all the horror of relentless death,
 The charging hosts, the scenes of blood and woe,
 And

And the great acts of fortune and of change : 595
 At first he seem'd astonish'd and amaz'd,
 Then burn'd with wrath and self consuming fire ;
 Swelled his bosom like a raging flood
 To be amidst that battle ; such the thirst
 Of slaughter that enflam'd him, such his haste : 600
 He donn'd his plumed helm, his other arms
 Already cas'd his limbs ; up, up (he cry'd)
 No more, no more within this fortress stay,
 Come, follow me to conquest or to death.

Whether 'twas all directing providence 605
 That with this desp'rate purpose fir'd his soul,
 For that the empire proud of Palestine
 That day should fall, to rise again more blest ;
 Or that he found inevitable fate,
 Approaching, and would nobly meet his death 610
 With constant resolution ; furious, fierce,
 Open he flung the gates, and like a storm
 Pour'd forth th' imprison'd war, nor did he stay
 Untill assembled were his bold compeers,
 But issu'd out alone, and by himself 615
 A thousand foes defy'd ; his dreadful steps
 With all his troops old Aladine pursu'd,
 The coward and the prudent then alike
 Threw off all dread and caution ; 'twas not hope
 That urg'd them, 'twas not courage, 'twas des-
 pair. 620

The dreadful Turk with mighty blows o'erturn'd
 Whom first he met, so sudden the attack
 And slaughter, that the Syrian armies fell

Dead

Dead on the field, ere one cou'd see them slain ;
 From rank to rank, from mouth to mouth forth
 past 625

Terror and fear, the faithful multitudes
 Of Syrians, unaccustom'd to such fight
 Were all disorder'd ; but with less dismay
 And tumult, still the hardy Gaicoigners 629
 Maintain'd their dangerous station, tho' assail'd
 Unwares ; no rav'ning tooth of savage beast
 Or hungry eagle's talon, ever spread
 So great a slaughter thro' the bleeding fold,
 Or thin'd an unresisting flock of birds
 With half the ruin, that the Soldan's sword 635
 Amidst the Christians made ; for it did seem
 As if he wou'd assuage his burning thirst
 With blood, and feed upon their mangled limbs.

Old Aladine and all his desp'rate band
 Slew the besiegers, or dispers'd in flight ; 640
 While good Raymondo hasted to oppose
 The force of Soliman, nor urg'd by doubt
 Shrunk from the dire encounter, tho' he knew
 By proof the force of his great foeman's arm, 644
 Which laid him once for dead ; the warriors met ;
 Raymondo fell ; the weighty blow took place
 Once more upon his forehead, 'twas the fault
 Of age, not his, of age unfit to bear
 Strokes of such might ; at once on either side
 Arose a thousand swords, a thousand shields, 650
 These wou'd destroy the chief, and those defend ;
 But Soliman his dreadful course pursu'd,

For

For dead he thought him or an easy prey.
The furious Soldan mingled in the war,
And in short time surprizing deeds perform'd, 655
Wher'e'er his madness and his fury led,
To seek new objects for his murd'rous sword ;
To a rich feast thus from his supper poor
An hungry peasant hastes, as from this strife
The Soldan hasted to a greater war, 660
Distracted with his thirst for human blood
Swift o'er the broken walls he forc'd his way,
And all in haste and fury fought the field :
Madness and terror his companions went,
Dismay he left behind amidst his foes ; 665
To win the victory the Paynims strove
Which he had left imperfect, and the bands
Of Christians, loth to suffer such defeat
Still made resistance, tho' already fear
Had enter'd midst the wavering multitudes. 670

In firm array the Gascoigners retir'd,
The Syrians fled confus'd : and now the throng
Of fugitives had reach'd the place, where lay
The good Tancredo ; tumult and affright
Enter'd the house : at once the warrior rose 675
And looked forth, tho' weak was ev'ry limb,
And void of strength ; he saw Raymondo lie
Prostrate on earth, he saw the Christian bands
Broken, dispers'd, and slaughter'd and destroy'd.

Courage in noble souls is never spent, 680
Nor faileth, tho' the body fails ; the chief
Felt ev'ry wounded member reforc'd,

And

And want of blood was wondrously supply'd
 By the strange secret power of fortitude ; 684
 With his left hand he seiz'd his pondrous shield
 Nor seem'd the weight too great, his right hand drew
 His curtlaix, other arms he needeth not
 Whose heart is arm'd with resolution ;
 Then rushing forth, the warrior knight exclaim'd :
 Oh ! whither run ye, wretched fugitives ! 690
 Leaving your leader to his foes a prey ?
 What shall these heathens in their impious mosques
 Hang up his arms in triumph ? hence, retire
 To Gascoigny, and tell his son, that where
 His father dy'd, ye fled : inflam'd he spoke, 695
 Then, with his wounded limbs and naked breast,
 Singly oppos'd a thousand armed foes.

With his broad shield the dauntless warrior
 (Which with seven hard bull hides was surely lin'd
 And strengthen'd with a bright and ample plate
 Of well temper'd steel) shielded his friend 701
 From thousand swords, and darts, and various arms ;
 His sword drove back the crowding enemies,
 And safe as in a shade Raymondo lay :
 The venerable chieftain 'gan respire 705
 At length, and rais'd himself ; vengeance and wrath
 Burn'd in his bosom with redoubled rage,
 Shame in his face, and fury in his heart ;
 His fiery eyes on every side he turn'd,
 In search of his redoubted enemy, 710
 He sees him not, and rages ; then prepares
 To take a dire revengement on his foes :

The

The Gascoigners return, the angry bands
 Follow their lord for vengeance, and the troops
 That lately chac'd the Christian hosts recoil'd, 715
 For confident and bold advanc'd to war
 Those who so lately fled; and they who chac'd
 Retir'd in wild disorder, thus at once
 Changed the state of things: Raymondo then 719
 Dire vengeance took, and with an hundred deaths
 One fall reveng'd: as thus with slaughter huge
 On the proud heads of captains and of peers
 He wreak'd his indignation; Sion's king
 Amidst the crowd of combatants he mark'd, 724
 And 'gainst the tyrant rush'd; high on his helm
 He smote, nor ceas'd, till helm and head he
 clove:

Down fell the prince, and with an horrid pang
 Dying, he bit the land in which he reign'd.

One leader absent far, and one destroy'd,
 Confusion fell upon the Paynim band; 730
 Some in despair rush'd headlong on their foes
 To find immediate death; others dismay'd
 Fled to the fortress, with the fugitives
 The victors mingled enter, and at length 734
 Compleat the glorious conquest: now the tow'r
 Was won, and all who thither fled destroy'd:
 Up to the highest battlements ascends
 Raymondo, and in sign of victory
 The Christian ensign spread, which on the winds
 Wav'd glorious, token to the distant camps 740

Of his great conquest : but huge Solyman
 Mark'd not the town was lost, already nigh
 The fierce contending armies : soon he reach'd
 The place of combat, streams of luke-warm
 blood 744

Did smoke, and flow thro' all the purple field :
 It was the dreadful kingdom then of death,
 His palace there on heaps of dead was rais'd,
 And there he went in triumph : by the chief
 With pendant reins an armed courser past, 749
 Which wander'd from the war without his guide :
 The tyrant seiz'd the bridle, and bestrode
 The courser's empty back, then rush'd to fight.

Mighty, but short the succour that he brought
 To the fatigu'd and routed Saracens :
 Swift, and momentous as the light'ning's flash, 755
 That suddenly appears and vanishes
 As soon as seen ; but of its coming strange
 Eternal signs are left in hardest rocks :
 Such seem'd the Soldan ; by his hand were
 kill'd

An hundred valiant warriors, tho' their names 760
 (Save two) hath time forgotten : thy sad fate
 Oh ! fair Gildippes, and thy faithful lord
 Shall be for ay remember'd ; such an end,
 So woeful, yet so glorious, shall become
 The wonder, and the grief of future times, 765
 If aught my Tuscan stanzas can avail ;
 To ev'ry age and nation will I tell
 Your virtues and your love, that noble minds

May

May imitate your prowess and your worth ;
That some kind votary of truth and love, 770
May grace your death, my verses, with his tears.

Thither the warlike lady urg'd her steed,
Where Solyman vast slaughter spread around ;
Two mighty blows she gave the giant Turk,
One cleft his target strong, and one his side : 775
The Saracen exclaim'd, for well he knew
Her silver arms : this mankind strumpet mark,
This shameless whore ; fit weapon was for thee
Th' inglorious spindle, not the warrior's sword.

He ceas'd, and full of fury and despite 780
Aimed a deadly stroke ; the sudden blow
Pierced her armour, and her tender breast,
Worthy no strokes but those of love ; at once
Her dying hand let go the reins ; she faints,
She falls, she languishes, she dies ; this saw 785
The miserable Edward, to her aid
He hastes, but came too late ; 'twas not his
fault,

It was his fortune : now what hope remain'd ?
What cou'd he do ? revenge and tenderness
Urg'd him alike ; this bade him to assist 790
His dying wife, that loud for vengeance call'd
Upon her murderer ; love both commands,
Nor must revenge or pity be forgot :
With his left hand Gildippes he supports,
His right assaults his cruel enemy, 795
But to oppose the dreadful Solyman
Too weak, divided were his will and power,

Nor cou'd he then his murder'd wife uphold,
 And stand the onset of the Paynim knight
 Now horrible with slaughter : at a blow 800
 The furious foldan lopt away the hand
 That did enfold his wife, pale grew his looks,
 He let her fall, and with her fell himself,
 And, for he cou'd not save her, with her dy'd.

As the high elm, whom the fond vine had
 held 805

Fast in her hundred arms, bears down to earth
 With ruin horrible his consort fair,
 If storm or cruel steel o'erturn his trunk
 Magnificent in ruin to the earth,
 Her purple grapes are bruis'd, her verdant
 leaves 810

Decay, they wither both at once and die ;
 Nor seems the tree for its own loss to fade,
 But for her death, that by his side expires.

So Edward dy'd, and for Gildippes mourn'd,
 Whom heav'n in life and death had made his
 own : 815

They wou'd have spoke but cou'd no utterance
 frame,

Deep sighs were all their language, and they
 both

Gaz'd tenderly ; and, while their fate allows
 Embrace, and join their ever-faithful hands :
 Thus in one fatal hour they both were slain, 820
 They liv'd together, and together dy'd.

Now

Now Rumour swift her pinions wide display'd,
 And told to either host the dire event :
 Rinaldo heard the terrible report
 From one who fled ; the gen'rous warrior
 mourn'd, 825

And urg'd by hatred, tenderness, and grief,
 Rush'd terrible to take a swift revenge ;
 But huge Adrastus stopt the Christian prince,
 Ev'n in the sight of mighty Solyman.

By sundry signs (the furious king exclaim'd) 830
 Thou art the warrior for whom I seek ;
 Each worthy's shield amidst the Christian hosts
 This day I have observ'd, and by his name
 Call'd on Rinaldo thro' the dreadful field ;
 To my sweet goddess have I vow'd thine head, 835
 Thou art the sacrifice Adrastus brings ;
 Here let us try our valour and our strength,
 I am Armida's champion, thou her foe.

Thus he defy'd the knight, and on his crest
 Struck horrible, and on his throat ; his helm 840
 The steeled faulchion neither bruis'd nor clove,
 But bent his proud head to his courser's neck :
 Him on the flank the fierce Rinaldo struck,
 A wound which neither art nor herb cou'd
 cure,

Down fell the giant strong, the fearless king ! 845
 Such puissance had one blow ; thus falls a tow'r.

With horror, fear, and dread amazedness,
 Cold were the hearts of all who saw the fight ;
 And Solyman that view'd the horrid blow

Trembled, his paleness did betray his fear, 850
 For in that stroke he read his fatal end,
 Yet wist not what to think, and clad in blood
 Stood unresolv'd ; a thing unus'd and strange,
 Such pow'r hath destiny o'er human minds. 854

Ev'n as a sick or frantick man oft dreams
 In his unquiet slumber, and believes
 He runs with th' utmost haste some distant course,
 Straining each limb, and ev'ry artery,
 Yet feels his feet far slower than the speed
 Of his vain thoughts, which hurry him along, 860
 And often strives to speak with fearful call,
 Yet uttereth neither word nor sound : so ran
 To war the angry Soldan, and his strength
 And rage enforc'd, yet felt not in himself
 His ancient courage, or his wonted might : 865
 His eyes that sparkled late with burning wrath,
 Grew weak and dim ; for terrible dismay
 Had quench'd the fire that in his bosom glow'd,
 An hundred passions strove within his breast,
 An hundred thoughts, base flight alone except. 870

While unresolv'd he stood, the victor knight
 Arriv'd, and seem'd in swiftness, and in strength
 Above the greatest of the race of man :
 Small while the Turk resists, nor yet did
 death

Make him forgetful of his kingly state ; 875
 He shun'd no blow, he utter'd not a groan,
 And his last motions noble were, and proud.

When

When Solyman, in such a tedious war
 That like the huge Antæus oft had fall'n,
 To rise again more terrible and fierce, 880
 Had fall'n to rise no more ; then victory
 All bright descended on the Christian hosts,
 And fortune fixt with them her residence,
 Leading the armies of the Franks to War :
 The Paynims fled, the Caliph's squadron fled, 885
 The glory and the strength of all the east
 Late call'd immortal ; now its ranks destroy'd
 It lost that title proud : when thus began
 Great Emireno, with disturbed words
 To the strong knight who in the battle bore 890
 The rich Caliphian standard, Art not thou
 The warrior into whose charge I gave
 My king's great banner in this fatal strife ?
 This ensign, Rimedon, I gave thee not 894
 To be brought back inglorious : coward vile !
 Dost thou not still behold thy leader fight,
 Yet run'st thyself from danger and from death ?
 What seek'st thou ? safety ? come, return to war,
 The only way to safety now is death ;
 Here let him bravely fight that wou'd escape, 900
 Thus life and honour may be both preserv'd.

Back to the war the Saracen return'd
 Enflam'd with indignation, while the duke
 Encouraged the rest, and with grave words
 Incited them to combat : some he threats, 905
 Some strikes, till back they came, and now op-
 pos'd

Rage against force, and against death despair :
Thus of his broken armies 'gan he form
A battle new, and hop'd for great revenge,
But Tisaphernes brought him surest aid, 910
Who fought, and seem'd to win when all was
lost :

Wonders and dreadful deeds that fatal day
The raging chief perform'd, the Norman bands
Were all defeated, from his slaught'ring sword
The Flemings fled : Rogero, Gernier strong, 915
And fierce Gherardo, by his fury fell ;
His glorious actions to immortal fame
His life's short date prolong'd ; then like a man
Who set his life at nought, each Christian band
The chief oppos'd, and ev'ry knight defy'd. 920

He mark'd Rinaldo, tho' his azure arms
Were purple now and dropping hostile blood ;
Tho' on his dreadful shield the silver bird
Was armed gules ; he mark'd, and knew the
knight ;

Then cries, the greatest peril here is found : 925
Now aid me, heav'n ! and give my courage
strength,

That fair Armida may be here reveng'd,
Help, Mahomet ! his arms I vow to thee.

Thus pray'd the Saracen, but pray'd in vain,
For Mahomet not heard the vow he made ; 930
Then, as a lion to augment his rage
And native fury on his dreadful sides
Striketh his tail ; so mighty Tisapherne

Awak'd

Awak'd his indignation, and with love 934
Sharpen'd his courage high, and all his strength
Collecting, cover'd by his pondrous shield,
He spurr'd his horse, and rush'd to the assault.

The Christian saw the hardy warrior come,
And swift advanc'd to meet him ; on each side 939
The warring hosts retire, and leave large space
For combat, while the great Italian knight
And Saracen, such desp'rate blows bestow'd
Upon each others arms, that all who saw
Forgot their fury thro' astonishment, 944
Nay more, forgot their danger and their wounds.

Blows upon blows great Tisaphernes struck,
But pierced not the Christian's glitt'ring mail ;
Rinaldo did not only strike but wound,
His arms were surer, and his strength entire :
From Tisaphernes gush'd a stream of blood, 950
His ringing targe was broke, his helmet clove ;
The fair Armida saw her champion fail,
She saw his many wounds, and shiver'd arms,
She saw how all her other guards were fled,
How few remain'd of all the Paynim host ; 955
Inviron'd with so brave a troop of late,
Now in her chariot she alone remain'd
By all deserted : slavery she fear'd
And scorned life, all hope of great revenge
And conquest gone ; then furious and amaz'd 960
Leap'd from her car, upon a rapid steed
She mounted, she retir'd, she fled away,
None with her but disdain, and mighty love.

In

In ancient time, thus Cleopatra fled
 From Actium's fatal fight, leaving her lord 965
 To loss and sure decay, who for her sake
 Against the fortunate Augustus fought :
 And as Antonius, forc'd by fatal love,
 Follow'd her flying sails ; so Tisapherne 969
 Wou'd follow that belov'd, that fearful dame,
 But his strong foe forbade ; when she was gone
 The Paynim's sun was set, his day was night ;
 Yet on the Christian prince with whom he fought
 Desp'rate he turn'd, and on his forehead smote
 With mighty strength ; nor Brontes hammer
 falls 975

With greater weight and swiftneſs, when he forms
 The roaring thunder of revengeful Jove
 Amidſt Ætnæan caverns : the huge blow
 Fell on Rinaldo's helm, and made him bend 979
 His proud head to his breast : the chief enrag'd
 High in his stirrups roſe, and wav'd his ſword ;
 He pierc'd the hawberk of the Paynim knight,
 He pierc'd his ribs, and plunged in his heart,
 The ſeat of life, his ſword ; a double wound 984
 In back and breast the dreadful weapon made,
 Life thro' the double paſſage fled away.

This dreadful deed perform'd, Rinaldo ſtay'd,
 And mark'd the various ſlaughter, where to help
 His friends, where moſt he cou'd annoy his foes :
 Nor of the Paynims ſaw he ſquadron whole, 990
 And ev'ry enſign to the earth was caſt :
 He ſaw, and laid aſide his murd'rous rage

And

And martial fury ; calm the youth became,
 And sudden recollected, how alone
 Amaz'd and terrify'd Armida fled ; 995
 Well saw the warrior when she first retir'd,
 And courtesy revived in his breast
 And tender care of one so lately lov'd ;
 He promis'd her, to be her friend and knight
 When late he parted from the desert isle ; 1000
 And swiftly follow'd on the way she went,
 Where in the grass her palfrey's tracks he saw.

But she mean time had reach'd a lonely place
 Darksome and wild, a dwelling only fit
 For murder and despair ; those gloomy vales 1005
 Did well delight her soul, displeas'd with life,
 With fortune, and with love : there from her steed
 She lighted, and her bow, her shafts and arms
 Laid down : lie there with shame (Armida cry'd)
 Unlucky weapons, once for war prepar'd, 1010
 Weak to revenge your mistress' injuries ;
 Wou'd that the darts of love had been as weak !
 Among so many arrows cou'd not one
 Drink that foul traitor's blood ; the breasts of
 men

To you are adamant, yet may your steel 1015
 Enter a woman's bosom ; in mine heart
 That now defenceless beats, your force employ,
 That conquest be your glory ; there your point
 May easy entrance find : tho' love is vain,
 Yet thus at least he will not shoot in vain. 1020
 I pardon all that ye have fail'd to do,

Be

Its feeble head and droops ; her in his arms
The youth upheld ; beneath her lovely side
One hand he plac'd, the other loos'd her robes,
And with full tears of tenderness and love
Bedews her bosom sweet, and pallid cheeks : 1055
As its soft leaves the faded rose adorns
With fresh and early drops of silver dew,
Thus she revives : those sorrows not her own,
And tears, with blushes paint again her cheeks :
Thrice look'd she up, and thrice her eyes she
 clos'd, 1060

Unwilling to behold the sight she lov'd ;
And his strong arm wou'd with her languid hand
Have thrust away, and sought from his embrace
To free herself ; oft but in vain she strove, 1064
For still he held her fast in those dear bands,
Dear, tho' she feigned scorn : at length she
 spoke,

And speaking, sadly wept, and sadly mourn'd,
Yet durst not, did not, wou'd not see his eyes.

Cruel at thy departure, at return 1069
As cruel ; say, what chance hath led thee here ?
Oh miracle ! wou'd thou prevent my death,
When thou hast been the death of all my joy ?
Com'st thou to save my life ? Oh ! what con-
 tempt

What torments for Armida still remain ?
Too well I know thy flights and fatal crafts, 1075
But she can little do that cannot die :
Thine horrid triumph cannot be complete,

Unless

Unless in chains thou lead'st a captive dame,
 A woman, won by force, before betray'd ;
 This is the brave Rinaldo's noblest boast : 1080
 Time was, that for mine happiness and life
 Thee I implor'd, death only now can give
 Armida peace ; and all that now I ask,
 Is that thy false hand may not give the blow,
 For death were hateful if it was thy gift. 1085
 Cruel ! Armide can find a thousand ways
 To free herself from fierce Rinaldo's scorn :
 Daggers and poison, strangling, water, fire,
 All, all are means of death : if these shou'd
 fail,

The house of fate hath yet a thousand doors, 1090
 That day and night do ever open stand
 For wretched mortals ; thus I can be safe :
 Ah ! leave these flatt'ries then, and vain desires,
 Cease, cease, my hope is dead, dead is my
 love.

Thus did she mourn and weep, while from her
 eyes 1095
 Disdain and love distill'd ; the warrior youth
 Felt equal tenderness, and down his cheeks
 Two silver streams did flow, wherein appear'd
 Pity and truth ; and thus with gentle speech
 He answer'd. Oh ! Armida, lovely dame ! 1100
 Appease thy grief, and quiet ev'ry fear,
 For to be crown'd, not scorn'd, thy life I save ;
 Rinaldo is thy champion, not thy foe :

Look

Look in mine eyes, behold, they burn with
love,

And bear true witness of my faith and zeal, 1105

For to the throne of thy great ancestors

I swear I will restore thee ; and if heav'n

Wou'd so much grace afford as from thine heart

To drive this cloud of unbelief away,

In all the spacious East no royal dame 1110

Shou'd equalize thy fortune : thus he spoke

Beseeching, and with tenderest sighs and tears

Seconds his ardent suit : as by the warmth

Of genial breezes, and the burning sun 1114

The snow drifts on the mountain tops consume,

So melts her wrath, and only love remains :

Behold your handmaid ! (tenderly she spoke)

Of me, my wealth, and of my crown, dispose.

Mean time the leader of th' Egyptian host,

That saw his royal standard overturn'd, 1120

That saw the great, the boastful Rimedon

Beneath Godfredo's thund'ring arm expire ;

That saw his armies slaughter'd and dispers'd,

No coward was in that last battle found : 1124

O'er all the field he fought, nor fought in vain,

A death illustrious from a valiant hand.

Against Godfredo furiously he rush'd,

For nobler foe he mark'd not as, he past

The Christian ranks, and broke their thick ar-
ray ; 1129

Dreadful the giant seem'd, and tokens shew'd

Of desp'rate resolution ; thro' the field

He

He sent his voice, and thus the duke defy'd.
 Christian ! I come to die, yet in my fall
 I trust to overthrow thee, and o'erwhelm II34
 Thee with my ruin. Thus the Paynim spoke ;
 To combat rush'd they both, both high advanc'd
 Their mighty spears, and each his foeman
 struck :

The shield was shiver'd of the Christian chief,
 His left arm wounded with the mighty blow ;
 The Paynim backward fell, so hugely smote II40
 On his left ear his foe, then as he sought
 To rise, the conquering Godfredo's sword
 Pierced him through : Great Emireno slain,
 The feeble remnant of his slaughter'd host
 Fled from that field of death ; with slaughter
 huge II45

Godfredo follow'd hard : amidst the press
 At length he mark'd the valiant Altamore
 All stain'd with blood, with half a sword, half
 helm,
 Surrounded by a thousand hostile spears :
 Christians, forbear (he cry'd) and thou brave
 knight II50

Yield, I am Godfrey, unto Godfrey yield.
 He, that till then to act of humbleness
 Ne'er bent his haughty soul, when that great
 name

He heard, renowned from the northern wilds
 Of Europe, unto Æthiope's burning sands, II55
 Answer'd : I yield to thee, thou worthy art.
 (Speak-

(Speaking the king surrender'd all his arms)
 On royal Altamore, thy victory
 Of glory shall be rich, and rich of gold ;
 My virtuous queen the ransom vast shall pay, 1160
 With all the wealth and jewels of my realms.

Godfredo swift reply'd : Nor God hath giv'n
 To me a soul whose only joy is gold ;
 All that thou hast from India's glitt'ring mines,
 All that thou hast from Persia's purple die, 1165
 Enjoy it still ; I set no price on life :
 I war in Asia, in the cause of God,
 And seek no profit mean, or merchandise.

He ceas'd, and gave him to his knights in
 charge,
 Then chac'd the scatter'd Paynim fugitives : 1170
 They to their camp and rampiers crowding, fled
 For safety, but in vain ; gigantick death
 Still follow'd : soon the mighty camp was won,
 The trenches fill'd with slaughter, streams of
 blood

Ran foaming from the tents, and all defil'd
 And hideous made the multitude of spoils, 1176
 Barbarick ornaments, and eastern pomp.

Thus Godfrey conquer'd, and as yet the sun
 Quench'd not in ocean's waves his sacred light,
 Of that so glorious day enough remain'd 1180
 For the illustrious conqueror, to lead
 To holy Solyma the Christian host,
 Now freed from Paynim laws, and Paynim
 power :

Nor did he lay aside his bloody robes, 1184
But to the temple went, amidst the crowd
Of princes and of heroes ; there on high
Hung up his arms, a trophy to the Lord,
Worshipp'd the sacred Sepulchre of Christ,
And thus perform'd his great, his pious vow.

THE END.



